VALOR & VICTORY

THE AGE OF VINDICATION

1783-1824

PERRY'S VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE (*From the painting by Powell in the Capitol at Washington*)

The Real America in Romance

VALOR AND VICTORY

THE AGE OF VINDICATION

1783-1824

EDITED BY

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VALOR & VICTORY

THE AGE OF VINDICATION

"THE times that try men's souls are over," declared Tom Paine when he heard of the Treaty of Paris and immediately discontinued his publication of *The Crisis.* Such, indeed, was the general belief. History, slow to fulfill and slower to prophesy, shows us in this volume that dangers far more subtle and menacing than those of war were still hanging over the infant republic.

In the eyes of Europe the entire principle underlying popular government was on trial — and to an extent still is. It was regarded as a mischievous experiment from the point of view of monarchists; a dangerous one in the opinion of many lovers of liberty. The new nation was not yet nationalized. It was a dissociated group of republics rather than itself a republic. The very feeling of its people had not become American. Even after the fine learning of the Fathers of the Constitution had evolved popular government from a profound knowledge of the failures of all former republican systems, the two political parties which sprang into being were, respectively, British and French, not American.

The outbreak of mob violence, as shown in Shays's and the Whiskey Rebellions, the tariff wars that sprang up between the States, the lack of sufficient unification to make the government of the Confederation obeyed at home or respected abroad, made their appeal to the statesmen of the Revolutionary period, who not only brought their great influence to bear upon the people at large in framing a permanent Constitution, but lived to rule the destinies of the

nation under it until the election of Jackson and the rise of a true democracy.

Two wars tested the capacities of the United States during this generation, both of them truly wars of independence, one necessary to avoid American endorsement of the atrocities of the French Revolution and to rid the Republican party from what threatened to be an overpowering prepossession; the other with Great Britain to free our commerce upon the seas, and, not less, to free the Federalist party and its sympathizers from a humble subservience to the mother country.

In none of the volumes of the series could the method of romantic presentation of history adopted for "The Real America in Romance" be submitted to a closer test. The details of the adoption of the Constitution are not light or easy reading; the facts of the War of 1812 scatter themselves over the high seas of the world. Yet it is submitted that these and much more have been so linked with the romantic feeling which pervades the book that they will impress themselves upon the reader's mind in a manner impossible to those who confine their reading to the ordinarily accepted histories. One learns of the advancement of our frontiers, of the beginnings of that control of the Great Lakes and the great rivers which has given us an internal commerce unsurpassed in the world's annals, of the opening of the Great West, not merely to the Mississippi but as far as the Oregon country, which the explorations of Lewis and Clark secured to us forever. Side by side with these mighty facts are all the entertainment, all the suspense of a complicated love story, of rivalry and plot, of questions of identity solved at last; yet above and beyond them still the march of events which led through American valor and victory into vindication of that republican form of government to which these United States are pledged eternally.

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VALOR & VICTORY

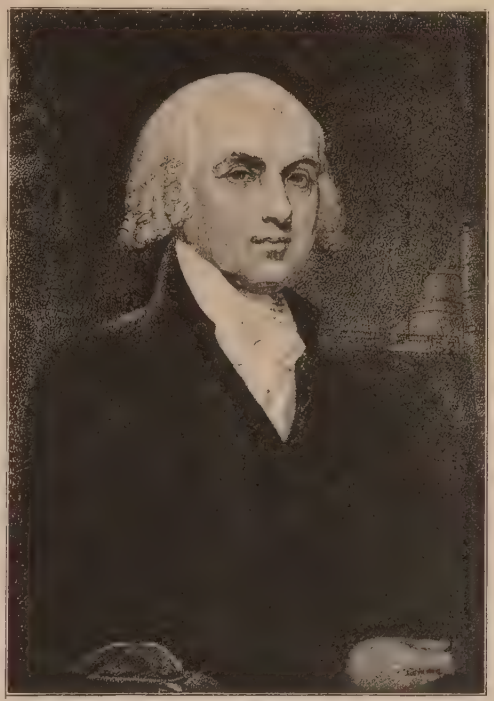
VALOR & VICTORY

BOOK I

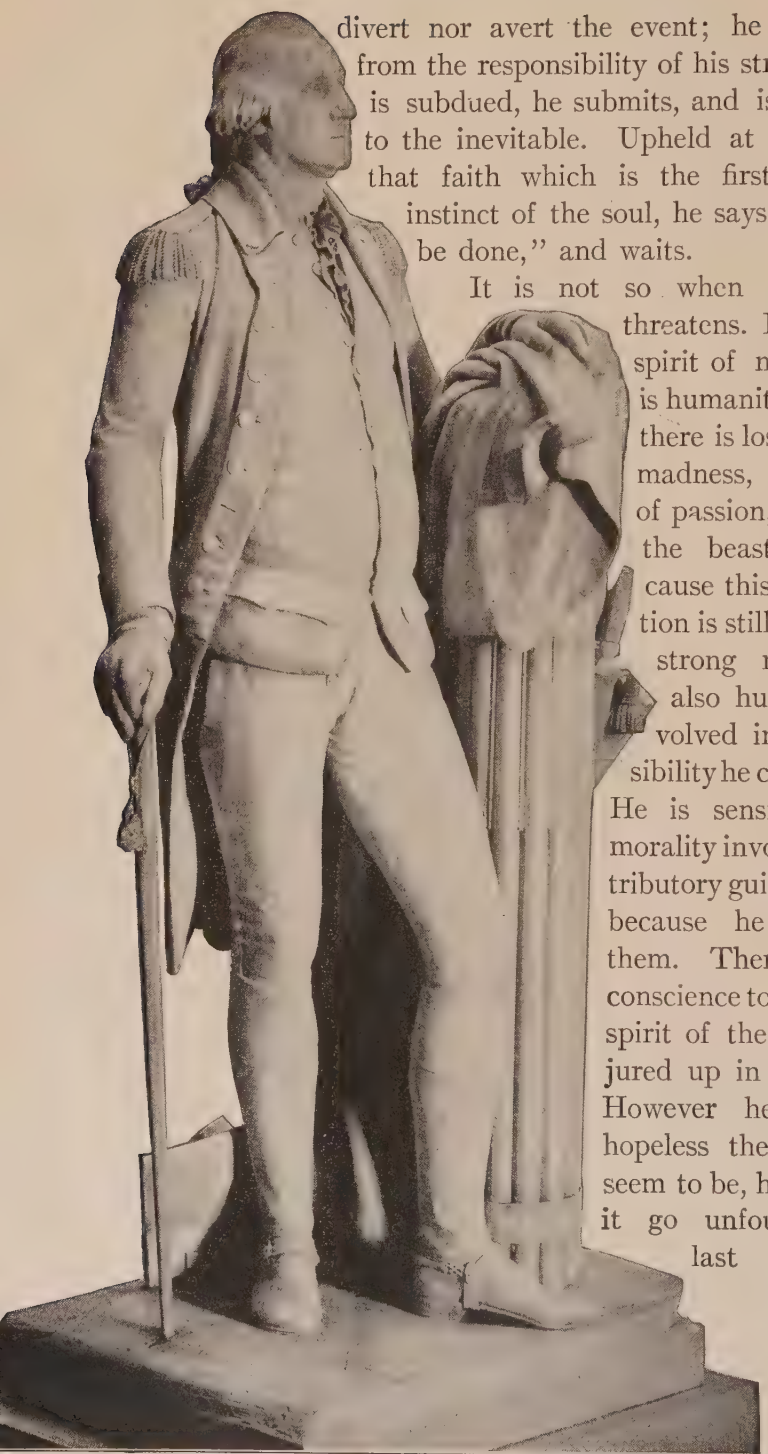
CHAPTER I

TAMING THE BEAST

THERE is nothing in human experience more terrifying than the anger of a mob. Storm by sea or land, fire, flood, volcanic eruption, or an earthquake may make the strong man tremble; but before the awful phenomena of nature he is soothed by a sublime sensation that he is in the presence of the Master that directs. He is consoled and prepared by emotion for the final catastrophe. The heavens and the earth declare his own small share in the scheme of things. He has no part in what he beholds; he is merely a spectator in whom the elements have no concern. He can neither



JAMES MADISON (*After the Stuart portrait*)



divert nor avert the event; he is released from the responsibility of his strength. He is subdued, he submits, and is reconciled to the inevitable. Upheld at the last by that faith which is the first and final instinct of the soul, he says, "Thy will be done," and waits.

It is not so when mob anger threatens. In the angry spirit of massed men is humanity distorted; there is loss of reason, madness, a cataclysm of passion, a touch of the beast. But because this manifestation is still human, the strong man, being also human, is involved in a responsibility he cannot shirk. He is sensible of the morality involved. Contributory guilt is implied, because he is one of them. There is a call of conscience to combat the spirit of the beast conjured up in his fellows. However helpless and hopeless the fight may seem to be, he cannot let it go unfought. The last sacrifice is

OUDON'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON IN THE CAPITOL AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

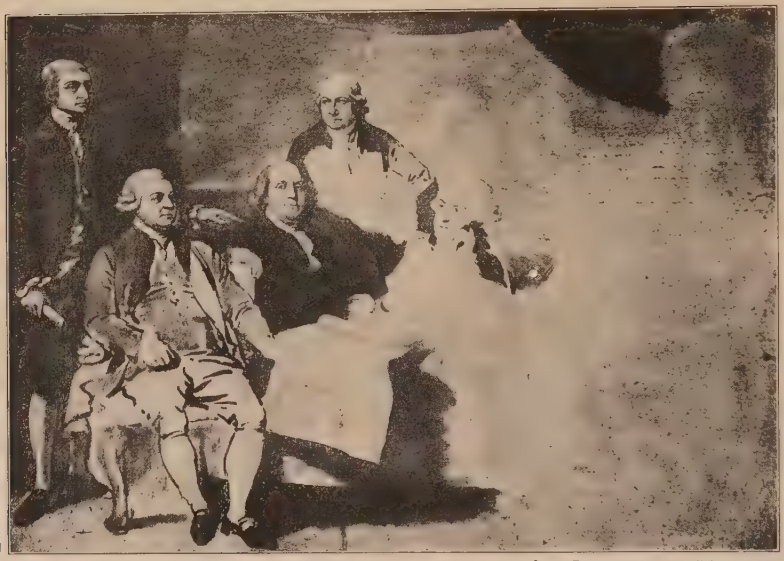
demanded. With a known and measured fear, he confronts his duty, having a courage beyond knowledge and beyond measurement.

George Washington, our greatest hero, was brought face to face with the spirit of the beast in the camp at Newburgh, in March, 1783. Cornwallis had surrendered; Wayne had driven the British from the Carolinas; Carleton lay idle in New York; a few English troops held western outposts. Hostilities had ceased; Franklin, Jay, Laurens, and John Adams had concluded a treaty of peace at Paris, though the news of it had not yet reached America. Soldiers who had fought the fight and won it were encamped at Newburgh on the Hudson. They had not only risked their lives for the cause of independence, but had impoverished themselves. Many had been with the troops for seven years on a pittance, leaving farms and their other affairs to thrive as best they might. When now they had finished their work, and the need of their services had passed, they could not get their pay from Congress.

WASHINGTON (*After the Houdon Bust*): SAID BY GILBERT STUART TO BE A BETTER LIKENESS THAN HIS OWN CANVAS

It is not in the nature of men feeling themselves aggrieved

to inquire into the causes of injustice. The fact was obvious to the thoughtful that Congress could not pay, but this offered inadequate palliation of the failure to reimburse the army. The soldiers at Newburgh, officers and men alike, did not stop to reflect that Congress was without funds, and without prospect of raising them. Under the

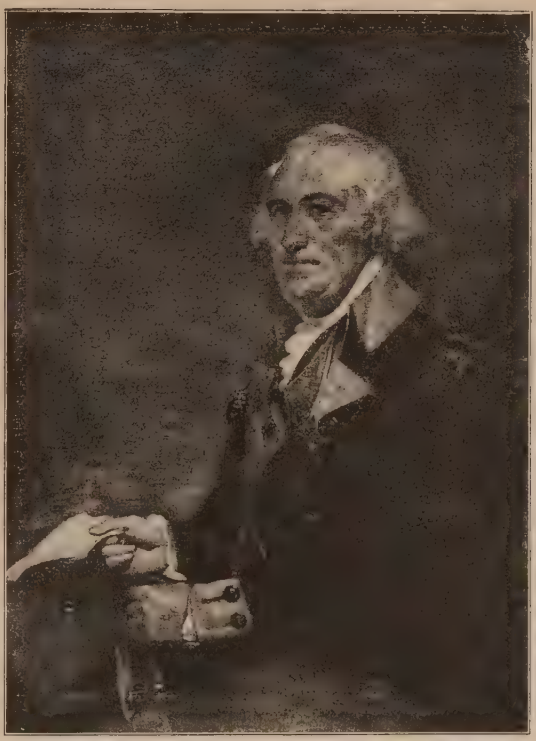


JAY, ADAMS, FRANKLIN, LAURENS, AND FRANKLIN'S GRANDSON, WILLIAM FRANKLIN: THE AMERICAN PEACE COMMISSION (*After the unfinished painting by Benjamin West*)

Articles of Confederation that body had no power to levy taxes or collect imposts. In 1781 Congress petitioned the several States for authority to collect five per cent duties; but this, after much delay and debate, was denied them. Taxes that had been imposed upon the several States from time to time, were not paid; debts on which interest could not be met were accumulating. Continental money was valueless, foreign credit was dead, and Congress was in a state of honest despair.

Nevertheless, the army was angry because pay was not forthcoming. Men muttered and threatened. Already, in

the years of the war, there had been mutinies, suppressed with difficulty and at great risk of dismembering the entire army. To the dissatisfaction of the soldiers was now added agitation from other creditors, who believed that if Congress were sufficiently threatened it would find a way to raise more funds.



HORATIO GATES (*From the contemporary portrait*)

It needed only an act of leadership to focus and direct this dangerous disaffection. That act came into being on March 11. General Gates, lately returned to the army from the obscurity into which his defeat at Camden had thrust him, found conditions ripe for intrigue, and immediately he set about his favorite occupation. Major Armstrong, of his staff, wrote an inflammatory appeal to the passions of the men, which Colonel Barber, also of the staff, caused to be distributed among them. History has absolved Armstrong from any evil intentions. He acted under a mistaken belief that a bold display of spirit on the part of the army would procure the end desired by all. He came to see and confess his error. But Gates cannot be similarly cleared.

The circular, well written, stirred the troops to instant fury. When distributed, they gathered in excited groups, reading it to one another and declaiming over it. Mutiny, growing fast, showed its head. Reason disappeared, supplanted by the spirit of the beast.

One such group surrounded Nicholas Snell on the day when the address to the troops was circulated in camp. Snell had only recently joined the army, coming from the neighborhood of New York. He was a round, bland young man, with a sleek head settled well back upon his neck, and with a something in his speech, gesture, and gait suggestive of a machine well oiled. Taking part from the first in the petty politics of the camp, he was now hailed as a leader in the new movement.

As he stood among the surrounding soldiers he waved in his hand a copy of the address, from which he read, while interjecting comments to encourage opinion in others. "'My friends,'" he cried, "'after seven long years your suffering courage has conducted the United States of America through a doubtful and bloody war; and peace returns to bless — whom?'" He paused to give the words better effect. There was a clatter of comment from his hearers, which he suppressed with a deprecatory gesture. "'A country willing to redress your wrongs, cherish your worth, and reward your services?'" he went on, reading. "'Or is it rather a country that tramples on your rights, disdains your cries, and insults your distresses?'"

He was interrupted by an uproar. "That's right!" "They treat us like cattle!" "Congress seems to forget that we are men!" "By God, we'll show them we are men!" "My wife has been plowing the field at home these three years while I have been to the war, and now I cannot get enough money for my time to take me home to the spring planting."

"But wait until you hear the rest of this before you go wild!" cried the one who was reading it, slowly reducing the others to silence. "Listen to this. We must not be too hasty; we must pause to reflect, and to work in unison. 'If such be your treatment while the swords you wear are necessary for the defense of America, what have you to expect when those very swords, the instruments and companions of your glory, shall be taken from your sides, and no mark of military distinction left but your wants, infirmities, and scars!'"

"By Heaven, we 'll not submit to it!" "We 'll shake our swords under the noses of Congress itself." "We 'll turn them into the gutter!" "If they don't give us our money, we 'll help ourselves."

In the midst of the clamor a young man who had taken no part until now thrust himself through the crowd to the side of the one with the circular. He was a tall, slender lad, with blue eyes and fair hair. His face was at once the face of a dreamer and of a strong man. "How will you help yourselves to what they have not got?" he cried, with angry disgust. "You talk like a pack of fools!"

A storm of resentment burst about the speaker. "We shall be fools if we listen to your talk, Sylvester Stevens!" cried one. "They have gold enough to live in fine houses and ride in coaches," growled another. "They could pay us if they chose."

"That they cannot," retorted Sylvester Stevens. "I 'll tell you where the fault is for your not getting your money. It is not with Congress, but with the people; with your old neighbors at home, who will neither permit Congress to collect imposts nor pay the taxes Congress requests them to pay. If Congress had the power to enforce the collection of taxes, you would get your money fast enough; for your old neighbors are well able to pay it. They believe that the

war you have fought has abolished taxes and government forever. And now you would add your anarchy to theirs, at the risk of undoing all you have done."

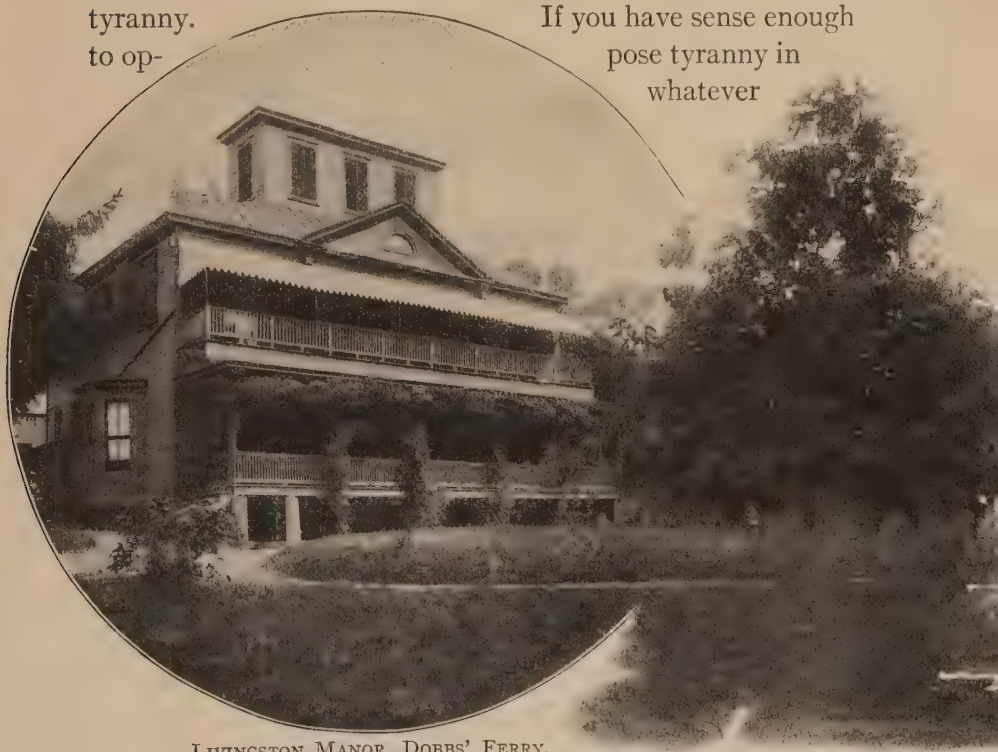
"Leave our neighbors out of your talk, young Stevens," snarled a soldier, thrusting a burly fist under his nose. "If they do not choose to pay their taxes, it is because they do not believe Congress is fit to receive them."

"Let this answer our friend Stevens," interposed Snell, suppressing further wrangling with a gesture of the hand that held

Monument at Livingston Manor, Dobbs' Ferry, New York

the address. "'If you have sense enough to discover and spirit enough to oppose tyranny, whatever garb it may assume, awake to your situation. If the present moment be lost, your threats hereafter will be as empty as your entreaties are now. Appeal from justice to the fears of government, and suspect the man who would advise longer forbearance.'". Washington was the man aimed at in the last sentence, but as the speaker concluded he cast a significant look upon Stevens, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Suspect me, then," cried Stevens, "for I still assert that you will gain more by forbearance than by rashness. You know what jealous fear the country has of the army. What will the people think when you rise in sedition at the call of an unsigned incendiary paper like this one? How will they regard your scheme to wield your swords against Congress and in your own selfish behalf? You speak of tyranny. If you have sense enough to oppose tyranny in whatever



LIVINGSTON MANOR, DOBBS' FERRY, NEW YORK

garb it may assume, oppose it in its present garb; for how can you know you are not being made dupes in a plot to set up a ruler over the land which you have just ridded of one?"

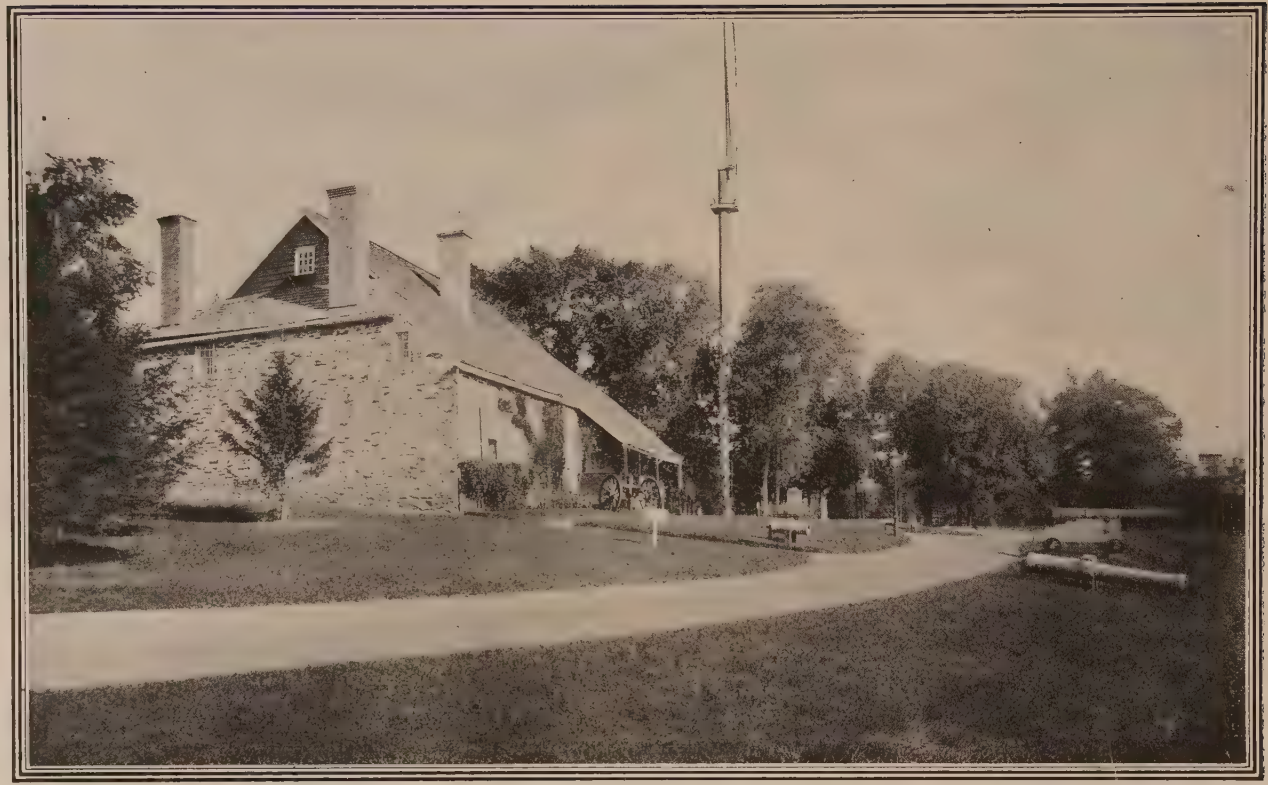
Silence fell for a moment on the group. It was broken by a soldier of more serious mind than his comrades, who had taken little part in what had gone on before. "Stevens has the right of it," he said. "We all know that this is not the first time that there has been agitation to bring George Washington to a throne in the United States, for no one denies that Colonel Louis Nicola of the Pennsylvania line, being a foreigner, came forward with a proposal to that end, making it directly to Washington himself —"

"Washington!" interjected Stevens, angrily. "It is not Washington we have to fear in this matter, for we all know how odious the proposal was to him. There is another whose plots have already done mischief enough in the army and out of it, who has lately come back to us out of an obscurity he well earned at Camden."

"Have a care of your words, Stevens!" said Snell, softly. "Your insinuations will not pass with us for arguments, and are like to get you into mischief."

"I make no insinuations, for I was about to speak frankly of the matter, and in a way that may not be to your liking, Snell," rejoined Sylvester. "Do you know who it was that circulated this address about camp, comrades? It was Colonel Barber. And do you know who it was that wrote it? It was Major Armstrong. Does it mean nothing to you that these two men are members of the staff of General Gates, second in command of the army, who has lately come back to it, after the fighting is done, to see what he can accomplish by intriguing,— an occupation upon which he has been busily engaged these seven years?"

There was an instant storm of protest and indignation.



THE OLD HASBROUCK MANSION, NEWBURGH, WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS IN 1782-83: HERE IT IS SAID THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF WAS OFFERED THE TITLE OF KING BY THE OFFICERS OF THE ARMY

"You would do well to speak of your superiors with respect," said Snell. "It sounds ill enough for a soldier to make charges against the general who captured a British army."

"As for the general who captured Burgoyne," returned Sylvester, hotly, "I speak not of him; for he was in fact General Schuyler, the victim of this same Gates, who came upon the scene to gather the fruits of the other's patient preparation and skill —and would have let them slip at the last, if it had not been for others under him. And as for you, Snell," he went on, "it is well known to me, at least, that you are one of those who would seek benefit in any outcome there might be to this intrigue, and that you are close to Gates himself, having a facility in underhand work that is much to his liking."

"Have a care of your language, young Stevens, or, by the Eternal, I will hale you to judgment for it." Snell spoke softly, but with an ugly glitter in his eyes.

"Have me before any judgment you see fit, and I shall tell what I have told here, either about yourself, your fellow-conspirators, or this plot to ruin the country," retorted the impetuous young man.

"Come, young Stevens," soothed the quiet man who had recently supported Sylvester's contention, and to whom the others somewhat deferred. "Let not your hot Southern blood get the better of your head, for you gain nothing by anger, and are like to lose much. There has been much talk here," he went on, turning to the others; "but for my part, I cannot see whither it leads, or what the remedy may be for the ills we are all conscious of."

"This paper proposes the remedy, or, at least, proposes steps leading toward it," said Snell, fluttering the address again, evidently willing to divert the attention of the group from Sylvester Stevens. "We are called by this to meet to-morrow to discuss our grievances, and hit upon some

plans of relieving them. We have only to gather and stand together, I take it, in order to bring Congress to some terms."

"I am ready for whatever may be proposed," cried the soldier who had complained that his wife was obliged to plow the fields at home. "I care not what comes of this, so long as I get money to take back with me."

Interior of Washington's Headquarters at Newburgh

"Was it for money, then, that you came to the war?" sneered Sylvester Stevens, losing his just judgment in the heat of his anger.

"Man," retorted the soldier-farmer, bristling, "have you a wife at home, and children coming on?"

"Friend, I spoke too hotly, and am sorry for it," said Stevens, making instant amends.

"Of course, Sylvester Stevens asks no money for what he has done for his country," said Snell, with fine sarcasm.

"I make no virtue of it, if I have taken no pay," returned Sylvester. "What I said to this man I am sorry for, as I have told him."

"You tell us you have taken no gold?" cried Snell, lifting an eyebrow.

"I have taken nothing."

"No American gold, perhaps," with an insinuating leer.

The imputation that he was in the pay of the British, clearly intended by Snell, was more than Sylvester could endure. Without replying by word of mouth, he leapt upon

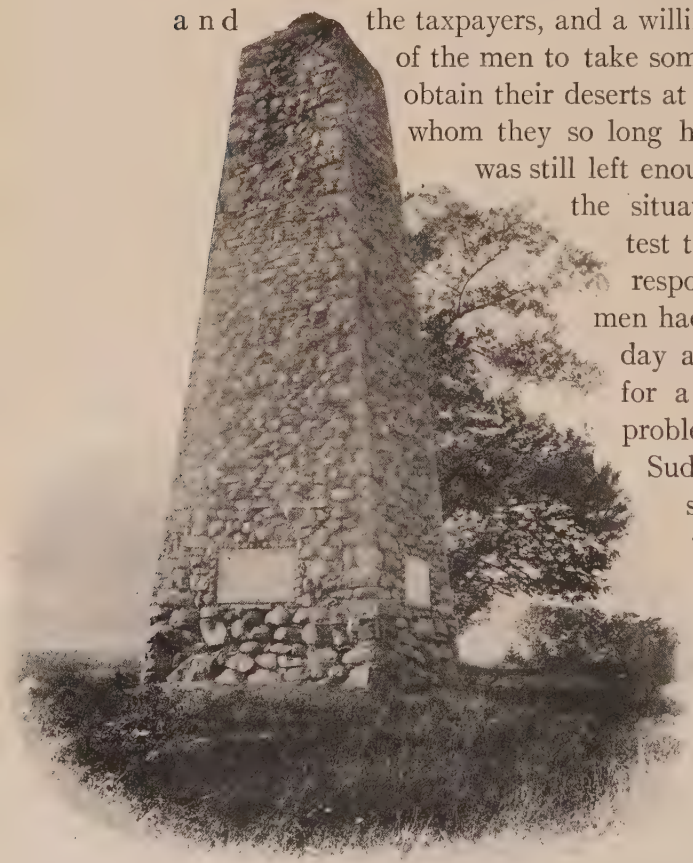
LOOKING ACROSS THE HUDSON RIVER AT NEWBURGH

Snell like a panther, bearing him to the ground with fingers clasped about his throat. In an instant the others were upon his back, beating him, striving to tear him loose from the grip in which he held his prostrate foe. Strike and pull as they would, he still held fast. What the outcome might have been cannot be told, for the face of Snell was fast turning purple when an officer, attracted by the outcry, broke in upon the fight and put an end to it.

They bore Sylvester to the guard-house, bleeding and half-conscious, but struggling still to get back to his enemy; and the group scattered.

This was the spirit of the beast that Washington confronted in the camp at Newburgh in March, 1783. He met it boldly, but with the tact which never failed him. Learning of the address, when excitement about the camp was at its height and all manner of mischief was brewing, he issued general orders, calling a meeting of officers and men for a future day, with General Gates to preside. The strategy was masterful. Thus invited by their commanding officer to meet for discussion of the situation, the men would not come together in response to the irregular and incendiary pamphlet that had been distributed among them. Moreover, whatever sting might have remained in the fangs of Gates was eliminated by his appointment as presiding officer.

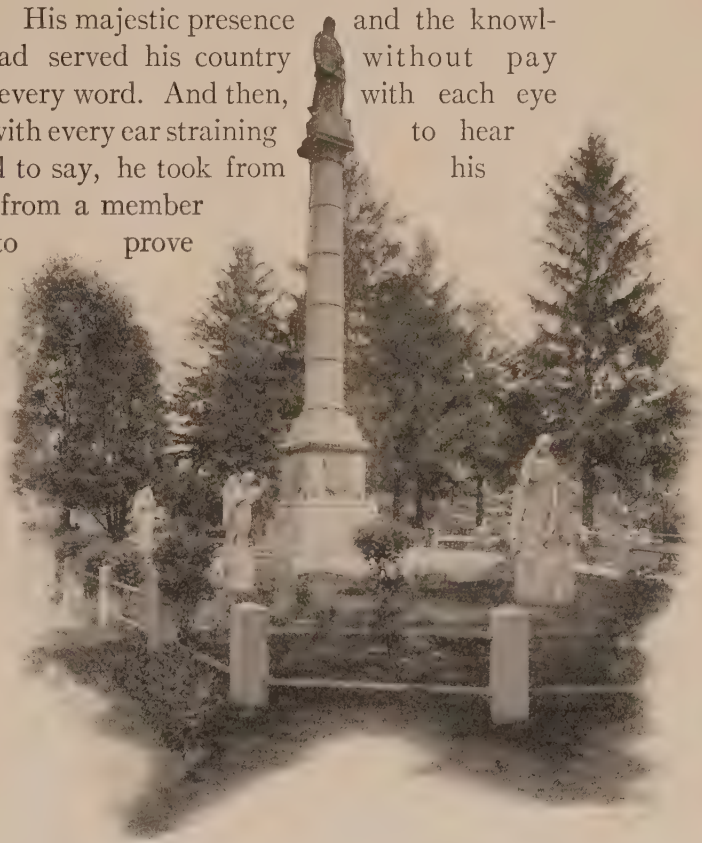
Before the day of the meeting arrived, feeling had subsided, though there was still bitterness against Congress and the taxpayers, and a willingness on the part of the men to take some extreme steps to obtain their deserts at the hands of those whom they so long had served. There was still left enough feeling to make the situation tense and to test the nerves of those responsible, when the men had assembled on the day appointed, prepared for a discussion of the problems before them. Suddenly, when the men stood about, expectant, restless, and ready for anything, Washington appeared. Amid the most



MONUMENT ON THE SITE OF THE CAMP AT NEWBURGH, MADE OF THE STONE FROM THE BUILDING WHERE THE SOLDIERS MET

profound silence, he walked to the front of the meeting; and in the tensest silence spoke to the assembly. He sympathized with them; he appreciated the justice of their claims, and grieved for their sufferings. At the same time, he pointed out the tremendous difficulties under which Congress labored, and extolled forbearance in the circumstances as the greatest victory over themselves that would be possible. With superb diplomacy, he ascribed the anonymous appeal to British emissaries, eager to disgrace an army which they could not defeat in a fair field.

So he spoke, in tones full of feeling, appealing to their better natures, arousing their patriotism, their sense of honor, their manliness. His majestic presence and the knowledge that he had served his country without pay added weight to every word. And then, with each eye fixed upon him, with every ear straining to hear what he had still to say, he took from his pocket a letter from a member of Congress to prove to the soldiers the good faith of Congress. Finding his unaided sight insufficient, he stopped, and took from his pocket a pair of spectacles, which he put on. "I have grown grey in your service," he said, in his

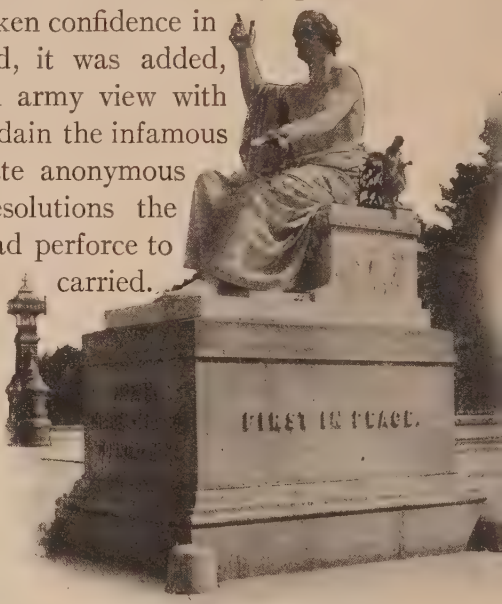


THE DELAVAN PLOT IN SLEEPY HOLLOW CEMETERY, TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK: HERE REST EIGHT BROTHERS WHO FOUGHT AND DIED UNDER WASHINGTON

simple manner, while looking upon them all with a sad smile; "now I find myself growing blind."

The thing was done. Once more that great soul conducted his fellow-countrymen through dangers that had been thick about them from the beginning. Wonderfully patient, wonderfully wise, he had led them to the light. An instant and complete revulsion of feeling ensued. When he had finished reading the letter he withdrew from the meeting; but those left behind did not hesitate, or debate on what they should do. With one voice, they passed resolutions expressing "unshaken confidence in the justice of Congress," and, it was added, "the officers of the American army view with abhorrence and reject with disdain the infamous proposals contained in a late anonymous address to them." These resolutions the crestfallen and angry Gates had perforce to put and declare unanimously carried.

Thus was the spirit of the beast tamed by him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Thus was the new country saved from mutiny and anarchy on the very threshhold of its career.



GREENOUGH'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON, NOW IN THE SMITHSONIAN BUILDING AT WASHINGTON

CHAPTER II

LOVE AND A TORY

A MAID and a man stood in the half-light beside the hearth in a cottage kitchen. Without, the November sky scowled, and wind rattled among the uplifted twigs of the trees. To the south stood the town of New York; scattered cottages were close at hand; beyond them lay the mansions of the rich; in the distance, the business buildings. The cottage in which they were was on the outskirts.

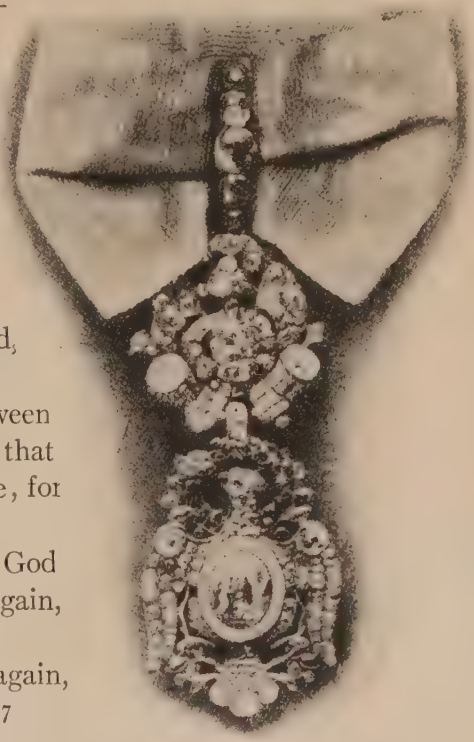
The man was dark of skin, with curling hair and a frank, boyish face. His eyes were a shade too open, the chin was deficient, the lips sometimes failed to meet; but for all that he had a beauty of the kind women like.

The maid was of the softly pretty type; translucent, iridescent skin, with a play of color beneath; hair fairer than gold; round hands; a neck of milk, and, perhaps, honey.

There was sorrow between the two — the sweet sorrow that comes to the young who love, for their love had its bitterness.

The man spoke first. "God knows when I shall see you again, Margaret," he whispered.

"You cannot come again,



THE DECORATION OF THE CINCINNATI GIVEN BY THE OFFICERS OF THE FRENCH NAVY TO WASHINGTON, AND STILL WORN BY THE PRESIDENT GENERAL OF THE ORDER

to-morrow?" Tears were in her blue eyes. One hand trembled along his sleeve.

He wrinkled his brow. "Why do you make it hard for me? You know I cannot safely come again. By to-morrow, the last of our troops will be out of the city."

"Do not say our troops, Trumbull," she expostulated.

"The British troops, then," the young man amended. "If you would have me stay, Margaret, you have only to say the word, though I could not answer for what might happen to me. You know how I was hated and persecuted before the war began, for no other reason than that my father was loyal to his King. And now that the rebels have won —"

She placed a round hand upon his full lips, looking up at him, and shaking her head. "Trumbull," she said, "have we not yet learned to keep such terms out of our speech? Is it not enough that I should love a Tory, without being always reminded of it by him?"

WASHINGTON (*From the portrait by Trumbull, in the City Hall, New York*)

"And is it not enough that I should risk loving a——"

"A patriot" she interpolated.

"A patriot —

without having to repress every expression of my own convictions and loyalty?"

She smiled at that, perhaps a trifle whimsically. "Do you forget that I have already given up much? Do you fail to remember that your own uncle Waddington has been in my mother's house these five years, and you with him, while my mother and I have barely found shelter in this little cottage?"

THE BLESSING OF PEACE *(From the bronze doors of the Capitol at Washington, by Rogers)*

"Why do you flaunt this at me?" cried the young man, in the passion of one whose ground of defense is weak. "I could not prevent my uncle from occupying your mother's house, could I?"

She laid her two hands upon his shoulders, and pressed more closely to him. "Trumbull," she murmured, "let us not quarrel on our last day. I confess that I was piqued when you told me you must go, for I could not at once see the need of it. You know that the treaty of peace says that the States shall not persecute the Tories, and I did not realize you would be in danger if you remained in New York."

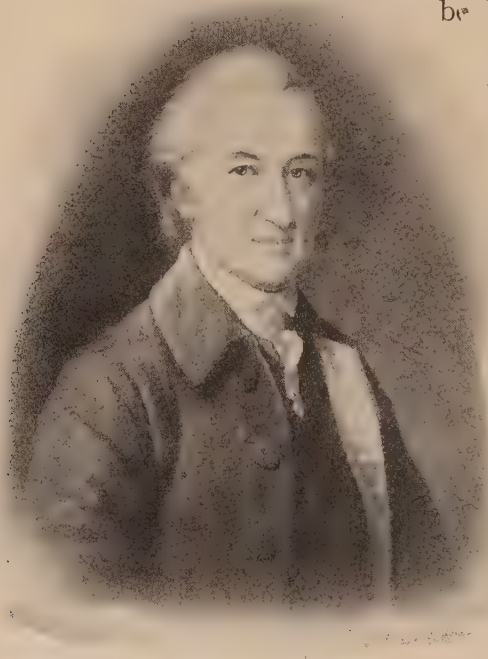
Trumbull Erskine was mollified at once. "If it were not for that scoundrel, Nicholas Snell, I might find it well enough to stay," he said, making himself out an abused hero. "But he is so wholly evil and malicious, and so cunning, that he would certainly work us mischief."

"I am not afraid of Nicholas Snell," said Margaret Rutgers, lifting her head.

"But if we do not provoke him with the constant sight

of our happiness and love for each other, he will be less apt to try his evil hand against us, for you can keep him tender until I return to take you away with me." After this fashion argued the young lover with the little chin.

"It will not be long, Margaret," he said, fondling her. "I shall return for you soon, and so strong that we shall have nothing to fear. Be strong; be brave; be true!"



JOHN DICKINSON (*From the portrait in the Capitol at Harrisburg*)

These, all things considered, were rather amusing injunctions for this youth to lay upon her. She did not consider them so, being duly tearful when he opened the door at last, and slipped cautiously out in the November evening.

How much cause Trumbull Erskine had to fear the return of the Americans to the City of New York is a matter open to discussion. It is not likely that he had need to be anxious for his life, but there were many considerations short of a question of life and death that made an agitating appeal to his ego.

Whatever his exigency was, Trumbull Erskine was not alone in considering it well to leave New York when the British army was withdrawn after the treaty of peace. Between Yorktown and the final evacuation, more than 12,000 Tories, many of them most worthy and useful citizens of the community, packed what they could and de-

parted for Nova Scotia, Canada, the West Indies, England, — or whatever place appealed to their interests or fancies.

This, despite the fact that in the treaty of peace, negotiated and signed at Paris, Congress agreed to urge the States to pass laws making the lives and property of Tories safe within their borders, and extending to them equality before the law. Time demonstrated the endeavors of Congress to be futile, that body having only advisory control over the several States, without the power to insist upon the desired legislation, or to make laws covering the issue.

THE HEADQUARTERS AT ROCKY HILL, NEAR PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY, WHERE WASHINGTON WROTE HIS FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE ARMY IN 1783

Instead of complying with the expressed wishes of Congress and the terms of the treaty, the several legislatures, in the bills they passed concerning those who had given comfort or assistance to the British in the late war, suited the humor of the people, which was evil enough. The restric

NASSAU HALL, PRINCETON UNIVERSITY: THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS SAT HERE IN 1783, AND HERE WASHINGTON RECEIVED THE NATIONAL THANKS FOR THE SUCCESSFUL CONDUCT OF THE REVOLUTION

tions were especially severe in New York, where a bill was passed prohibiting the return of any Tory who had left the State, which, it will be observed, fitted the case of Trumbull Erskine. Another, called the trespass act, ordained that any Whig whose property had been used or held by a Tory, at any time during the occupation of New York, could recover damages from that Tory. This fitted the case of Margaret Rutgers's widowed mother.

Although incipient anarchy at Newburgh had been nipped in the bud, mischief had come from it. News going abroad, the country became deadly afraid of the army. A standing army was then considered one of the detested institutions of monarchy, of which the States had had evil experience. The American army, now that its work was done, became, in the minds of the more timorous and unstable, a sign and symbol of monarchy.

Two things happened to augment this fear and sink the States further into the maelstrom of misunderstanding, jealousy, fear, and anarchy, whither events were already whirling them, and out of which they were dragged in a way with which this story will have somewhat to do. One of the two things that set the fears of the people on feather edge occurred in Philadelphia, in June. A drunken rabble of Pennsylvania soldiery, arming themselves, marched into Philadelphia and drove the Congress across the river to Princeton. Governor Dickinson considered it the part of discretion to refrain from calling upon the local militia to repel the regulars. Congress was not in favor with the people, being, in polite terms, effete; but it represented the idea of popular government. So when the drunken soldiers assailed it, and pricked it off to Princeton, that part of the people which did not laugh took refuge behind fright, and scolded roundly about the evils of a standing army.

The other circumstance that added to fear and stirred

the whirlpool was an innocent and sentimental conception of General Knox's. He thought it would be pleasant and appropriate to organize the army's officers into a society for the promotion of tender memories. It appealed to him as a worthy idea to maintain and continue the close bond that had grown up between them in the years of the war.

ENTRANCE OF THE AMERICAN ARMY INTO NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 25, 1783
(*From the engraving by Chapin*)

The thought made a similar appeal to other officers, which led to the formation of the Order of the Cincinnati, with Washington as its first president. The Cincinnati had a golden decoration, which Louis XVI recognized, and swords of distinction; they organized State departments to meet every Fourth of July; they ordained that the French officers should be members of the order; they laid down a rule that the eldest son should inherit from his father the honor of having fought in the war.

The order was bitterly inveighed against, in pamphlet and from the platform, as a revival of the old idea of an hereditary aristocracy, which Americans had been seven

years combating. The country was stirred immoderately. The commotion we can laugh at now as comical, unless we stop to consider that it was only a sign of half-wild quickness due to the popular prejudices of the time; the rabid fury of the mob against anything that harked back to the old order; the fanatical worship of the idea of individual liberty and the equality of man; a sign, in short, of anarchy. With these reflections we do not smile, but rather grow serious with wonder that the States ever came safely through the turmoil following the Revolution.

The treaty of peace, negotiated by Franklin, Adams, and Jay, was a triumph of diplomacy. The representatives of the States, knowing their ground, bullied England into terms more favorable than the most sanguine had hoped for. Our independence was recognized fully and forthwith. England gave up the western country south of the Great Lakes and as far as the Mississippi, beyond which lay Spanish territory. Franklin had begun by asking for Canada and Nova Scotia, to allow for leeway. It is a great soul that can introduce humor into negotiations for a treaty of peace,— and a treaty with England, at that.

American fishermen were accorded the privileges of the Banks. We got nothing in commercial concessions, although Jay tried for them. There was discussion over the payment of private debts due from Americans to Englishmen, incurred before the war. Perhaps there was some American humor in introducing that into the transactions. There was at least American shrewdness; for it is conceded to be shrewd to ask for more than one is entitled to, or expects to get. The Americans were not absolved from their debts by the treaty.

Further, there were the articles concerning the freedom from further persecution that the Tories were to enjoy, and the amendment or repeal of laws hostile to their prop-

erty interests, the American envoys undertaking to have Congress suggest such measures and changes to the several States. At the same time, they gave England to understand that Congress could only bring these matters to the attention of the several legislatures. How far the suggestions went has already been told.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL TO HIS OFFICERS AT FRAUNCES'S TAVERN, NEW YORK

News of the signing of the final articles came to America late in March, a few days after anarchy had been smoothed away at Newburgh. On April 19, General Washington, under instructions from Congress, proclaimed to the troops a cessation of hostilities; and old soldiers, placed upon furloughs, straggled home, penniless and ragged, with wounds and muskets to show for their services. On November 25, 1783, the British army, under Sir Guy Carleton, evacuated New York.

One day before, Trumbull Erskine took ship for Halifax.

Four days later Nicholas Snell paid a visit to Margaret. Old friends from childhood, Snell, proclaiming himself lover, had found opportunities to see her at intervals since she and her mother had been living in the outskirts of the city. Margaret did not like Snell. She could have given as little reason for the aversion as for loving Trumbull. She only knew that she had never cared much for him, and that she almost disliked him since he had begun to show too warm a regard for her. Nevertheless, she was not sorry to see him, the meeting taking its complexion from the universal joy at the home-coming of the long exiled patriots of New York.

Nicholas stormed at great length because she and her mother had been driven out by the British, and their estate seized by the rich Tory, Waddington. He abused all Tories, and especially this one and his nephew, Trumbull Erskine. Margaret suffered him to inveigh against them, deeming it prudent to let her relations with the absent young man be unknown to this more virile rival.

The winter dragged by. Washington, on his way to resign his commission as commander-in-chief to the Congress, then sitting at Annapolis, took formal leave of the leading officers of the Continental army at Fraunces's Tavern in New York. Washington was the last of the distinguished company to arrive, and the strong emotion he manifested on entering the room kept the assembly almost silent through the little repast that followed. The general arose, his glass of wine in hand, and proposed the following health:

"With a heart full of love and gratitude I must now take my leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable." The toast was drunk in silence, and Washington added:

WASHINGTON RESIGNING HIS COMMISSION AT ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND, 1783 (*From the painting by Trumbull in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington*)

"I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you if each will come and take me by the hand."

General Knox, standing nearest, extended his hand. Washington grasped it, weeping and unable to speak. They embraced without a word. The other officers, also weeping, followed, embracing and kissing and parting from their

THE OLD CITY HOTEL AT ANNAPOLIS, WHERE WASHINGTON WAS ENTERTAINED

chief in a profound silence, broken only by their sobs. Thus the beloved hero retired from the field of arms to private life once more.

The country was in disorder. It was like a household that has been turned out at night to fight fire. The house had been saved, but no one knew how much was left, or where to begin the work of restoring it. New York City was ruined. For seven years it had been occupied by the British and their Tory sympathizers. When they withdrew, business and all the functions of the community were paralyzed. There was deadly rancor between the few Tories who remained, and the patriots who returned.

Nicholas Snell visited Margaret and her mother during the winter with more or less regularity, making himself as agreeable as he could, and helpful. He brought dainties from New York; he saw that they had wood, and that it was prepared for the hearth; he tinkered the doors of their rickety cottage. Margaret was not pleased with him,

The Old Senate Chamber at Annapolis, Maryland, where Washington Resigned His Commission

but she did not refuse gratitude for his little acts of consideration. The Widow Rutgers, who had no such fine reason as her daughter for discrediting him, warmed toward him. Meanwhile, there came scarcely a word from Trumbull, who was scrambling for a foothold in Halifax.

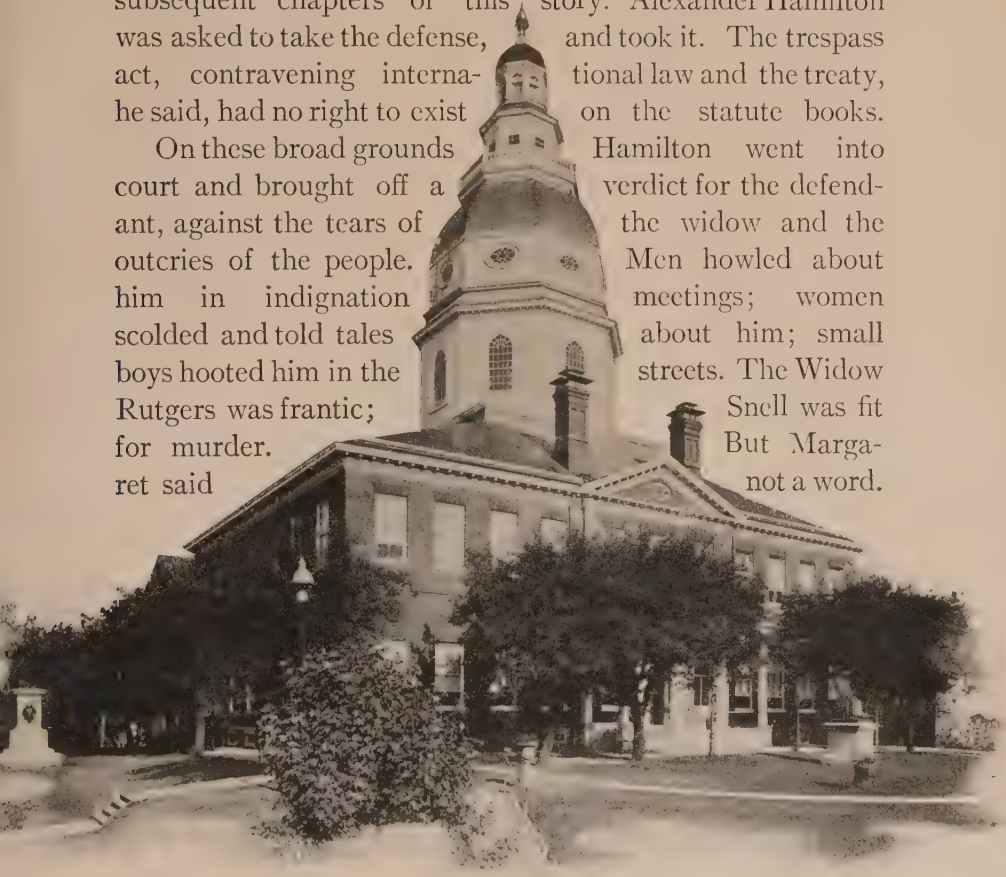
One summer day after the passage of the trespass act, Snell came to the little cottage in high feather. "Pack up your things, Maggie," he said to her, "for you are going back to your house." Thereupon he told her of the tres-

pass act, and pointed out how her mother could dispossess old Waddington of her house and lands in New York, for the uncle had remained in the city. When he volunteered to find counsel and help the Widow Rutgers in her suit against the Tory, she pinned her whole hope in him.

The case created a popular furore. There had been many trials under the new statute, but the circumstances of this cause made it peculiarly adaptable to popularity; it was the story of the poor widow and the hard rich man over again. The people, the court, the country, were all in accord; the verdict was as good as rendered.

Then something happened — something that led to many other things, as will become apparent on a perusal of subsequent chapters of this story. Alexander Hamilton was asked to take the defense, and took it. The trespass act, contravening international law and the treaty, he said, had no right to exist on the statute books.

On these broad grounds Hamilton went into court and brought off a verdict for the defendant, against the tears of the widow and the outcries of the people. Men howled about him in indignation meetings; women scolded and told tales about him; small boys hooted him in the streets. The Widow Rutgers was frantic; Snell was fit for murder. But Margaret said not a word.

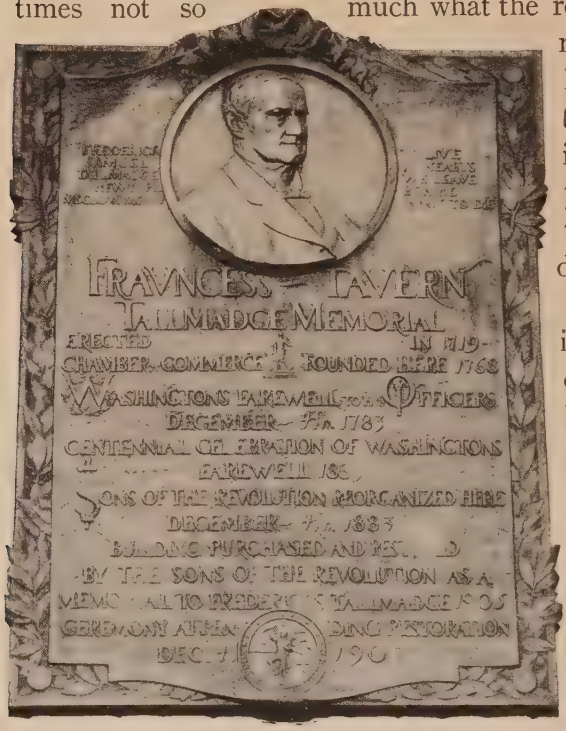


THE OLD STATE HOUSE AT ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

CHAPTER III

THE FIRST LINK

NICHOLAS SNELL was at his best when in his cups. Drink removed from his conduct a certain cautious constraint, leaving him more or less honestly unscrupulous. Villainy is often more atrocious because it sneaks; it is sometimes not so much what the rogue does as his manner of doing it that incenses the virtuous. This is a fact well and profitably known to thieves of large designs.



TABLET ON FRAUNCES'S TAVERN

Being a little in drink on the occasion, Nicholas was in high favor with a company of afternoon topers, who gathered in the coffee-room of Fraunces's tavern, soon after the decision in the case of Rutgers against Waddington. Since that time a popular diversion had been abuse of Hamilton for the part he had taken. This abuse stopped short of no accusation or innuendo.

In reply to the attack, Hamilton had written a letter to the public press, over the pseudonym of Phocion, following a classical fashion of the hour. Hamilton was one of the greatest writers of pamphlets and letters this country has seen. In addition to this, having the right in this discussion,

Fraunces's Tavern as Restored by the Sons of the Revolution in 1905

his letter had a depressing effect on partisans of the widow, moved entirely by prejudice.

In New York there was a pot-house politician named Isaac Ledyard. In an evil moment, Ledyard took up his pen and made reply to Phocion, behind the name Mentor. A battle of pamphlets followed, in which Phocion was overwhelmingly victorious. When the last pamphlet had fluttered into the waste-basket, the people had come to see the matter as Hamilton saw it.

It was these affairs that Nicholas Snell, in his cups, discussed with his bibulous friends; the more loudly and rancorously for the reason that the company was a club in which Ledyard was a member and leader.

"He has a silken, plausible pen that brings dundering fools to his way of thinking, while an honest man stands helpless," shouted Nicholas Snell, frowning prodigiously and jabbing the table with the broken stem of a wineglass. "If the scoundrel were to come out to-morrow and preach to make Washington king, and turn the Order of the Cincinnati into a house of lords, as he is like to do, he would have the rabble with him."

"But there seems much truth in what he says," ventured another.

"Here is an example of the mischief he has wrought; one of our own number comes flaunting him here as one who tells the truth against Isaac Ledyard," cried Snell. "Hamilton says that we should suffer the Tories to enjoy the same rights that we do. Any man who would suffer the fawning spaniels to come licking our hand now is a traitor, and ought to be treated as a traitor. Every man—"

One of the company, who had been poring over a newspaper, broke in at this juncture, in order to read aloud something he had found. "Here is what the *Massachusetts Chronicle* says, and it is well said," he cried. " 'As Hannibal swore never to be at peace with the Romans, so let every Whig swear by his abhorrence of slavery, by liberty and religion, by the shades of departed friends who have fallen in battle, by the ghosts of those of our brethren who have been destroyed on board prison ships and in loathsome dungeons, never to be at peace with those fiends of the refugees, whose thefts, murders, and treason have filled the cup of woe.' Was ever anything better said?"

THE LONG ROOM IN FRAUNCES'S TAVERN, WHERE WASHINGTON BADE FAREWELL TO HIS OFFICERS

The sentiment was much applauded; it was some time before Snell could again command attention, though he did not forego efforts to speak, during the tumult. "This man Hamilton says we should not drive them out of the country, because Congress asks us not to," he went on. "A great deal we care for Congress, we who have been through the war and got our trouble for our pains. Why should not these wretches be driven from the country? They cannot desire to live under a free government which they have been at such pains to destroy. Let them go to his Majesty's kingdom, and there live under a government they like. It would never do to let them stay here, to plot and plan at their leisure, and turn us over to England again when the time is ripe. Neither will it do to let this vicious traitor stay, whose tongue has poisoned the minds of our people. Why, six months ago we were running up and down the streets with the name of the Widow Rutgers on our lips, and cursing the old scoundrel Waddington with a whole heart, and now we sit about saying the minions of Great Britain are honest and honorable men, who should be permitted to enjoy the fruits of the widow's soil, filched from her by the King's soldiers!"

"The man that says that should be driven after the heels of the Tories themselves," cried another.

"Nay," said Snell, lowering his voice and leaning forward, "we must do better than that. This man Hamilton, this infamous rogue, must be silenced, and he must be punished. There is only one way, and that way I propose to take."

"And what way is that?" A hush fell among them.

"He must die." A little murmur ran about the company; the suggestion was over-bold. "Nay, do not mistake me," Snell went on, leering at them. "I mean it shall be fair. It shall be in fair field, I warrant you."

"You will fight him, then?"

"With great joy I would fight him. But it is well known that, while I am not lacking in valor, I am deficient in skill with sword and pistol alike; but there be among us many before whom he could not last a minute." They listened in hushed expectancy. "What I have to propose, then, is, that we choose amongst us, from our best, one to bring about a quarrel with this rogue, and lay him low."

FRAUNCES'S TAVERN (*From an old print*)

"But if the luck is on the other side?" suggested one of the number, with a wry face.

"Are there not many of us, and only one of him? The luck cannot last forever. There must be a turn in it, and one of us must cut him down!"

It was an idea that came to him out of his cups, developing in his mind as he talked, and it found favor with the company. Seizing it, they fell upon it in discussion, bringing it to some form amid many potations, and proceeding to the edge of acting upon it — where they stopped, for the time. Pot-valiant though they were, they were not ready to put the scheme into immediate execution, it being too momentous to be set afoot after such short consideration.

Another time they would settle by lot, or election, who should be the first to take the field against the man they could not refute. For the present they solaced themselves in contemplation of their plans.

Among them all Nicholas Snell was most pleased with the notion, but not entirely because it was his own. It had

THE OLD CITY HALL, NEW YORK *(From an early print)*

a significance in his case quite apart from the good it promised to the community in getting rid of Hamilton. By it, he thought, he would surely find favor in Margaret's eyes. She had suffered most directly from Hamilton's championship of the Tory cause; his punishment, according to the lights that illuminated Nicholas, would be peculiarly pleasing to her; his own connection with it would redound to his advantage.

The next day he went to see Margaret.

He was feeling in high feather when he approached the new little home, provided by sympathizers. He found her alone. He came to the tale bluntly, only pausing to make

clear to her his own part in the plan, and to show her how his affection had inspired him to it.

He soon learned how far he had misguessed in thinking she would be pleased and grateful. "You come to tell me you have plotted a murder, in order that I may be avenged?" she said, recoiling from him.

For a space he was taken aback. "Why, yes," he stammered. "That is, it is by no means a murder, for it will all be fair. The scoundrel deserves to be shot."

"It must be stopped!" she cried. "I abhor the deed you contemplate! I despise you for your part in it! Go back to your fellow-conspirators and undo what you have done, or never let me see your face again."

In vain did he argue and expostulate, explain and plead. She would listen to nothing, he found, and still demanded that he spoil the plot he had made. In the end, much crestfallen and not a little angry, he agreed to make the attempt.

Not feeling secure in his promise, she was not satisfied to do nothing more to prevent the scheme from coming to mischief. She felt implicated in the plot, wickedly guilty of having a part in it; she must do something more than she had done to block it.

Impelled by emotions which knowledge had stirred within her, she placed her bonnet on her head, soon after Snell disappeared, and went into the street. Her steps led toward Hamilton's office. He was already one of the leading lawyers in the city, dividing the honors with Aaron Burr. She arrived unobserved and inconspicuous

"Is Mr. Hamilton engaged?" she asked of a clerk.

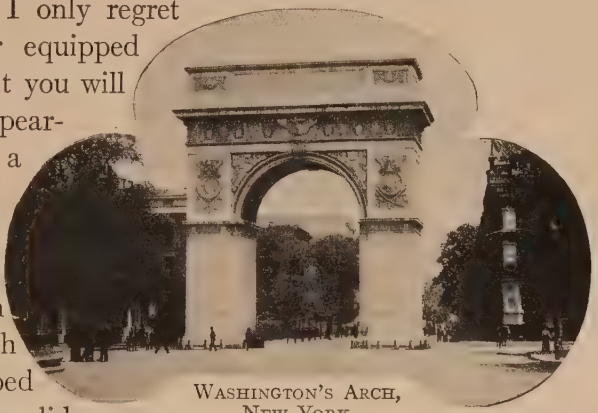
"Will madam have a seat? Who shall I have the honor to tell him wishes to see him?"

"Tell him, please, that Miss Rutgers would like a few words with him on a matter of grave importance —

Miss Margaret Rutgers, daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Rutgers, if you please," she added, seeing the clerk's brow go up.

Presently she was ushered into his chambers. He arose to greet her, tactfully avoiding any appearance of surprise at her visit.

"Permit me, madam. Pray be seated," he said, pleasantly, handing her a chair. "I am deeply sensible of the honor of your visit. I only regret that I am not better equipped for your reception; but you will pardon, I know, the appearance and condition of a practitioner's office."



WASHINGTON'S ARCH, NEW YORK

She sank into the chair, suddenly overcome by a realization of the situation which she had not before stopped to contemplate. Her eyelids fluttered, and a short sigh escaped her.

"You seem distressed and fatigued," said Hamilton, perceiving her agitation. "Will you permit me to fetch you a glass of wine?"

"No," she said, faintly; "I shall do very well, I thank you."

"At least, allow me —" He poured and handed her a glass of water from a pitcher that stood on the mantel-shelf.

She thanked him, recovering her composure by degrees as she sipped at the water. "I — it was nothing," she said, passing the glass back to him. "I came here in too great haste, and — and under some agitation of feeling."

"I trust that it is nothing that causes you distress or unhappiness," he ventured. "I most profoundly hope it is nothing to which I have been a contributing cause."

Raising her eyes to look at him for the first time, she was surprised to find him so small. When she had seen him in the court, during the trial of the cause, he had seemed much larger, more imposing. But that was in a moment of oratory. There was still the same look of high intelligence, of a noble spirit; the same suggestion of delicacy about his finely chiseled features; and in his eyes, as he gazed upon her, there was an expression of compassion, of kindly sympathy, that set her more at her ease.

"In a sense you are involved in my present distress, and my errand here can be traced back to the — the —" He helped her over the awkward point with an inclination of his head. "But not in a way that you think, sir." There was a pause. He waited for her to resume. "You must be aware, Mr. Hamilton, that you have many bitter enemies," she said.

"It would be vain and foolish of me to decline to recognize that as a fact, Miss Rutgers, and I am not sure that I ought to regret having enemies, provided you are not numbered among them. A man who contends for a truth that is not a popular truth must be honored by enemies," he added, hastily.

"I believe I am among those who are willing to give you credit for being a man of honor, integrity, and courage, and to believe that what you consider your duty may sometimes be as painful to yourself as it is to others," she said.

"But even if I were an enemy," she went on, "the interest of humanity and justice would demand my coming to you this afternoon. I have come to warn you."

"And you think it will be well for you to do this, Miss Rutgers?"

"Why not, pray?"

"You can answer that better than I. If you choose to be so magnanimous I can only accept your kindness with

the deepest gratitude; but I would not have you indulge your lofty sentiments at any risk or cost to yourself."

"That is considerate of you, sir. I can assure you that I shall not be placed in a false position. Mr. Hamilton," she arose from her chair; "I beg that you will accept no challenges to combat; that you will fight no duels!"

"That is a broad request, madam. While it is one that both from sentiment and inclination I would gladly promise to fulfil, and while I am deeply sensible of the obligations you have placed me under, I would not consider it compatible with my quasipublic position as a man of honor to agree to let my name go without my defense because of a request which you will pardon my characterizing as somewhat vague. Would it be impertinent to request you to be more specific?"

ALEXANDER HAMILTON *(From the Houdon Bust)*

"It would not, sir. I warn you specifically against the club of men who gather about the leadership of Isaac Ledyard. I have learned this very afternoon that they plan to call you upon the field of honor, one after another, until one of them succeeds in killing you, for they hold that to be the only way in which they can hope to silence you."

THE GRANGE: ALEXANDER HAMILTON'S NEW YORK HOME

"That is quite the prettiest and most sincere compliment I have had for my recent pamphlets," rejoined Hamilton, with a smile.

"I hope you take the matter seriously?" urged Margaret.

"Most seriously, I assure you, Miss Rutgers."

"And you will guard yourself against these men, if they attempt to carry out their plan? I should tell you, also, that I have endeavored to prevent them from doing so, through one of their number who told me of the conspiracy."

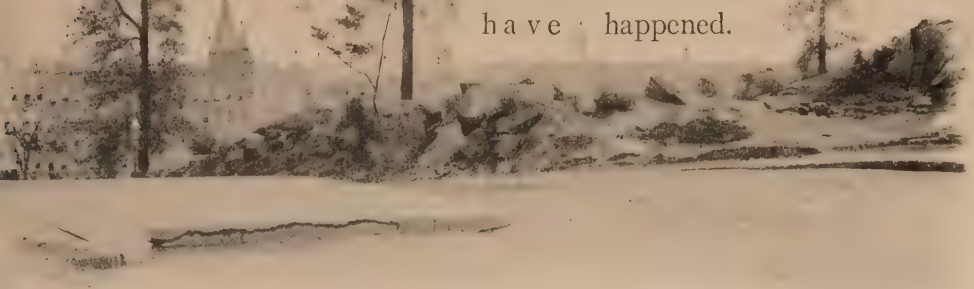
"I most sincerely assure you, Miss Rutgers, that I shall adopt all the precautions consistent with honor. I can

scarcely do less to show my appreciation of your solicitation. I would do very much more. I hope, if the occasion should ever arise when I may be of service to you, that you will permit me to do something further toward paying the debt of gratitude under which you place me."

"You are not so heavily obliged to me, sir," returned Margaret, going toward the door; "for I could do nothing else, in the interests of humanity."

"Although you choose to place your action upon such a basis, I shall continue to consider myself your grateful and obedient servant," he rejoined, as he showed her through the outer chambers and to the street.

It is necessary to tell all of this, because if Margaret Rutgers had not gone to warn Hamilton that afternoon, Hamilton would not in all probability have played the part he afterward did in her life, and many things that remain to be told would never have happened.

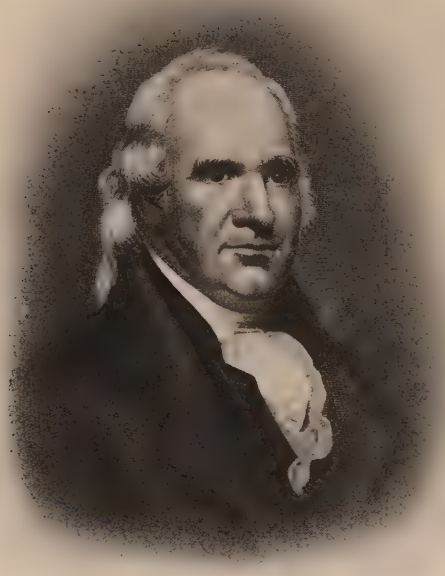


THE THREE SURVIVORS OF THE ORIGINAL THIRTEEN TREES PLANTED NEAR THE GRANGE BY ALEXANDER HAMILTON TO COMMEMORATE THE THIRTEEN STATES

CHAPTER IV

CONCERNING DIVERS MATTERS

MARGARET'S visit to Hamilton, as events proved, was unnecessary, unless it might be construed as necessary to the outworkings of her own fate. There followed from the meeting many things.



GEORGE CLINTON, FIRST GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK (*From an engraving by Williams*)

The plot as planted by Nicholas Snell was broken up. When the details began to move beyond his control and a tragedy seemed inevitable, he whispered the secret to Isaac Ledyard, from whom the conspirators had kept it, lest he, being of a quicker sense of honor than themselves, should prevent them from accomplishing their purpose. Their doubts concerning his coöperation proved well founded; he no sooner learned of the conspiracy against Hamilton than he issued strict injunctions against it, and it came to nothing.

From his personal experience and connection with the episode, Nicholas Snell learned cunning. He did not get wisdom; if he had, much of this story could not be written.

But in learning cunning, he mended his outward bearing toward Margaret, and wooed her humbly, cultivating an appearance of staid respectability; and if he plotted at all with tavern companions, he plotted from far beneath the surface. Neither did he make further boast to women of his plots.

GOVERNOR CLINTON'S HOUSE AT POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

Margaret tolerated Nicholas, believing such a course the wiser in the face of his insistence. She gave him short shift when he approached the realm of romance, holding him firmly in the position of a family friend; a function which he had grown cunning enough to accept with apparent willingness. And so time went on.

Of Hamilton she saw little or nothing. During the three years that followed her first meeting with him, between them remained only a casual acquaintance. When her mother died, in 1786, he called to extend his condolence and offer assistance, and once afterward he sent to learn whether he might help her in any way. After that she saw nothing of him beyond a formal bow and courtsey in the streets, until those events took place which were to bring him into her life as a dominating factor.

The years that passed immediately after the close of the Revolution were teeming and terrible. The war left thirteen struggling commonwealths, that did not know whether they were sovereign republics or coördinated states. They were half bound together, and half held apart, by the Articles of Confederation. The Articles, adopted by the last of the colonies as late as 1781, established the Continental Congress on a constitutional basis. Previous to that time, it had acted under a tacit concession of authority from the several States that was only partial at best. It had waged war, raised armies, built navies, entered into an alliance, contracted debts, and otherwise borne itself as a body having sovereign powers, whereas it had only such authority as no one intervened to prevent.

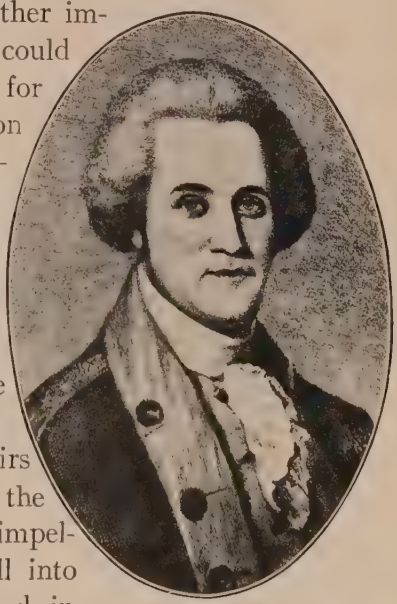
Congress was made up of delegates appointed yearly by the States. No State had less than two nor more than seven delegates. Votes were taken by States, each State having one, without regard to population or relative importance. Money could not be appropriated for national purposes without the consenting vote of nine States in Congress; the same number was required for much trivial but needful legislation.

The powers of this representative body were strictly circumscribed. The several States had strict ideas concerning their sovereign rights, and a horror of any strong centralization of authority. The idea of independence had been exaggerated and distorted in the public mind until it was leading to anarchy. The Confederation was nothing more than a bond of friendship between the contracting commonwealths, insuring to citizens of the respective States equal rights in all States, and combining certain functions of government in Congress.

Congress could declare war, make treaties, send and receive ambassadors, adjudicate disputes between States,

JOHN ADAMS (*From the Copley portrait in Memorial Hall, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts*)

and attend to Indian affairs. The States themselves could do none of these things. Congress controlled the army, but was provided with no means of raising troops, except through requisitions on the States, so great was the fear of a standing army. But vital and necessary powers were not accorded to Congress. It could neither impose taxes nor control commerce. It could do nothing more than ask the States for money, and suggest local legislation in many matters of national consequence. The States themselves could establish such imposts as they saw fit, with no other restriction than that they must not contravene any treaties entered into by Congress. The States shared with Congress the right to coin money.

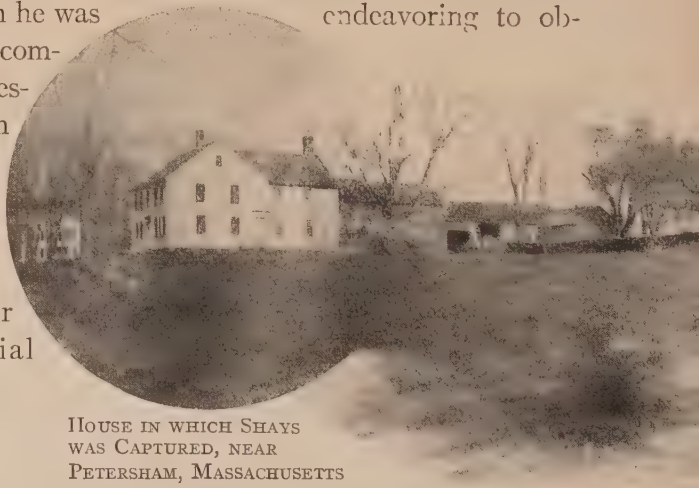


COLONEL JOHN SEVIER
(*From Peale's portrait in the Historical Society's Collection at Nashville*)

Chaos was inevitable. The affairs of the United States, as soon as the cessation of war had removed an impelling necessity to work in accord, fell into confusion. If the States had worked in better harmony, the war might have been terminated several years sooner. There was jealousy between them; there were bitter local prejudices; the people could not communicate and become acquainted because of geographical isolation due to the difficulties of travel. Many of them wrangled over territory that had been in dispute since the early and conflicting royal grants. New York and New Hampshire quarreled for the Green Mountains; Pennsylvania and Connecticut squabbled for the valley of Wyoming. Others were in bitter commercial rivalry. They imposed commercial restrictions on each other, through local imposts. They

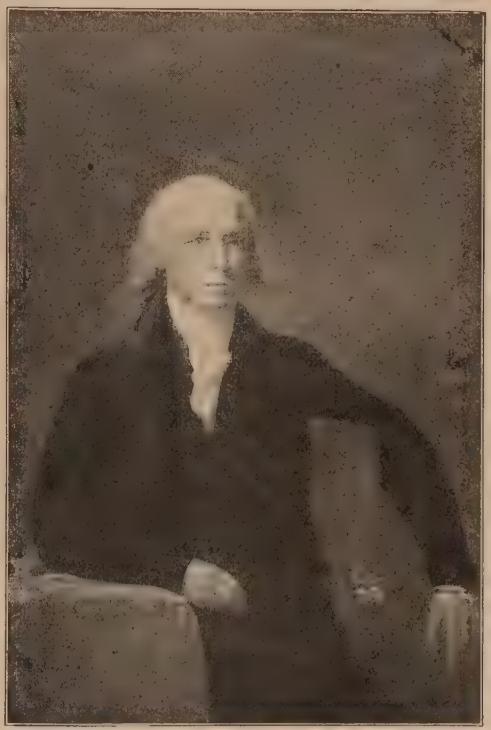
would neither establish the tariffs that Congress requested, not contribute the funds asked for. Congress, frantic for money, became bankrupt. Adams was in Holland much of the time, begging for loans from Dutch usurers. Congress frequently drew on him for sums he had still to gather in Amsterdam, the draft being in the hands of the bankers. Going to England to negotiate a commercial treaty, he found England at a loss to know whether she was dealing with one republic or thirteen, and she stood aloof. Incidentally, England's great men snubbed John Adams.

Secession began to be threatened. A dispute arose concerning the navigation of the Mississippi River. At the time when England made the treaty of peace with the United States she was at war with Spain. A secret clause had been introduced in the treaty stipulating that in case England, through her war with Spain, should acquire the Spanish possessions in America, the southern boundary of the United States would be a line running from the mouth of the Yazoo to the Chatahoochee. When Spain learned of this she closed the Mississippi River to American boats. American settlers in Kentucky and Tennessee, distressed by this state of affairs, for it shut them off from their principal means of transportation, made complaint to Congress. At this time John Jay was negotiating a treaty with Spain, in which he was endeavoring to obtain certain commercial concessions. Spain was willing to surrender either the navigation of the Mississippi or the commercial



HOUSE IN WHICH SHAYS WAS CAPTURED, NEAR PETERSHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

advantages sought, but not both. Kentucky and Tennessee threatened to revolt if the Mississippi were closed. New England, which had lately commenced to make cotton and woolen goods, threatened to secede if the commercial treaty were not consummated. At the same time, a free State, calling itself the State of Franklin, was established in the mountains of North Carolina, with John Sevier as its president.

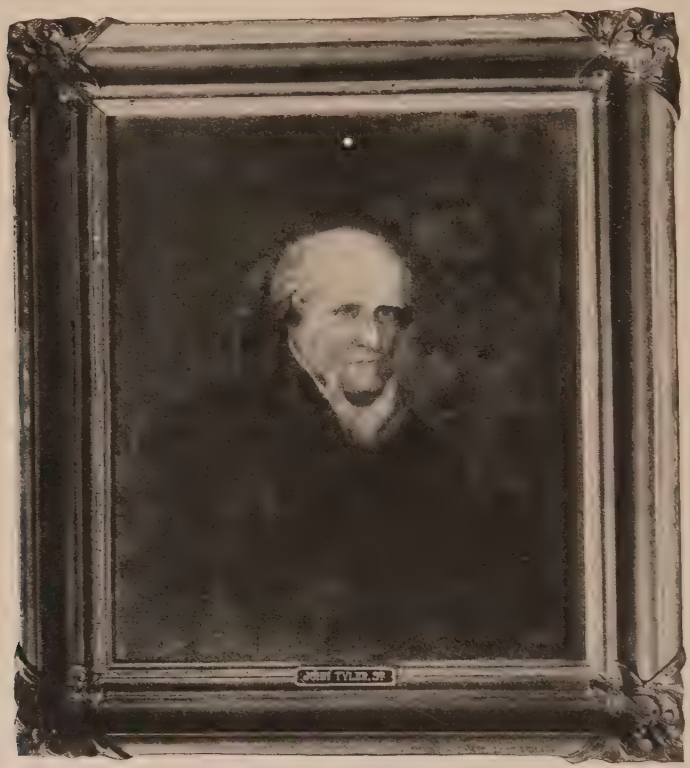


JAMES MADISON (*From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart, at Bowdoin College*)

Credit, state and national, was dead. There was little coin in circulation; what there was had varying values in the several States. Foreign creditors were clamoring; Congress was beseeching the States for money; citizens were shouting refusals to be taxed. In the midst of this dark period there burst a shower of paper money. States began to issue script and currency, based on nothing more tangible than hope and a promise. Merchants refusing to accept the money, laws were passed in some States compelling them to do so. Panic came; nothing was stable. Anarchy overhung the country. Strong men despaired. The necessity for closer union was obvious to thoughtful men; but those, in much greater numbers, whose opinions

were arrived at through feelings and prejudices, feared a bond more closely knit.

Then fate took a hand — fate, which in 1781 had begun to work her way with the States, when the confederation was before the several commonwealths for adoption. All



JOHN TYLER, THE ELDER (*From the portrait by James Worrell in the Virginia State Library at Richmond*)

had accepted it except Maryland. Maryland was reluctant because small, and fearful of her larger neighbors. Most of the States had possessions in the West — remnants of old royal grants and charters. Maryland would consent to the Articles of Confederation if these States would turn over to Congress their holdings in the West. The States agreed; Connecticut only withholding a certain strip in

what is now Ohio, called the Western Reserve. That gave the States something tangible in common.

Fate next intervened through a man named Daniel Shays, of Massachusetts. In Massachusetts there had been a bitter contest between merchants and farmers and their allied interests over paper money. The farmers wanted it; the merchants and moneyed men did not. The

WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON (*From the painting by Rossiter*)

measure was defeated. Riots followed; the farmers inveighed against the rich men and men of influence. They were especially bitter against lawyers. After several mobs formed and dispersed, Daniel Shays, who had been a captain in the Continental army, gathered about him a band more threatening than any others had been, and started making a great noise throughout the land. In his force were many of the veterans whom Gates would have incited to mutiny at Newburgh. Governor Bowdoin raised a militia force and sent General Lincoln to stop the uprising. There was a skirmish and a chase, and Shays's insurrection was no more. Shays and 150 of his followers were captured at breakfast on Sunday, at a farm-house near Petersham.

But the insurrection had done immense good. It sobered the people. They did not want governments to be repudiated. They traced the outbreak to its source in federal weakness, and knew that, if the country was to survive, it must have more unified virility.

We here may observe again the hand of chance, weaving a web to hold the States together. In 1785 Virginia and

The Parlor at Greenway To-Day

Maryland, through delegates, met at Washington's home in Mount Vernon to arrange commercial affairs. It was found necessary to invite Pennsylvania to join them. There was a man in the Virginia legislature who went further; a quiet, slight, timid little man, a man who would get up on the floor of the assembly like a schoolboy when he found it necessary to talk — he never made speeches — but who would have every member listening and learning. This was James Madison.

Madison, in the autumn of 1785, prepared a motion calling for a commercial conference to be held by delegates from all the States, to devise a uniform commercial system.

GREENWAY, THE HOME OF JOHN TYLER, THE ELDER, CHARLES CITY COUNTY, VIRGINIA: HERE PRESIDENT TYLER WAS BORN

He did not present the motion, but induced John Tyler, father of the President of that name, to stand sponsor for it. Tyler was a fierce zealot for States rights; he could introduce such a motion without stampeding the States rights men.

For the time being the motion aroused little interest. Presently there came from Maryland a proposal to the same effect. It was taken up and carried. Commissioners from all the States were invited to meet the first Monday of September, 1786, at Annapolis.

On September 11, 1786, commissioners from Virginia, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York gathered in the State House at Annapolis. Massachusetts and New Hampshire, Rhode Island and North Carolina appointed commissioners who did not see fit to come. Georgia, Connecticut, and South Carolina paid no heed to Virginia's invitation.

The commissioners did not think it worth while to attempt anything, with only five States present. But before they adjourned, they adopted an address, drawn up by Alexander Hamilton, and sent it to all the States. The address urged them to send commissioners to meet at Philadelphia on the second Monday of the following May "to devise such further provision as shall appear to them necessary to render the constitution of the federal government adequate to the exigencies of the Union, and to report to Congress such an act as, when agreed to by them, and confirmed by the legislature of every State, would effectually provide for the same."

The suggestion was brought forward for the approval of Congress in October. Rufus King of Massachusetts maintained that the proceedings of a convention, which was an irregular gathering without authority, could not properly be brought before Congress, and that the States

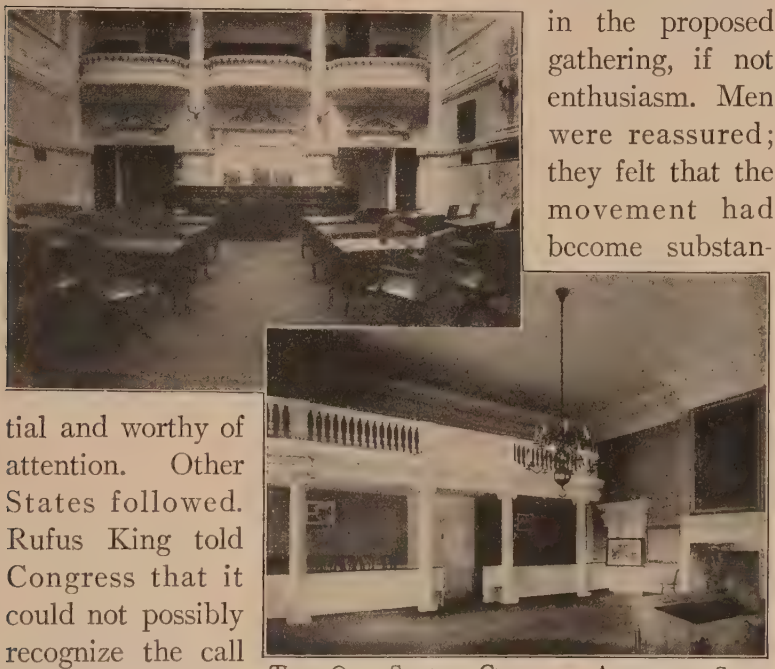
should pay no attention to the address. This was flattering Congress, and that body refused to sanction the plan.

But fate was still active. With that grim satisfaction with which fate amuses herself and others who can be amused with it, the agency chosen to bring the convention to pass comprised some of the strongest enemies of centralized government. It happened after this manner. Congess, in financial despair, begged to amend the Articles, permitting that body to set up imposts, uniform and general, through the States. After years of wrangling, all the States acceded to this, except New York. New York, under Governor George Clinton, was well satisfied with the trend trade was then taking. She was growing strong and rich again, after having been completely ruined by the war. Her prosperity was being built up by impost laws, made to suit the situation; she did not desire Congress to meddle. So, in spite of Hamilton's efforts, the impost amendment to the Articles of Confederation was defeated in the New York Assembly.

THE OLD CAPITOL AT ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND
(*From an old print*)

Up to that time the convention proposal had not attracted much attention. But when the amendment was known to have failed, people realized that there was no hope for Congress and the Union unless Congress should be vested with more certain and absolute power. Moreover, there was the tremendous moral effect of Shays's rebellion, and the disorderly behavior of little Rhode Island, which went on issuing worthless paper money and passing laws obliging people to accept it as legal tender.

If any impulse had been lacking, it was furnished now by Virginia. That commonwealth did not wait for an official endorsement of the convention plan by Congress, but went ahead and named its own delegates. First of them was George Washington. At once there was interest in the proposed gathering, if not enthusiasm. Men were reassured; they felt that the movement had become substantial and worthy of attention. Other States followed. Rufus King told Congress that it could not possibly recognize the call issued by the Annapolis meeting; but suggested the desirability of calling a meeting of commissioners from the several States in Philadelphia on the second Monday in May to deliberate on a more efficient form of union. With such twistings, dear to a lawyer's heart, did he reconcile Congress to an endorsement of that plan.



THE OLD SENATE CHAMBER, ANNAPOLIS STATE HOUSE AS RESTORED

Spring came and the time approached when the delegates were to meet in Philadelphia. Fontaine Stevens, formerly of Virginia, and a soldier of the war, on his way from Massachusetts to revisit scenes of his youth, sojourned

for a few days in New York City. On the eve of his departure he betook himself to pay his respects to Hamilton, with whom he had had some acquaintance, and with whom his cousin John Stevens had been in close friendship.

He found Hamilton alone, busily engaged with a multitude of papers and surrounded by volumes and pamphlets. "I am merely arranging in comprehensive form my views of the federation that we should inaugurate among the States to insure the perpetuity and greatest efficiency of the union between them," he explained, when he had saluted Fontaine and bidden him to a seat.

"We are on the eve of a great work, General Hamilton, and a work in which you have already played a part that will fasten your name more securely on the tablets of history," observed Fontaine.

The general acknowledged the compliment with an inclination of the head. "I am not as sanguine as yourself that we are really about to accomplish something, Mr. Stevens," he replied, thoughtfully.

"I cannot see how we shall fail, sir. The people of the States seem more than ready to take the step. Speaking for my part of the country I can be certain, and we have encouraging reports from elsewhere."

"The people, perhaps, have a vague idea that they desire something in the way of change, Mr. Stevens," rejoined Hamilton. "Indeed, I am willing to concede that they want a change. The people frequently do. But I am doubtful, I must confess, whether they will be able to hit upon anything that will meet with approval sufficiently general to be of any value."

"You do not credit them with great discretion and wisdom, general," laughed Fontaine.

"I credit them, I believe, with all that they have demonstrated themselves as entitled to," returned Hamilton.

"It is not conducive to a hearty respect of the people at large to reflect upon what has happened in this country within the last few years. For seven years they fought for principles which, to my mind, they did not fully understand and somewhat overrated. Having won their struggle, they immediately fell to quarreling among themselves over trivialities; they were content to be consumed by petty jealousies, rather than to permit general benefits at some possible slight sacrifice of their local interests. States have opposed such salutary measures as an unfortunate Congress could devise. It is not reassuring to me, I promise you, Mr. Stevens."

THE GRAVE OF JOHN HANCOCK IN THE OLD GRANARY BURYING GROUND, BOSTON

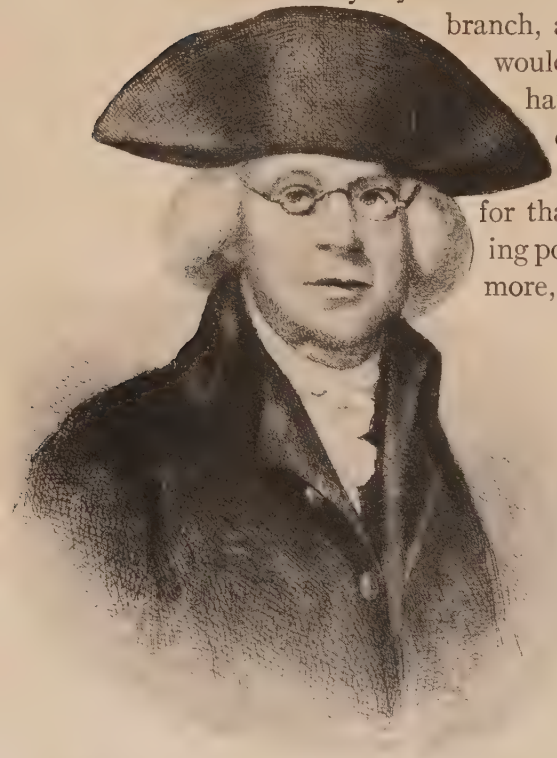
"The States, it is true, have been guilty of jealousies and controversies, but these seem now to be forgotten in a present sense of the necessity for forming a closer union," argued Fontaine.

"A present sense. You have pointed it well. That is their present sense. What will be their sense to-morrow? How soon after we shall have formed a union shall we have another Shays's rebellion? How can we look forward to dwelling in harmonious security with such a member of the family as irascible and erratic Rhode Island, for instance, or greedy, grasping New York? For my part, Mr. Stevens, and I am frank to say it, I would have these State lines, these petty prejudices that are built upon nothing but

geography, and this clutching for a little local power and prestige — I would have all this wiped out."

"You cannot remove from men's minds the traditions of centuries, General Hamilton. The men of Massachusetts, of Virginia, even those of New York, have come from long lines of ancestors who wrested what they now enjoy from savage Indians and more savage nature. We cannot wonder that they hold dear what has cost so dear."

"Nevertheless, I would do away with it all. And I would weaken the power of the people themselves to do mischief. We have at hand, in England, an example of the highest form of representative government yet devised. There they have a body that places a restraint on the unintelligent and prejudiced masses,— a counterbalance. I would have such a body in our own government. I will grant you a representative legislature, one branch to be chosen directly by the whole people. But for the other branch, and for the chief executive, I would require that the electors have a property and educational qualification. I would insure a higher order of intelligence for that body, and give it restraining power over the lower. Furthermore, I would break down State lines by having the chief executive appoint the governors of the several States, and I would vest them with authority to interfere with any pernicious local legislation," thus argued Hamilton.



ABRAHAM YATES

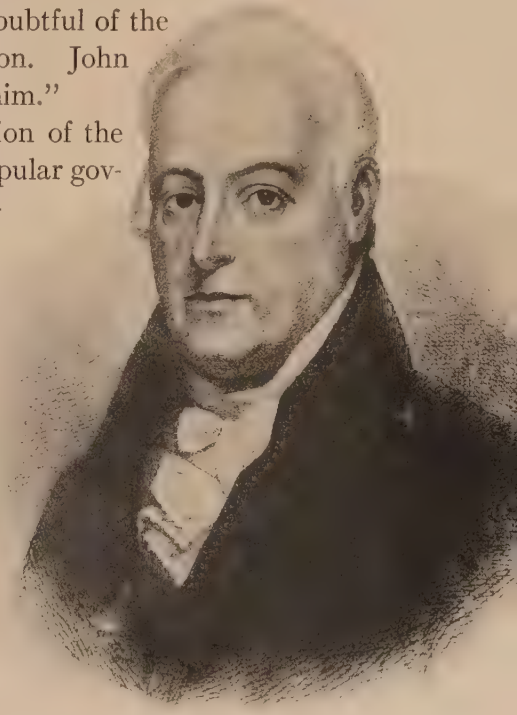
"Then you would never unite the States into one government," asserted Fontaine, ready to take issue with Hamilton.

"I do not expect to have my plan adopted. I shall go no further than to outline it before the convention, as a suggestion of what I think would promote our common welfare and insure us permanent prosperity and strength as a nation. But I shall not urge it, knowing as well as any can know that it has not the elements of popularity; which rather encourages me to greater faith in it," he added, with a smile. "You say there is some enthusiasm in your own State for the union, Mr. Stevens?" he resumed, closing the discussion of the elements of the problem before the States.

"A marked and lively interest, to say the least, General Hamilton. The people at large, so far as I can gather from observation, are generally favorable, and our opponents are not bitter. Samuel Adams is, I believe, rather dubious and inclined to be doubtful of the wisdom of further consolidation. John Hancock is apparently with him."

"Here is another illustration of the untrustworthy character of popular government, Mr. Stevens," interposed General Hamilton. "Two months after your Governor Bowdoin had suppressed Shays's rebellion, his constituents turned about and elected Hancock governor."

"I am not willing to concede that that is more than a coincidence," said



JOHN LANSING (*From an etching by Albert Rosenthal*)

Fontaine. "For the rest of our leaders, there are many who will hesitate to deprive Massachusetts of any of her prerogatives; but it is a State where your despised public opinion finds quick expression through town meetings, and I believe that the will of the people, which I regard as favorable, will have its way."

"I could wish the same were true in New York," Hamilton remarked, shaking his head dubiously. "The State is in an era of prosperity, and a strong faction, headed by George Clinton, is opposed to any change — which is another point in favor of my argument to curtail the powers of the States to do mischief and to block measures that do not look to the benefit of all. Governor Clinton is the strongest man politically that we have, and holds the State. It was only by great exertion that we were able to send delegates to the convention at all, and the two who were chosen as my colleagues, John Lansing and Robert Yates, were frankly and avowedly selected for the purpose of interfering with and preventing, if possible, any satisfactory outcome. But we shall struggle and hope. Down in Virginia there is a quiet little man with a strong head, and he has taken up this problem. He has already brought this convention to pass, which is much. Perhaps he may do more."

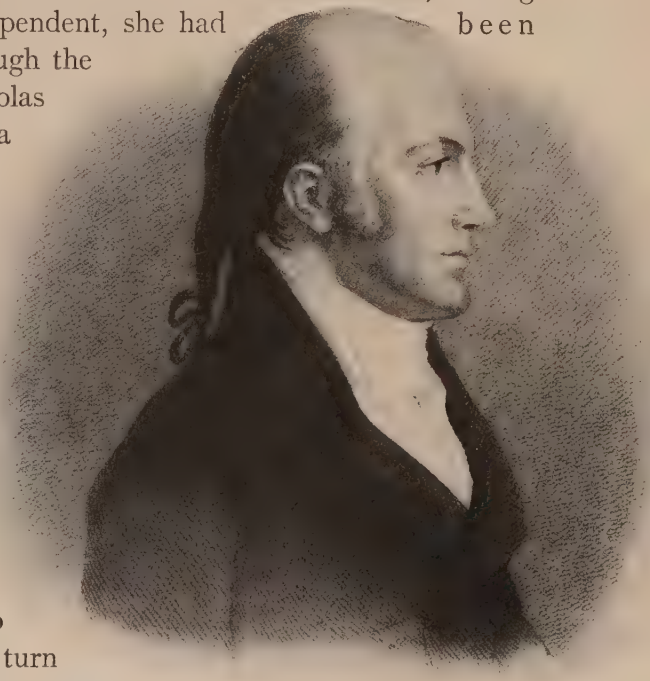
"You mean Mr. Madison?"

"Yes, Mr. Madison."

CHAPTER V

LOVE AND A LETTER

IT was midsummer in the year 1788. Margaret Rutgers sat by an open window in the home of Aaron Burr in Richmond Hill. Since the death of her mother, leaving her alone and dependent, she had been here, largely through the influence of Nicholas Snell, which was a strange turn of fate. She cared nothing at all for Snell, but his passion for her did not seem to abate in the least. He seemed, however, to have made of himself the only friend to whom she could turn in the time of her trouble and bereavement.



AARON BURR

At that time a close friendship had been formed between Burr and Snell. It would be more accurate to describe the connection as a form of hero worship on Snell's part, or of idolatry, a form of devotion of which Burr received more than is given to most men. He had already won to

himself a coterie of young men, attracted by the brilliancy of the man, and held to him by his personal magnetism.

Through Snell, it came about that Margaret was received into the household of Burr on Richmond Hill,—an adjustment of her affairs that she was somewhat more ready to permit because of a slight acquaintance between her mother and Mrs. Burr in the days when the latter was Mistress Prevost. That she might accept the hospitality of the Burrs more freely, she was indulged in the title of governess and humored in a little tradition that she cared for the younger children, of whom Mrs. Prevost had several when married to the young lawyer.

Burr's Birthplace at Newark, New Jersey

Burr at this time was, next to Hamilton, the most prominent and successful lawyer in New York. Grandson of Jonathan Edwards and son of Aaron Burr, president of the College of New Jersey, or Princeton, he enjoyed an advantage of birth to which was added a striking fascination of address and person. He was a perfect type of the elegant gentleman of the last century. Of superior intellect and undoubted ability, his success was immediate and pronounced; the number and importance of his cases was such as to bring him renown and abundance of income. He had only one rival. That rival was Hamilton; already their lives had begun to run athwart each other.

Margaret, one day while seated by the window in this man's house, gave no heed to the beautiful prospect of lawn

and grove and field and river that lay before her; neither did she see or hear the children playing there. She was bent above a letter. It was mottled with her tears, and her hands trembled as she read it. "My Precious Little Love," it ran,— it will already have been surmised that the letter was from Trumbull Erskine; "you must not by any means infer from my long silence that my ardor for you has cooled, for such is by no means the truth. I have deferred writing to you, from day to day and from month to month, in the continual hope that in another day, or another month, I might have some better news for you.

RICHMOND HILL

"I seem to have had nothing but misfortune since the close of the war, which drove me from my home in America, where my prospects were so bright, and from you, by whose side I was so happy. First, there was the flux of refugees to Halifax and the consequent overcrowding of all lines of operation there, so

ST. PAUL'S, EAST CHESTER, NEW YORK: HERE BURR PLEADED SOME OF HIS IMPORTANT CASES WHILE THE CHURCH WAS USED AS A COURT OF JUSTICE

that I was forced to go to Quebec. You know how one disaster after another overtook me in that wild place, and how finally I was forced to leave.

"Here in England I have done little better as yet. The cost of living is so much greater that what little store of money I had from my uncle has been all but dissipated. I do not mean that I have been dissipated, for my life has been such as it should be on the part of one betrothed, and in meager circumstances. I am sometimes constrained to believe that there is a conspiracy on foot here against me. I fancy I find traces of it at every turn. I can hardly account for it, unless it is because of my attachment to an American girl, knowledge of which I have inadvertently permitted to get abroad. But you need have no fears; I shall fight through the odium of it and live to bring you back here in triumph.

"I have purposely written this much in gloom, because I have a glimmer of hope to impart. I have lately made the acquaintance of one who is master of a ship, who has kindly offered to take me aboard his vessel in the capacity of an apprentice, or something of that sort, so that I may learn seafaring. There is no immediate remuneration in it; in fact, I am under some pecuniary obligations to the man, which he hopes I shall become proficient enough to discharge before the end of our cruise; but in the end there promises much, for the sea is ever lucrative to those who follow it. I am sure I shall enjoy the life, for I was always fond of the sea. And when we have a vessel of my own, my beloved, we shall fly to the ends of the earth on our wings of white. Shall we not?

"But the best I have left for the last. Our voyage will perhaps take us to New York; in fact, I am quite certain it will. And when we sail into the harbor, I shall come to see you, despite the risk I shall run in coming ashore in that

THE OLD COURT-HOUSE AT POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK, WHERE THE CONVENTION WAS HELD THAT ADOPTED THE CONSTITUTION

hostile port. But do not be alarmed for my safety when I land, for I shall exercise every precaution, and avoid being known by some manner of disguise. I presume your patron Burr will do nothing to embarrass me, should he ascertain who it is that comes to see you.

"You cannot write me in reply to this, for before your letter could come I shall be far at sea, speeding to the Mediterranean, in the good ship *Marble Halls*, whence I shall come to you. Ever your loving swain and Jack Salt,

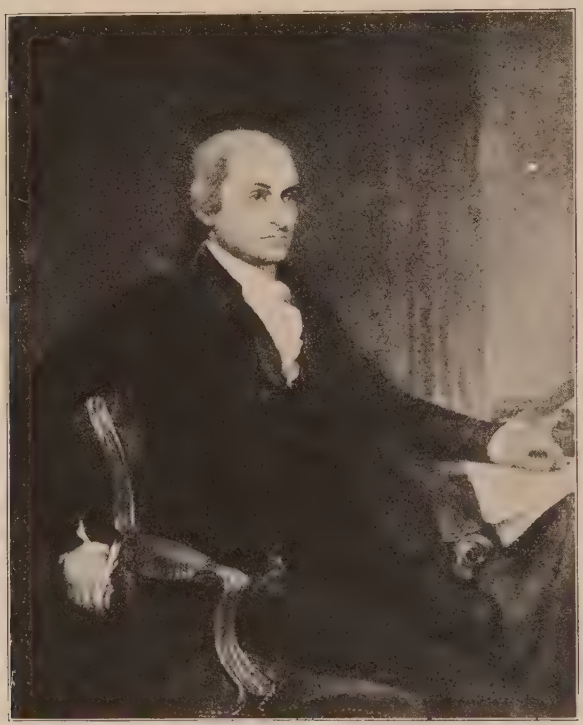
"TRUMBULL ERSKINE."

Feeble as the letter was, and deficient in the quality that indicates strength in a man, it was nevertheless a source of great comfort and consolation to Margaret. It meant that her lover still loved and would come to her. It fed her hope; it saved her from a dull despair into which she had felt herself sinking. It was four years since Trumbull had gone. In those four years she had received letters, cataloguing the failures that had been imposed upon him by a world coldly indifferent to the interesting circumstance that he was the beloved of Margaret Rutgers. In that time, too, another, to whom had fallen opportunities of being her friend, had besought her heart with a persistency that hemmed her in and a subtlety that baffled refusal. Of late she had felt herself slipping into a union with Nicholas Snell; now she was strengthened again, for another period at least. If Trumbull would only take her with him when he came, and let her share his hardships and help him above his poverty, she would be happy at last, and safe.

Thinking of her lover, she turned her dimmed eyes toward the river wistfully, with a sigh. As she gazed abstractedly across the lawn that lay before her, she saw two men crossing it toward the house. One of them, by his dress, small stature, and elegance of gait, she recognized

as Burr. The other was a stranger, tall, straight, lithe, with a grace equal to that of his companion, but of a different character. It was rather the smooth flowing grace of nature than the cultivated elegance of the man of exquisite art.

As they approached, Burr, glancing up at the window, waved his hand in salute, and whispered to his companion, slyly, and in a manner that had a subtle effect of flattery, even at the distance. The other, looking up at the words, checked his gait and gazed, as one looking upon a picture. In a moment he withdrew his eyes in confusion, as though suddenly aware that he was staring, and continued his way toward the house. Burr, casting a furtive glance at the girl, smiled and nodded his head wisely. Margaret, rising from her chair by the window, covered with blushes, was making haste to leave the room, when something held her. Perhaps it was a strange halo of fascination and romance about the slender face of the stranger; in the depth of light in his hazel eyes; in the



JOHN JAY (*From the Stuart portrait in Bedford House, Katonah, New York*)

color that played in his hair, which he wore long and curling, after the fashion of frontiersmen. Perhaps it was a supersensitive misgiving lest her departure might fall under some misinterpretation. Perhaps it was sheer femininity.

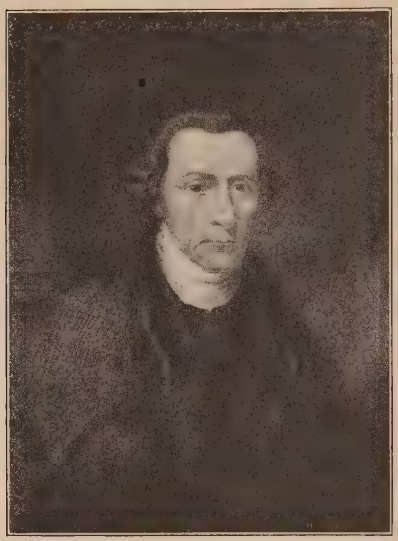
Whatever it was that restrained her, she turned about and went back to her chair, pausing for a moment to set her hair to rights, and to see that there were no traces of tears in the corners of her eyes. By way of absolution, she kissed the letter from Trumbull, and thrust it into her dress at the moment when Aaron Burr entered, followed by the stranger.

"Mistress Margaret," said Burr, in a tone that was the acme of cultivated art, and with a bow that was a symphony of motion, "I have at great pains prevailed upon this most delightfully interesting young man to come to my home with me, for which you stand under great obligations, I assure you. He can tell you tales of our Western Indians and the brave fellows who go out there with the seeds of civilization that will make your little heart beat faster than ever it beat in our late war, I warrant you. Mistress Rutgers, Mr. Sylvester Stevens, of Kentucky, companion of Daniel Boone, James Harrod, and that enterprising host of brave fellows on the Western frontier."

Sylvester knew intimately Harrod, the resolute backwoodsman who built the first log cabin in Kentucky, and loved him for his gentle nature and fatherly protection of those about him. He had lived with Daniel Boone and his devoted wife, and revered that simple-hearted frontiersman, who never wronged a human being, not even a red man. Knowing them, and the wonder and admiration their deeds had inspired, Stevens was always ready to talk of the pioneers who had blazed the trail of civilization through Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee, of their readiness to defend the weak

and risk their lives freely to recover women and children carried away by the savages.

As he spoke Margaret looked closely at the young man. She beheld in him a poet, a dreamer, a hero of romance. He was dressed in homespun, which sat ill upon him; his cheeks were brown, his hands roughened. It was clear that he was unaccustomed to the amenities of civilization; yet he spoke with an air of native dignity, of unstudied grace and unconscious composure that heightened the lively effect he had already made upon Margaret's imagination.



PATRICK HENRY (*After the portrait by J. B. Longacre*)

"Are you from the West then?" she asked, with genuine interest.

"Yes, Miss Rutgers. From Kentucky, and Tennessee, and Ohio, and thereabouts. It would be hard to say where I do come from; the 'West' embraces them all."

"You must find it strange enough in such a place as New York, Mr. Stevens," ventured the girl, intending to please him by making talk about his manner of life.

"Perchance I seem more strange to New York than it does to me. I had not thought of that; I had only thought that it is all very entertaining and instructive."

"Aha, Mistress Margaret," laughed Burr, looking merrily on her with his brilliant black eyes, "our wild man from the forest is not so much at a loss with us as we should be with him."

Margaret, disconcerted, hung her head and murmured something that she desired should be an apology.

"I meant no rebuke," returned Sylvester, with a faint smile.

"Mr. Stevens has come this distance on business with me," Burr remarked, tactfully leading the talk away; "and I have given him the opportunity to see your good friend in action, Mistress Margaret."

"My good friend, Mr. Burr?"

"Ay. Your good friend, General Hamilton. It is astonishing, Master Stevens, how this innocent little creature lays military men by the heels." He turned toward Sylvester, inclining his head toward Margaret at the same time with delicate grace. "Men who have come safe through charges and assaults, fall before one volley from those eyes, sir, I promise you. I could, perhaps, name half a dozen who have gone down so."

"Mr. Burr, your flattery is most distressing and most ridiculous, sir," pleaded Margaret, genuinely embarrassed.

"I can easily believe that it is not flattery, Miss Rutgers," observed Sylvester. "I am a military man myself." He said it solemnly, seriously,

RED TOP: AT ONE TIME THE HOME OF PATRICK HENRY

in a manner that sent a cold shiver through the girl and a warm thrill.

"On my life, Mr. Stevens, you are misplaced in the wilderness," laughed Burr, laying his hand on his shoulder.

"Did you feel repaid for your journey to Poughkeepsie to see my good friend in action?" asked Margaret, hastening out of danger.

"I consider it one of the sights of my life, Miss Rutgers," returned Sylvester, in a glow of enthusiasm. "I

THE GRAVE OF SAMUEL ADAMS, OLD GRANARY BURYING GROUND, BOSTON

was too late for the best of it, but I saw the man stand there, so tiny that I could almost have twirled him about my wrist, but with fire flashing from his eyes and his head raised above the heights of Parnassus; and from his lips there poured such a current of words of wisdom as would bear before him a universe. It was not eloquence; it was not rhetorical display, but living words of truth and conviction that made him a giant, standing there on the floor of the Assembly. I shall not soon forget it!"

"To which I might add, that New York this day ratified the Constitution; so that now there remain outside the bond only North Carolina and Rogue's Island."

"Is it true?" asked Margaret, eagerly.

"As true as the sun. Melancthon Smith melted long ago, and the rest of Clinton's henchmen have crumbled away, one by one, until there were barely enough left to make a close contest, when it went to a vote."

"I am glad," said the girl, simply.

Burr smiled complaisantly. "You have a beautiful, fresh enthusiasm, Miss Rutgers, that does you credit, and I hope you may be a prophetess of good omen. For my part, I will give the country fifty years under the Constitution, at the outside, but no more."

Sylvester Stevens flew to arms at once in defense of the Constitution, and there fell out a long discussion of its merits and demerits. There had been many such since the federal convention at Philadelphia closed its task and submitted the document to the approval of the States. It was at best a compromise; some called it a makeshift. There perhaps was not one of the delegates who was wholly satisfied with it. Madison was not; Hamilton was far from it. But both knew that it was greatly better than the loose Articles of Confederation, and went into the fight defending the document.

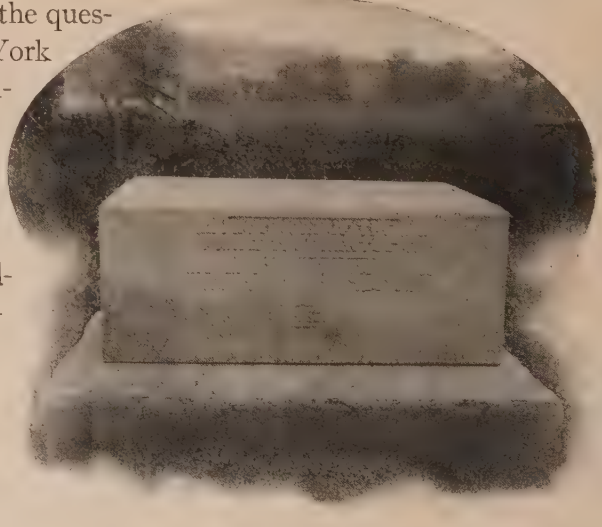
When the Constitution went before the people for their approval three States were considered the crucial points, Massachusetts, Virginia, and New York. Massachusetts was the first of these three to ratify it. Samuel Adams, chairman of the ratification convention, was doubtful until public opinion declared itself. Being a believer in public opinion, he went over, the State going with him.

In Virginia the contest was more prolonged and bitter. There able men were arrayed against the Constitution.

Patrick Henry opposed it; Edmund Randolph, one of the delegates to the convention, fought against its adoption. It was Madison who won the fight in Virginia with his steady, plodding tactics; always ready with a convincing argument, melting objections, explaining away doubts, until there were enough convinced to give the ratifiers a majority. The situation in Virginia was rendered more dramatic by the circumstance that, up to the time the State convention began its deliberations, only eight commonwealths had accepted the document, whereas nine were necessary to make it effective. As it happened, Virginia was not the ninth, New Hampshire having anticipated her action by four days; but the struggle went on there under the stress and impetus of a critical situation.

DANIEL BOONE (*After the portrait by C. Harding*)

New York was won by Hamilton against the overwhelming majority of Governor Clinton's followers. The final struggle was over the question whether New York could come into the federal union conditionally, reserving the privilege of seceding in case she failed to secure certain amendments to the Constitution. In settling this question Hamilton



THE BOONE MONUMENT AT BOONESBOROUGH, KENTUCKY

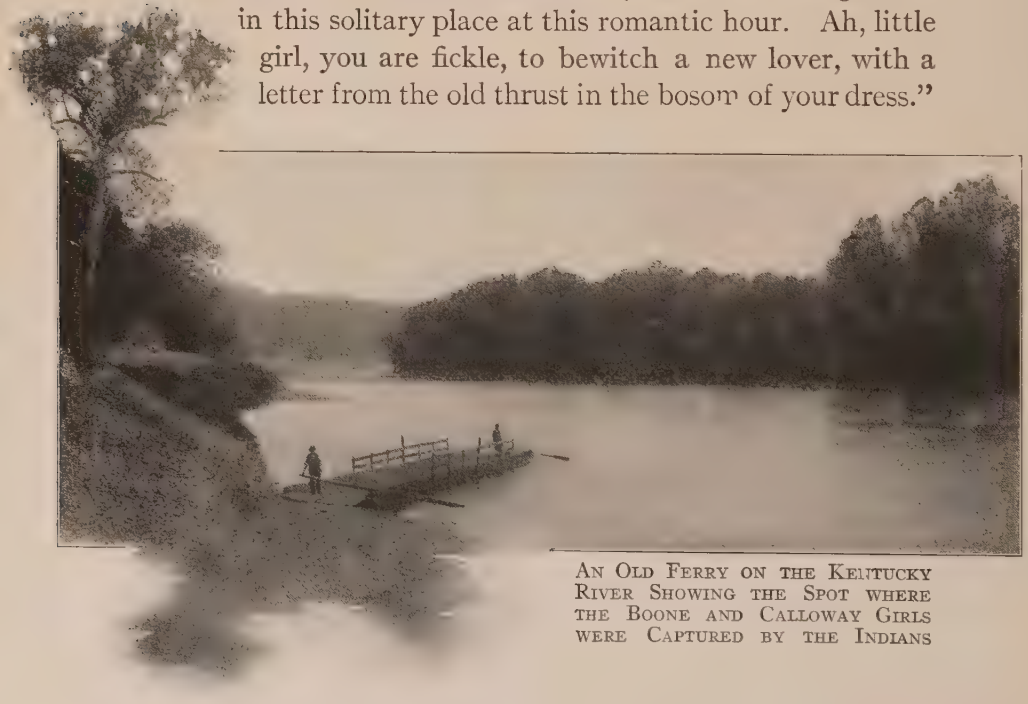
secured the advice of Madison. Could a State adopt the Constitution and later withdraw if dissatisfied? From Virginia's representative, who had done more, perhaps, to frame the Constitution than any other individual, came the decisive answer: No, such a thing was impossible. A State once within the federal union was within the federal bond forever. There could be no such thing as constitutional right of secession. The opposition could not be silenced nor won through political manipulation. They had to be converted by Hamilton, and so they were. Much of the success throughout the country was due to the "Federalist" papers, letters written by him, assisted by Madison, and by Jay to a less extent, and printed in the public press. The "Federalist" is an analysis of the Constitution and an exposition of the theory of government that has never been surpassed. It is one of the greatest achievements of Hamilton and the friends of the Constitution.

The Spring near Boonesborough, Kentucky, Used by Daniel Boone

"Come, sir, we tire Mistress Margaret, who, I perceive, has a letter to read," laughed Burr, when the discussion had run to great length and some heat. With that, making some pretty farewells to Margaret, he left her, leading Sylvester with him.

Surprised at learning that Burr had seen her with the letter, and strangely perturbed by the look with which the stranger regarded her as he left, Margaret was at a loss for words, and watched them depart in silence, save for a formal phrase or two. Presently, still oddly affected by the meeting, she went out into the arbor that led away from the grounds of Richmond Hill, to dismiss from her mind the impression the man had left upon it, and to read her letter again.

There, at sundown, Burr found her, walking among the shadows. "Aha, Mistress Margaret," he laughed, looking slyly aslant at her, "surely, it is dark for the reading of letters. I am compelled to conclude that it is the handsome face of the Tennesseean you are dreaming about in this solitary place at this romantic hour. Ah, little girl, you are fickle, to bewitch a new lover, with a letter from the old thrust in the bosom of your dress."



An Old Ferry on the Kentucky River Showing the Spot where the Boone and Calloway Girls were Captured by the Indians

"You go far in your rallying, Mr. Burr," she retorted, with a toss of her head.

"But you are well punished this time, little rogue," the other went on, lightly. "The man has gone, Margaret, and you are likely never to see him again. So I would advise you to make the most of your letter."

"You seem to be making much of it, sir," she rejoined. He only laughed again. "Have you come to tell me that the man has gone?" she went on. "Do you think I am so interested in the arrival and departure of your clients?"

"Not all of them, Miss Margaret. I have come to tell you he has gone because he begged me to make his excuses to you, and to bid you a farewell for him.

"The fellow fled as though in a deadly fear, Margaret," said Burr, when they had walked a few paces in silence.

She tossed her head, by way of answer.

"Ah, Margaret, you little rogue, who would have thought, when I brought you to this house, that you would go about breaking the hearts of all my friends! Each day you add another to your victims." His voice fell low, soft, insinuating.

Feeling his hand lightly on her arm, she turned in alarm, fearing a purpose in his words that was abhorrent to her. "I do not understand you, Mr. Burr," she said. "There is one who loves me, and whom I shall wed in good time, if that is what you mean." She deemed it best to give up her secret now to this man, hoping it would establish a defense against him, if he intened more than compliment.

"There are many who love you, Margaret." She shrank from him, afraid of the soft, sweet caress of his voice; afraid of the note of sadness in it; afraid because his words sent a thrill of pleasure and gladness through her, though she knew she should loathe him.

Burr, perceiving their effect upon her, with consummate

strategy forebore from his subtle advances for the time, abandoning pursuit so skilfully, with such an inappreciable change in his manner that Margaret, feeling the danger slip past, fell soon to wondering whether she might not have misinterpreted him and so done him an injustice.

"Is it a letter from him you weep over, then?" Burr went on. "He is far away? I am sorry for that, having hoped one of our own people might be the lucky man;

(*The East Side of Main Street*) HARRODSBURG, KENTUCKY

though I have heard many tales of affairs that went forward when our loyal sons were away at the war. Tell me, Margaret, does he wear a red coat? And what is his rank? A colonel, at least, I am sure."

"He is not a British soldier, Mr. Burr," returned Margaret, more at her ease.

"Not a soldier? Surely, he cannot be a Tory refugee?" Margaret made no answer by word, but his piercing black eyes told him that he had hit upon the truth.

"In Heaven's name, Margaret," he cried, "it is not that Tory, that Trumbull Erskine, of whom we used to hear tales?"

She turned upon him with the wrath of a woman who hears her lover attacked. "And what if it were Trumbull Erskine? Is there aught that you can say against him, except that he did not believe as you believed in the recent affair between the King and some of his subjects?"

"Nay, Margaret," returned Burr, "I would say nothing detrimental of the man whom any woman loves, even though he be a traitor; but I am grieved and shocked to

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO (*The West Side of Main Street*)

find it is indeed he of whom we speak, for there are proscriptions and processes out against him which, by a strange whim of fate, have been placed in my hands for execution if he should return to New York." There was no element of threat in his manner of telling this, but rather a note of sympathy, an implied proffer of help.

"You could not find it possible to avoid the execution of them?" she asked.

"I can think of but one thing that could obscure my sense of duty in the matter," he purred, touching her hand, permitting her to understand beyond all doubt.

She turned and fled from the man, and the thought.

She would have stayed to face them both down, but she was afraid. She feared his insidious fascination, his black eyes, his beautiful mouth, his exquisite speech, his caressing voice. To oppose the fear, she had nothing beyond the courage of her own soul, which she felt was not enough.

As she hurried toward the house she saw a small skiff on the Hudson, floating softly through the dusk. In the stern sheets was a young man, tall, straight, dressed in the garb of a frontiersman, who stood up and looked back toward Richmond Hill. It was the young stranger who had come there that day.

Unconsciously, she paused to watch him as the skiff neared a point beyond which it would shortly disappear. Without thinking, she raised her hand and waved her handkerchief. He returned the salute gracefully, sweeping his coonskin cap above his head. In a moment the skiff passed around the point, and was seen no more.

With a fluttering heart, Margaret made her way into the house filled with a new courage, the source of which she dared not contemplate.

CHAPTER VI

MORE LOVERS THAN ONE

ALL New York City was afloat with bunting; flags and pennants fluttered from every building; banners bearing legends and mottoes were stretched across the street. Up and down the way loitered citizens, happy and expectant, in holiday dress. Knots of soldiers strolled among them, members of the crack companies of the city, dragoons, grenadiers, militia-men.

Down near the foot of Wall Street the crowd was densest. Here elegant equipages lined the way. Ladies, magnificent in silks and satins, made pretty poses at one another and for the benefit of commoner folk who passed up and down. Small boys ran in among the coaches, examining them with frank and outspoken criticism. Old men waited at corners.

WASHINGTON'S RECEPTION IN NEW YORK CITY

Murray's Wharf was decorated beyond precedent. The stairs leading to the water were carpeted; the railings were bound in crimson. Between the wharf and Wall Street, in a coffee-house, were Governor Clinton and staff, with other dignitaries, arrayed in their finest, heavy in the atmosphere of a momentous occasion.

A rumor rustled up from the water through the waiting people. A gun roared across the harbor; a puff of smoke hung about the ports of the *Galveston*, a Spanish packet lying in the stream. At the same moment she burst into a mass of bunting, displaying the flags of every nation.

The crowd, pressing down toward the water, beheld seven barges rounding the packet and drawing slowly toward Murray's Wharf from Elizabethtown Point. One, the foremost, was rowed by twelve master pilots in white, a thirteenth acting as coxswain. In the stern sheets stood a group of distinguished passengers, upon whom all eyes were turned.

Now the battery boomed a salute of thirteen guns. Through the crowd ran shouts of gladness — not a tumultuous huzzaing, for the occasion had a sentiment of solemnity.

Margaret Rutgers, standing with Aaron Burr, his wife, and Nicholas Snell at an upper window of the tavern watching the barges draw near, saw another craft upon the water, making ashore from a vessel that had clearly just arrived, for her sails hung in the buntlines, drying, and there were signs of activity about her decks and near her.

The sight of the new arrival set thoughts running through her mind, thoughts of the lover who was coming overseas on such a ship, of the danger he ran, of the love she bore him; thoughts, too, though she would have denied this, of that tall and slender man from the frontier, whom she had last seen in those same waters passing out of her sight and knowledge in a skiff, but not out of her memory.

The skiff from the strange ship did not make for Murray's Wharf, but for another landing. She watched it with a curious interest, trying to make out the faces of those on board. Others, standing on the ground beneath the window, were watching also, two seafaring men, to judge by their talk. "Much joy the Britishers will take from this sight, eh, Jack, my hearty?" cried one of them, clapping his mate on the shoulder.

BOUDINOT MANSION, ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY, WHERE WASHINGTON WAS ELABORATELY ENTERTAINED BY A COMMITTEE FROM CONGRESS ON HIS WAY TO THE FIRST INAUGURATION

"Be they British, then?"

"Ay, that they are, and that is the *Marble Halls* just come in, if ever I seen the sea. I know her rig well. Ye will see how little she rakes, and how squat her topgallants are. And by the shortness of her yards I would know her, to say nothing of the devil's own way they have of leaving them all akimbo when they come to anchor."

Mrs. Burr, standing close of Margaret, felt her waver. "My dear child, how pale you have grown!" she whispered.

"Hush, it is nothing. I will wait until he lands, and then I will go home, for I am tired."

Mrs. Burr looked skeptically at her, but said no more, for at that moment the attention of every one was brought to the wharf by a great cry of joy. Looking, they saw General Washington come from the barge of state and proceed toward the tavern, amid the shouts of the people. He had come to take office as first President of the United States, having been elected by acclamation under the newly adopted Constitution.

From Mount Vernon his progress had been a triumph. The whole country-side turned out to give loving tribute to their hero. He rode through Philadelphia with a crown of laurels on his head. At the Assunpink River near Trenton, where once he had turned the tide of fate and made history for his country and himself, he crossed a bridge beneath thirteen columns intertwined with flowers, laurels, and evergreens, and bearing the motto, "The Defender of the Mothers will be the Protector of the Daughters." As he passed beneath it, maidens dressed in white strewed his way with flowers, and sang an ode to him. Now, reaching New York, the capital for the time, he was received with all the honor that could be shown him.

Margaret barely waited until he was escorted to the tavern and formally saluted by the governor and his staff. In the midst of the confusion, whispering to Mrs. Burr that she was going, she slipped away, and threaded her way through the throngs and along the road toward Richmond Hill, two miles distant. Anxiety and gladness contended in her breast with a subtle feeling of misgiving, a nameless dread, as she hastened on.

He was there before her, awaiting her. His face was hidden in a beard; his clothing was rough; his hands showed signs of work. "You have come, then?" she said, stopping in the doorway to look at him, uncertain what to do, anxious for his safety if he were found in that huose.

VIEW OF THE OLD CITY HALL IN WALL STREET IN 1789

"Would it not seem that I have come?" he retorted, uncivilly. Clearly, he had looked forward to another kind of reception.

She still stood near the doorway, her fingers at her lips. "Are you certain you did well to come? Is there not great danger? Could I not have come to you?"

"Of course there is danger," he returned, a little mollified. "But what does a sailor care for danger! And what danger could keep me from you? As for coming to me, you would find smart welcome in the forecastle of the *Marble Halls*, I make no doubt." He said it with a bitter significance, which she inquired the meaning of.

"Why, I am but a common sailor, a man before the mast!" he complained, indignantly. "This scoundrel took me away with him to make me work out some scant obligations I had toward him, and thrust me into the forecastle with the scurvy scum of London and the seaports of England. How would you fancy being wife to a sailor?" He laughed sardonically.

"Trumbull!" Her voice was full of sympathy. She stepped toward him and placed her hands in his.

"So you don't mind a common sailor, then?" Trumbull Erskine was in a mood to sneer, even if the sneer included his sweetheart.

"No, no. Whatever you are, you will be Trumbull." Which was perfectly true, but not quite in the complimentary sense that Margaret intended. "But what can we do? What can we do?" she went on. "You — you are not progressing at sea?" She asked the question timorously, as though fearful of hurting his feelings.

"What do you mean by that?"

"You said that you would soon be master of a vessel, and take me with you. Will you be a captain soon, Trumbull?"

He laughed outright at that. "Soon!" he ejaculated. "In forty years, more likely."

"What — what are we going to do, Trumbull?"

"Do? I 'll tell you what I am going to do. I am going to desert that hell-ship; that is what I am going to do. Then we shall see what follows after."

THE SUB-TREASURY AT WALL AND NASSAU STREETS, NEW YORK, BUILT ON THE SITE OF THE OLD FEDERAL HALL

"But you cannot stay here, in New York, Trumbull! There is a proscription against you here. The risk is too great. Listen! Aaron Burr, the man under whose roof I am staying, has a proscription against you, which he will execute if he learns you are here. He has threatened you."

"And still you stay under his roof?" Trumbull was enraged at once. "You let him threaten me, and stay under his roof?" he repeated. "Why does he threaten me? What have I done to him?"

She turned her face from him; his anger hurt her.

"I know, if you will not tell me," Trumbull went on, casting her hands from his. "It is because he loves you!"

She would have cried out against that, in very shame,

but the sound of a third voice in the room made her speechless. It was the voice of Aaron Burr. "And if I must plead guilty to the soft impeachment, surely you cannot find it a fault in me, Trumbull Erskine," said Burr.

They turned simultaneously to see him entering, the embodiment of all easy grace, handsome, alluring.

"Is this a trap?" cried Erskine to the girl, as he rushed into the hall to make good his escape.

Comprehending at last what was taking place before her eyes, Margaret took steps to follow him, crying out after him, "Trumbull, Trumbull, you will not leave me like this?"

Burr restrained her, placing a hand firmly upon her arm. "Do not detain him here," he said. "If you do, you leave me but one course."

"You will not harm him, Mr. Burr? You will not let harm come to him?"

He leaned close to her; a liquid light flooded his eyes. "Will you?" he whispered.

That was all at the time. He left her immediately, sending a servant with wine and cake to refresh her. But from that moment there began an insidious siege on his part. He spoke to her with a double tongue, in phrases with one meaning for her, and another behind which he could take shelter if she turned upon him with reproach. At the same time, he treated her with tender deference

THE OLD VAN CORTLANDT MANSION, NEW YORK, WHERE WASHINGTON WAS FREQUENTLY ENTERTAINED (*From an old print*)

and respectful consideration that almost restored her faith in the man, despite herself.

Her uncertainty concerning Trumbull and her fear of Burr were not all that came to trouble her in the week following her lover's appearance and disappearance. Nicholas Snell, abruptly changing his attitude toward her, once more began to press his suit, frankly declaring himself as a lover who would not be turned aside.

The Van Cortlandt Mansion, New York, To-Day

Feeling herself surrounded by intrigue, believing more and more that Trumbull had either gone away in dudgeon through a misunderstanding, or was at present being duped by the intriguers, having no hope except in her lover, and confident that her way would be made clear if she could communicate with him, Margaret determined upon finding him.

The execution of her intention was more difficult than its conception. What time Nicholas was not with her, Burr hovered about, making it impossible for her to absent herself for a sufficient time without being missed and inquired after,— a development which she wished to avoid.

The opportunity, as she thought, came to her on the day of Washington's inauguration, April 30, 1789. Every member of the Burr family was included in the plans

for the day. Snell, having a clerical position with the State, was obliged to be in attendance at Federal Hall. There would be no one to watch her, if she could succeed in detaching herself from the Burr party.

This she easily accomplished, pretending to be too ill to attend. Waiting until the family had left Richmond Hill, and were well on their way to the inauguration ceremony, Margaret, dressed in a discarded gown which she rummaged out of a closet, and with an old bonnet on her head, set forth on her adventure, with many misgivings.

NEW YORK, FROM BEDLOE'S ISLAND (*From the painting by John G. Chapman*)

CHAPTER VII

MORE FRIENDS THAN ONE

NEVER before had there been such a crowd in New York as on the morning of April 30, 1789, the day of Washington's first inauguration. All the city had turned out the week before to welcome him, but to-day more than the people of the city were in the streets. Taverns and inns were crowded; for days throngs had been coming in from neighboring States; throughout the morning they poured across King's Bridge on the north, joining the flood of humanity that was already setting toward Federal Hall, at Wall and Broad Streets.

The day had dawned cloudily, but the sun, breaking through early in the morning, dispelled all gloom, and lent

THE OLD FEDERAL HALL IN NEW YORK WHERE WASHINGTON WAS INAUGURATED (*From the original drawing owned by the New York Historical Society*)

an added note of cheer to the scene. During the forenoon prayers were offered at all the churches. At noon Washington, accompanied by a military escort, proceeded through the crowds of people from his house to Federal Hall, acclaimed on all sides. Both houses of Congress were assembled in the senate chamber, on the second floor, whither the President-elect made his way, modest, dignified, impressive, and impressed.

CHANCELLOR ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON
(*From Vanderlyn's portrait*)

Presently those waiting below, in the windows opposite, and on the roofs, beheld the man emerge upon the senate balcony, fronting on Broad Street, followed by a distinguished group. It was an appropriate place for the ceremony, being long and ample, with Tuscan pillars supporting the roof, and looking down upon a broad space, dense with spectators.

A long and prolonged shout greeted him. As he looked down upon the multitude of his fellow-citizens, Washington trembled and became pale with emotion. Placing his hand over his heart in an unaffected gesture, he bowed again and again to the populace saluting him. He wore a suit of dark brown of native manufacture. At his side was a dress sword. His powdered hair was gathered in a bag. White silk stockings and shoes with simple silver buckles completed his attire. On one side of him stood Chancellor Livingston, arrayed in full black; at the other, John Adams, vice-president, dressed more showily, but also in a suit of home manufacture. About the conspicuous group

were gathered prominent men, in and out of Congress. — Hamilton, Knox, Steuben, and others who had had a hand in bringing the affairs of the nation to this pass.

Chancellor Livingston, coming forward, gestured to the crowd, which became silent. Washington joined him, and then Otis, the newly chosen secretary of the senate, bearing a Bible on a rich cushion of crimson. In a hush that held the vast assemblage, Chancellor Livingston administered the oath of office, Washington repeating the words after him solemnly, with full sense of their significance. "I swear," he said, at the last; adding, in a whisper, with closed eyes, "So help me, God!" Turning again to the people, Chancellor Livingston proclaimed him. "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" he said; whereat a long, loud huzza burst from the throats of the crowd, followed by cheer on cheer, which gave way only when the guns at the Battery spoke in the first presidential salute.

THE DESK ON WHICH WASHINGTON WROTE HIS FIRST MESSAGE TO CONGRESS

Returning to the senate chamber, the new President addressed Congress, reading from a manuscript. Speaking first of his anxiety and diffidence in assuming his new duties, and referring to his desire to retire to private life, which he had abandoned for the call of duty expressed through the wishes of the people and Congress, he proceeded in all modesty to express a hope that he might prove worthy of the trust imposed in him, and to bespeak the indulgence of those who had raised him to his responsibility. He

dwelt briefly on measures of administration, expressing a desire to leave them to the wisdom of Congress; only throwing out suggestions for popular amendments to the Constitution and indicating a desire for such a course of conciliation as would firmly knit all the elements of the nation. For the prosperity of the new government he invoked the

Washington's Pew in Saint Paul's Chapel, New York

blessings of the Almighty, whose wisdom had led them thus far along the way of nationality. The noble bearing of the man, and his deep seriousness, emphasized the gravity of the occasion, impressing upon all who witnessed the scene the solemn significance of what they did.

When he had spoken, the party repaired on foot to Saint Paul's chapel, in Broadway, where Bishop Provoost, who had been elected one of the chaplains of Congress, offered prayers, after which Washington was conducted to his house.

In the midst of this scene, a formal but inconspicuous figure, was Nicholas Snell. Of all who were present, per-

haps he was least impressed, having other matters on his mind of more consequence to himself. Margaret's absence from the Burr party had aroused his suspicions. At the end of the ceremony, while the inaugural party was proceeding to the chapel, Snell left the hall, and wound his way, through the crowd of people, toward the Battery.

JEFFERSON'S DESK WHILE SECRETARY OF STATE

Meanwhile, Margaret Rutgers, half disguised in the worn garments she had found in the closet at Richmond Hill, was passing through the deserted streets of the town, toward the water-front. As she was hastening along, the sound of huzzas that proclaimed the new President reached her ears, increasing her agitation, as events of an intense character, however irrelevant, will stir one already excited by his own emotions. She paused for a startled moment to listen, femininely frightened by the noise of the crowd, so suggestive of force and the vitality of human passion.

She did not pause long, but hastened on her way, intent on the errand that had brought her. The hope that had buoyed her was fast sinking. She was not certain that she would know the *Marble Halls;* she was less certain that Trumbull was still on board. And if he were, what could she accomplish in coming to him? She might not even be able to see him; at best she doubted whether he could help her, half slave as he was in service as a common sailor. Nevertheless, there was no other hope, and she hurried on.

Her first fear that she would not be able to find the boat

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SAINT PAUL'S CHAPEL, NEW YORK CITY

was dispelled when she reached the water-front; for there, lying at a wharf above the Battery, so close that she could make out the name on the vessel's bows, was the *Marble Halls*. With a fluttering heart she approached, searching the decks for sight of her lover. There was great bustle aboard, and what seemed to her confusion. Men were hurrying to and fro; bales of goods were being lifted at the yardarms with rope and tackle, and lowered into the hold. If she had been better versed in the ways of men of the sea, she would have recognized in the stir afloat and ashore signs of impending departure; but she was spared that by her ignorance.

Standing at the break of the poop was one whom she judged by his uniform and his manner of giving orders to be an officer. Mastering her timidity with a brave effort she went nearer the ship, intent on speaking to this man, hoping by her very innocence and helplessness to accomplish more than a strong man might.

Reaching the dock, she stood among boxes and bales, irresolute, with fainting courage, searching among the sailors for the one she had come to find. He was not of them.

As she stood, she caught the notice of some of the sailors, who leered at her, after the irresponsible fashion of sailors. She was aware of their attentions, and was the more confused and disconcerted by them, feeling herself out of place, and utterly helpless. Presently the officer, following the glances of the sailors, turned toward her to stare, and it became necessary that she should speak.

"Pray, sir," she said, coming as close to the ship's side as she could, "have you one aboard named Trumbull Erskine?"

"Named who?" returned the man, who was mate of the *Marble Halls*.

"Erskine, sir. Trumbull Erskine."

Catching the name, the man grinned sardonically. "What do you wish with him?" he asked, gruffly.

"He is an old friend of my mother's and I would speak with him," she replied.

"Better send your mother on the errand, then," he retorted, half laughing, "for your mother's old friend is in the brig."

"I thought he was aboard the *Marble Halls*," Margaret ventured, thinking the mate meant by the word another sort of vessel, one of brig rig.

THE FIRST PRESIDENTIAL MANSION, NO. 1, CHERRY STREET NEW YORK

The mate perceived her error, and proceeded to set her right. "A brig, my pretty miss, besides being a two-masted square-rigger, is a prison aboard ship," he expounded with a leer. "Your mother's friend,—" with a fine irony on the characterization,— "having exhibited a desire to mutiny and desert, is lying in the brig aboard this ship in chains, and is like to stay there until we are well at sea."

Stunned by the information, brutally imparted, Margaret would have cried aloud had not her pride held her to a show of calmness; but at best she could scarcely keep from reeling, so swiftly had the last fragment of her world tumbled about her shoulders. With great restraint, she turned to go, hearing in her ears the rough laughter of the spectators of her mortification and unhappiness, when a hand was laid on her arm, and a familiar voice sounded in her ears.

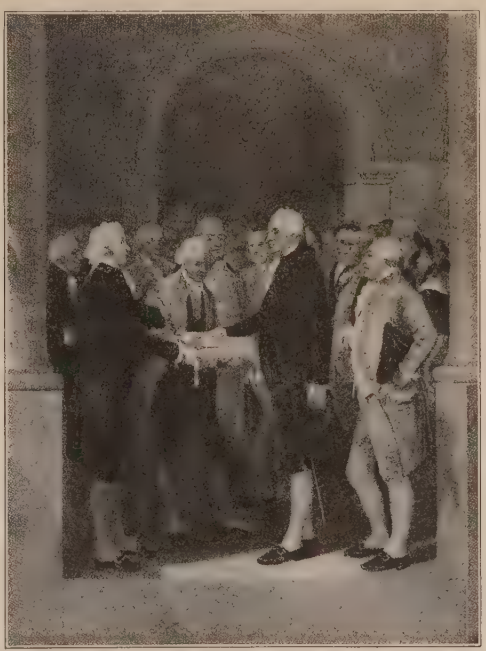
"Come, Margaret," said the voice. "This is no place for you. What are you doing here, anyway? Come with me." Raising her glance, she looked into the face of Nicholas Snell. He was smiling upon her; but in his eyes was a cold gaze that did not share the smile on his lips.

She shrank from him, angry to think that he had intruded upon such a moment. "Let me alone!" she cried. "Leave me. I want nothing from you."

"Come, now," returned Nicholas, laying his hand once more upon her arm. "No airs, miss. You ought to thank me for getting you out of this pretty mess, instead of abusing me. I suspected what you were up to, sneaking away from the family this morning the way you did, and I am going to stop it, for your sake. I don't care how you treat me. It's a self imposed duty, but I am going to take care of you, whether you will or no. Come with me."

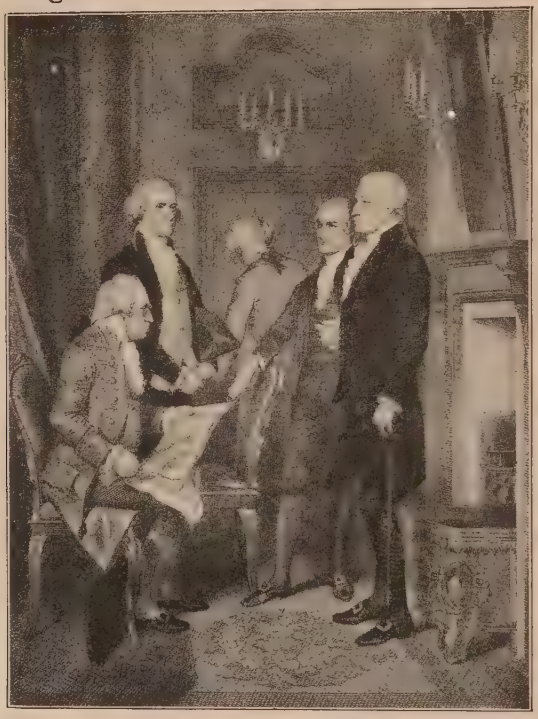
The attention of those on board ship was directed toward this new development; she could hear coarse jests among the sailors. She was beside herself with anger and mortification. "Leave me!" she cried, again. "Don't touch me!"

"I 'll take you home, if I have to drag you, and you 'll live to thank me for it," Snell returned angrily.



WASHINGTON TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE
(*From the painting by Chappell*)

He was moving as though he intended to put his threat into execution, when a hand was clapped on his shoulder, and he was thrust away with such force that he staggered back. "Perhaps it will be as well if you permit Miss Rutgers to do as she chooses in this matter," said the man who had interfered. It was a voice which he had not heard since the day of the threatened mutiny at Newburgh, when his antagonist had been carried off to the guard-house. It was Sylvester Stevens, who, after a court-martial, had been discharged from custody with a perfunctory reprimand, the circumstances of the quarrel being well known to the members of the court.



THE FIRST CABINET (*From the painting by Chappell*)

A thrill of gladness, of excitement, passed through Margaret.

"What business is it of yours?" snarled Snell, recovering, and approaching the man again in hostile attitude.

"Whatever business Miss Rutgers may see fit to make it," returned Sylvester, calmly. "Miss Rutgers, can I be of any help to you?"

For the first time, as she thankfully accepted his chivalry,

she had the courage to look into his face. Beholding him, her thoughts flew to the one close at hand, lying in chains in the ship, and she lowered her gaze, with a sense of inexplicable guilt crowding in upon her. "Take me away," she whispered, "please take me away from here."

Whether it was a deficiency in courage or faith that his cunning could subsequently unravel the unique situation into which he was thrust by the appearance of the Tennesseean that controlled Snell's conduct at the moment, need not be determined. It is sufficient to record that he stood by with a good show of complaisance and suffered Margaret to depart with Sylvester Stevens.

There are men to whom certain women in distress reveal their souls. Such a man was Sylvester now to this woman. They had not gone far before she proceeded to tell him the entire chain of events that brought her to the vessel and the dilemma from which he had so opportunely extricated her.

He listened with deep sympathy and attention, pressing her for nothing, but tacitly inviting her to complete her confidence. When she had finished, he related to her, by way of being unobtrusive, the strange chance that had led him to the water-side at the critical moment when she had stood in need of succor. He had come to New York, he said, on business with Hamilton. Being in the city, he had attended the ceremony of inauguration as a spectator, after which he had wandered to the river-front, impelled by a curious interest in men of the sea as inhabitants of a world as romantic and dangerous as his own, but utterly different.

She penetrated this purpose in leading the talk away from herself, feeling a gratitude that she did not express; but at mention of Hamilton, her thoughts ran back to her own situation. Desperate as she was, she believed that Hamilton might assist her now, being a man of influence

and power. She expressed this new hope to her companion, tentatively, questioning him whether he thought any good could come through his intervention with the captain of the ship.

Sylvester, gently indulging the hope, fell in with the suggestion, and led her at once to Hamilton's house, where he would have left her, wishing not further to intrude, if she had not begged him to stay, assuring him that she placed great reliance in him.

STEUBEN'S RUSTIC HOUSE AT ORISKANY, NEW YORK (*From an old print*)

Hamilton had not returned from the inauguration. In the interval of waiting, Sylvester fell to telling her of the Western country; how it was rapidly settling up; how the Indians were a source of continual danger, but were being gradually pushed back into the wilderness, and many other things that absorbed her interest and diverted her mind.

It was late in the afternoon before Hamilton returned. Margaret, whose distress and impatience had been soothed by Sylvester more than she was willing to acknowledge, proceeded with few introductions to lay her case before Hamilton, soliciting his offices in an attempt to obtain the release of Trumbull from the *Marble Halls*. Hamilton listened with peculiarly lively interest, which was explained to Sylvester presently, when the statesman drew him aside.

"There has been a blunder here," he said. "Perhaps we can set it right. I know the fellow, having been counsel

for his uncle in a suit against this girl's mother. I shall address a note to the captain, which you can take to him."

Without more delay, Hamilton sat at his desk and wrote a formal note to the master, presuming upon his prospective office as secretary of the treasury to make it semi-official. Sylvester, bearing it to the captain, set out at once for the water-side, promising to make all haste.

Baron von Steuben's Grave, near Oriskany, New York

It was dark before he came back. Margaret, awaiting with grim courage, arose when she heard his step at the door, and advanced to meet him with a candle in her hand. Lifting the light above her head, she searched his countenance for the news he brought. In his eyes was a look of commiseration, of compassion, that struck down her last hopes. She had little need to hear the words he spoke.

The *Marble Halls* had put to sea.

CHAPTER VIII

MORE LOVES THAN ONE

THE first shock of the news that Trumbull had gone was followed in the mind of Margaret Rutgers by a sense of desolation and helplessness. She felt that she had lost the privilege of shelter under Burr's roof, and, even though he might be willing to receive her again, as

NEW YORK (*From the drawing by J. Dupree*)

he probably would be, she could no longer accept his hospitality.

There were other considerations against going back to his house. If she had had cause to fear him before, how much more reason was there to dread him, now that he knew how helpless and dependent she was. Moreover, there was Nicholas Snell to think of. In Burr's house she could not avoid him, and would be defenseless against his machinations.

These reflections, passing swiftly through her brain, left

her in a state of despair. For, impossible as it seemed to go back to her former home, it was still more impossible that she should go anywhere else. She had no friends or kin in the city with whom she could find refuge. Neither were there any in the States whom she could reach. There was a distant cousin in Ohio, but he was no closer to her than a stranger.

For a moment she thought of engaging in service in the city, being qualified to care for children or act as housekeeper. In the next moment she realized her position and condition must necessarily become known to Nicholas, and put her in a worse plight, perhaps, than the one she would be in at Burr's home. To remain with the Hamilton family, even for another hour, was not to be thought of. She had already imposed too heavily upon Hamilton, she felt.

Despairing of seeing any way but the way she dreaded, Margaret arose at last and crept to the door, putting on her bonnet as she went. They had left her alone with her grief, Sylvester and Hamilton. She would slip away without seeing them, taking some future occasion to thank them. She had not the courage to speak to them now. She opened the door and was gliding through the dark hall to the street door when a hand was laid on her arm, and Hamilton spoke to her. "Where are you going, Miss Rutgers?" he asked.

"Do not think me ungrateful, sir," she replied. "I am very thankful to you and to Mr. Stevens for what you have done, but — I did not want to stay longer." Her voice fell into a half-sob; she was unstrung.

"I believe I can perfectly understand your frame of mind, Miss Rutgers," returned Hamilton, gently, "and I above all things desire to avoid intruding upon it. But do you not think it would be well for us to discuss your plans before you leave? We may be able to devise means to

succor you further. Surely, this thing will right itself in time."

"Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?" cried the girl, breaking down.

Hamilton fell to thinking. "You would be very unhappy if you lived away from New York?" he asked her, presently.

Her face brightened at once. "I should be very happy to leave, if ——"

"If?" he repeated.

"If I could be certain that Mr. Erskine would not fail to find me, should I go elsewhere."

"You are willing to leave that to me?"

"Indeed, Mr. Hamilton, you have already done so much for me that I do not feel I ought to let you take further care upon yourself," she replied.

"I can assure you it will be only a pleasure. Is that your sole objection?"

"That is all that would deter me."

"Good. I have, then, a plan that I will submit. I have a friend living in Philadelphia; a woman of remarkable character and attainments, who feels herself under obligations to me for something I was once able to do for her which she chooses to consider a favor. She lives simply in a little cottage, having no one with her but a child, a waif of the sea whom she took from some sailors who rescued him from a deserted ship. If you are willing, I shall arrange to send you to her."

Margaret was at first reluctant to accept the offer, but finally acquiesced, first exacting a promise from her benefactor that he would not suffer himself to be put to any further inconvenience than writing a letter to the woman, which she might carry with her. Having brought matters to this pass, Hamilton left her for a space, returning presently with Sylvester Stevens.

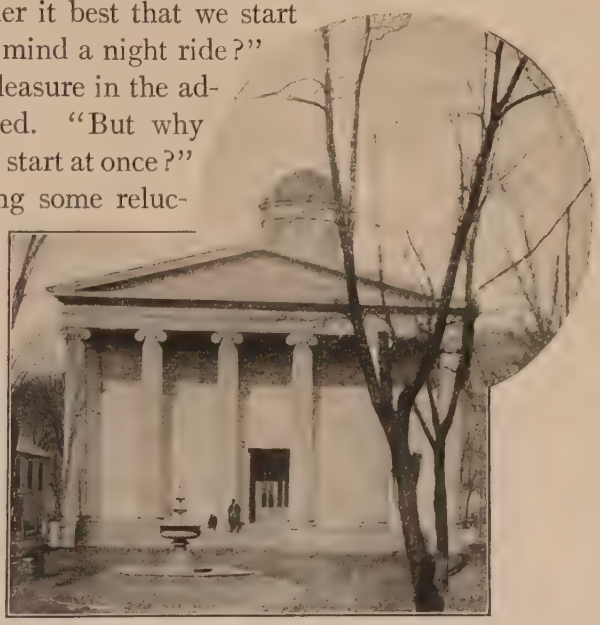
"Our friend Stevens, about to return to Kentucky, wishes to escort you to your destination," he said. "You will not be afraid to travel alone with him?"

Margaret's gaze fell to the floor. For a moment she felt the delicious thrill of fear that a woman experiences who toys with a known danger. In the next moment, the thought of Trumbull came to rebuke her, and she raised her eyes to meet those of the young frontiersman. "I should be ungrateful indeed if I felt any misgivings," she said, smiling upon them both.

"I do not wish to alarm you, Miss Rutgers," said Sylvester, "but I consider it best that we start at once. You do not mind a night ride?"

"I should take pleasure in the adventure," she answered. "But why do you think it best to start at once?"

Sylvester exhibiting some reluctance to explain, Hamilton took up the reply. "Mr. Stevens suspects that his steps have been dogged to-night, and thinks that you may be watched by those whom you seek to avoid," he said.



THE OLD CAPITOL AT FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

"Are you quite ready to leave New York?" asked Margaret, turning to Sylvester. "If you are not, I cannot consent to taking you away."

"I wish that I might claim more of a sacrifice in what I do," he returned, with a deeper feeling than gallantry in the reply.

Within an hour a small boat put out from the stairs at Murray's Wharf and headed toward Elizabethtown Point. Two men were at the oars. In the stern sheets was a young woman, carrying a small bundle. Beside her sat a man, with a larger one. At his side was a sword; in his belt were pistols. As the boat glided across the water, the man searched the river unceasingly, but furtively, as though he would conceal his watchfulness from his companion.

In this he failed, for the young woman, watching him, and observing his gaze become fixed on the water behind them, disclosed that she knew what was passing through his thoughts. "We are being followed?" she said, calmly.

He looked at her quickly to see whether she was in fear. "I am not certain," he said, perceiving her cool courage. "A boat put off after us, but whether to follow or by accident I cannot tell."

"Was it Snell who dogged your tracks to-night?" she went on.

"Yes," he answered. "You are not afraid?"

"I am not afraid," she replied. "I hope it will not be necesssary to kill," she went on, with a little shudder.

"I do not think our friend will come to that," Sylvester returned, with a laugh.

They were half across before Margaret spoke again. "Does the boat still follow?" she asked.

"I think so," returned Sylvester. "They seem to have drawn within a certain distance, and to be holding it. Shall I have the men row faster?"

"They would still follow, if that is the purpose of those in the boat," returned the girl. "There would be nothing gained, and I would not have them think that we fled."

"You are a brave girl."

"If I am without fear, it is because you have taught me courage," made answer Margaret; and as she spoke, she

felt the same delicious thrill of danger she had first experienced.

By the time their craft reached the opposite shore, no doubt remained that the other boat was indeed following them; for it not only made for the same landing, but drew rapidly closer as they themselves were nearing the landing. Once ashore, the two passengers made haste across the water-front to a tavern not far distant. "My own horse is here, and I make no doubt we shall find one for you," he said. "It might be better if you came with me to the stables; for if we are indeed being followed, it would not be well for you to be found alone."

DANIEL BOONE WHEN HE FIRST BEHELD KENTUCKY
(*From a painting in the Capitol at Frankfort*)

She agreed to that, but still without a trace of anxiety; a circumstance that set her to wondering at her own fortitude, for it was beyond all experience. There were horses in plenty in the stable. Sylvester, looking them over swiftly, selected one which he believed would have both speed and endurance.

As the mounts were preparing, a fellow came skulking from the tavern to whisper with the master of the stable. Perceiving it, Sylvester made haste, carefully examining the girth and bridle of Margaret's mount before he lifted her into the saddle. That done, he vaulted upon his own steed, and the two rode out of the yard.

They had not proceeded far when Sylvester, looking back, saw three horsemen emerge from the yard, and turn in the same direction. "They are following," he said, casually, not to inspire fear in his companion.

They rode through the town at even pace, making no haste. Once beyond the scattering houses, their way led across a flat that was little better than a swamp. The road, indifferent at its best, was muggy and slippery from the spring rains, making the going slow. The night, which was clouding over, was growing darker every minute. As they floundered through the mire, Sylvester, who led the way by half a length, looked over his shoulder from time to time, but could see nothing because of the gloom.

They had not gone far when they heard the splashing of horses behind, which, by the noise they made, seemed to be on a gallop. "Shall we fly?" asked Sylvester, perceiving by the expression on his companion's face, of which he caught a glimpse, that she heard also.

"If it seems best to you," replied the girl, stoutly.

They continued at their present gait. After a space, the sound of the following horses growing louder, Sylvester fell back a pace, looking to his pistols as he did so, and loosening his sword in its sheath. For the first time, Margaret glanced back. She saw the three horsemen looming through the night a dozen rods behind. "Do not kill, unless it is needful," she whispered.

Sylvester made no answer. They rode on through the night. As they rode, they heard the heavy breathing of the

The Kentucky River at Frankfort

pursuing horses, and their plashing in the road, coming momentarily nearer. The girl looked once again. As she looked, the three reined up not two lengths behind, and fell into an even pace with them.

"Who goes there?" cried the voice of Nicholas Snell.

"Honest travelers," returned Sylvester. "Do you wish to pass us? You seem to be in some haste."

"Ay, we would pass," said Snell, ever ready for a trick.

"Nay, but I would not have you," rejoined Sylvester.

With the words, he spurred his horse against that ridden by Snell, sending both animal and rider into the mud. Turning in a flash, he aimed a stroke of his sword at one of Snell's companions, whose horse, frightened by the sudden encounter, turned about and would have bolted had not the man held him with firm rein.

The third, recovering from his surprise, wheeled and was about to deal a blow at Sylvester, when his hand was stayed by a groan from Snell, still groveling in the mud. "For the love of God!" he cried, "lend me a hand here. The horse has broke my leg."

Relieved by this good fortune of the necessity for further resistance, Sylvester turned and came up with Margaret, who waited and watched at a little distance. "Come," he said, "I think we can now retreat with honor."

"Did you kill?" cried the girl, showing the first sign of terror that had escaped her.

"Nay, it is nothing worse than a broken leg, if it is as much as that," returned her companion. With that they set spurs to their horses, and fled.

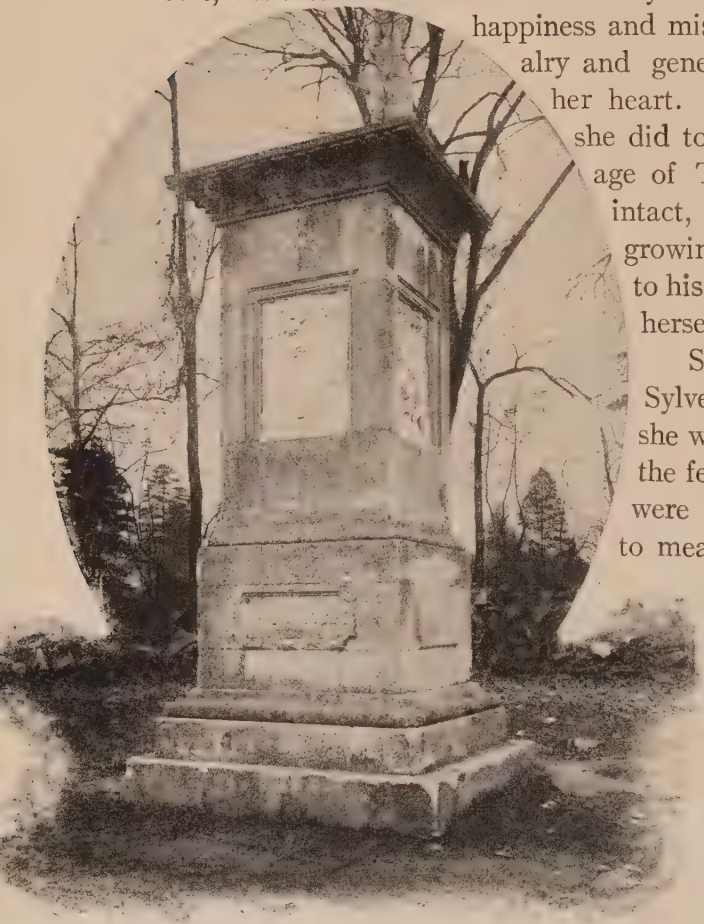
They had not gone more than a mile or two at speed, before Sylvester laid hand on Margaret's bridle, and slackened. "I think they will not follow," he said, "for one of the three, as you guessed, was Snell."

He was correct in his conjecture. Although they were

obliged before an hour was passed to let their mounts walk, because of the condition of the road, they neither heard nor saw anything more of their pursuers. They rode throughout the night, tarrying for a few hours in the morning at a tavern by the side of the way. On the following afternoon they made another stage; and so, riding by day thereafter, came at last to Philadelphia.

If Margaret had found a pleasurable terror in playing with the danger of traveling with Sylvester, she paid the penalty, as women must. His unfailing courage and good humor, his delicacy of feeling, his consideration of her comfort, his tactful forbearance from any reference to her unhappiness and misfortune, his chivalry and generosity, wore into her heart. Battle loyally as she did to preserve the image of Trumbull Erskine intact, she felt herself growing faithless already to his memory, and chid herself for it.

She did not love Sylvester; she must not; she would not. But in the few short days they were together, he grew to mean much more to her than any man should mean to one whose heart and troth are given to another. She was glad, therefore, when



THE OLD MONUMENT TO DANIEL BOONE

he left her at her destination, to journey to the frontier. Glad, and sorry.

Sylvester took up his journey along the path that Daniel Boone had trod so many years before. Boone himself was still in Kentucky. But, losing his property there through want of formal title, when Kentucky became a State in 1792, six years later, he retired in disgust to the wilderness of Missouri, then a Spanish possession. In 1812 his public services were recognized by a substantial land grant. When death stilled his restless spirit in 1820, Kentucky reclaimed his bones, and they now rest beside those of his devoted wife above the cliffs of the Kentucky River, overlooking the beautiful valley of the capital of the commonwealth toward which Sylvester was bound.

His farewell to Margaret was simple, and formal. He would take no thanks for what he had done. He rather thanked her, saying that she had given him an inspiration which he should cherish to the last hour of his lonely and adventurous life in the wilderness. What the inspiration was, and how well it was cherished by this

THE BOONE MONUMENT AFTER REMODELING

simple-hearted frontiersman Margaret Rutgers was to learn after many, many years.

It sometimes seems as if the drowsy gods awaken only to laugh at the havoc they play with faithful hearts, moving them in spirals, as it were, now interlacing and now a world apart.

Boone's Cave, Four Miles East of Harrodsburg, Kentucky, where Daniel Boone Spent the Winter of 1769-70

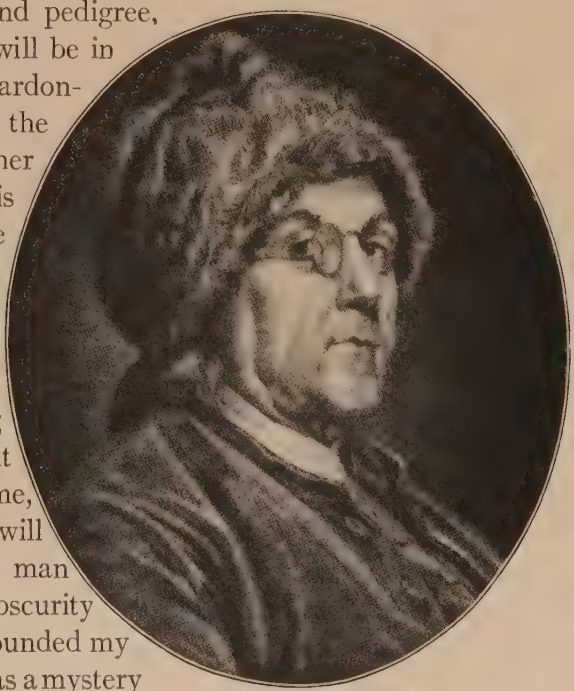
BOOK II

REMINISCENCES OF A RETIRED NAVAL OFFICER

CHAPTER I

MATTERS OF STATE

I PRESUME it is considered proper to preface an autobiographical sketch with some few words concerning the writer's parentage and pedigree, wherefore I presume it will be in some quarters held unpardonable in me not to tell in the beginning who my father was, when his name is rather a matter of pride than of shame. But if such is the convention, I propose to set it at defiance.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

My reasons for doing so may not be good, but they seem sufficient to me, and I hope the reader will indulge the whim of a man now grown old. The obscurity that in my early life surrounded my identity and parentage was a mystery to me through so great a part of the events I shall narrate, and formed, I may say, such a vital factor in determining my career, that I consider it

best for the purpose of my story to reveal the secret from time to time, in fragments, as it was disclosed to me by what befell. To this end, I shall use the name by which I was known as a child and through my youth — that of Richard Morris.

With one brief exception which lives vividly in my memory, my earliest recollection goes back to the year 1786 or 1787. I cannot be clear about the precise date. Probably the fragment which lingers in my mind is a composite of a period embracing both those years. I must at that time have been three or four years of age, having been born some time in 1783. I was then living in a small cottage on a back street in Philadelphia, with a woman who taught me to call her aunt. She was a tall, dark, stately woman, possessed with an air of mystery that aroused my awe of her. Nevertheless, I regarded her with a tender affection and trust which, I thank God, abides with me to this day, and will ever linger. How she came to have me by her, and why she lavished upon me an affection that was unique in her lonely life, will appear in due time.

The one exception to this period of my memory which I mention goes behind this time about a year, I should think. Perhaps it may be held remarkable that a child of two can retain anything in mind from such an early age until life has run its threescore and ten. But that the events I am about to narrate as a part of my experience at that early age are to be accounted for by tales told me afterward I can firmly deny.

I remember that I was aboard a sailing vessel. I have no recollection of any guardian being with me, although I have since learned that my father accompanied me. Of the voyage I remember only the climax; and that is distinct and vivid before my mind. We were at sea; there was no land in sight. There was another boat which came toward

us, causing some confusion and excitement on our decks which did not greatly impress me, I being far too young to appreciate its significance at the time.

I next remember that I was confined in some dark cuddy, where I was bidden to lie quiet. I had scarcely been closed out of sight when I heard a tumult above me on the decks.

INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA (*From an old print*)

There was much shouting and firing of cannon, which caused me mortal terror, so that I could not have cried out if I would. The tumult grew louder; the cries more horrible. The firing of cannon ceased, to be succeeded by the firing of small-arms for a space, and the noise of a great struggle on the planks overhead. I understood nothing of the meaning of it, but I was still in deadly fear. By degrees the sound of conflict died away. In the end there was comparative quiet; only the sound of men rummaging about between decks, and talking in a tongue that had no familiar sound. Soon I heard men leaving the boat, and all was still. I remember then that I cried with a terrible loneliness. The

next I knew was a light at the cuddy door where I was hidden, and some men whom I had never seen before dragged me forth with many kind and pitying words. From that time all is a blank until I pick up the thread again in the cottage in Philadelphia, presided over by my aunt; thenceforward it is unbroken, though perhaps frayed and spun thin here and there, so to speak.

My aunt at that time did not explain to me the circumstances of my having come to where I was. Perhaps she thought I had no memory of anything that had gone before, and so bided her time. For my part, I was so young that I suppose I took the episode at sea as a matter of course and but a part of life that might befall any one, and so was not prompted to ask questions. However it was, I did not learn the intervening circumstances for many years; and when she at last told them to me, they had only a partial significance, which I was many years in completing.

We lived alone in the cottage, seeing few, though my aunt was not what you could term a recluse. She had friends, though they were not many and seemed to be closely chosen. For that reason I presume they had a quality of character that you would not expect in the circle of a lonely woman whose position in life was mysterious to the point of being anomalous. I account for the small circle of select friends which she bound so closely about her by her excellence of character and superior strength of mind, which was uncommon in a woman at that time.

I have spoken of these friends here partly by way of showing our mode of life, and partly to introduce into my narrative one who was destined to play an important part in the history of the country during the time of which I write, and who also directed in a measure the destinies of some in whom my own interests and affections were bound up afterward. This man was Alexander Hamilton.

INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

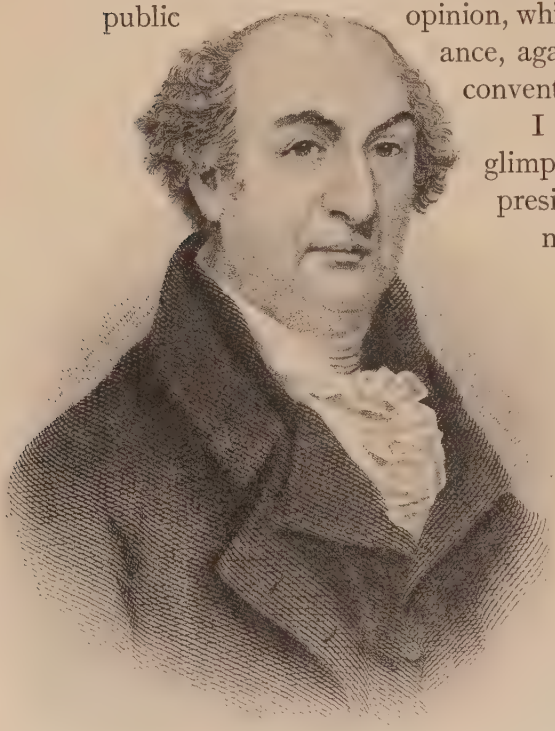
I think I should remember him for himself even if he had not later assumed such prominence in my mind and the public attention. He impressed me greatly at first sight. He was small; he even seemed small to me, child that I was. But there was a fire in his great dark eyes and a bearing about him that captured my fancies completely. Though I afterward did not wholly coincide with all his political views, I never outgrew the sentiment of hero worship he inspired in me as a child of three or four when I first saw him.

The circumstances of his coming are worthy of note, though I must not claim to have understood them or cared what they were at the time. It was during the meeting of the convention that drew up the Constitution of the United States that Hamilton came to visit with my aunt, whom he had met before under circumstances that aroused his interest in her and regard for her mental and moral qualities. They talked long and seriously of affairs which were far beyond my depth, though I sat in a corner and listened wonderingly until my aunt, perceiving me, packed me off to bed. I remember that Hamilton was vastly amused at my stubborn objections to being so disposed of.

This is hardly the place for a dissertation on the Constitution of our country. Indeed, it is a matter that I have never felt qualified to discuss with understanding, for my life was a life of action at sea, and my mind is not one that readily grasps such problems. But I do remember the tense strain of expectancy under which the city labored throughout the proceedings of the convention, from May until October of the year 1787.

Probably much of my feeling was absorbed from my aunt, who took a lively interest. We would often go down to Independence Hall, where the meetings were held, to see the great men as they came and went. The deliberations were carried on in the strictest secrecy. Indeed, they have

never been fully told. Perhaps the most complete record of them is contained in the notes made at the time by James Madison, but not published until after his death, fifty years later, when the last survivor of those who sat in the convention had passed from earth. The reason for the secrecy, as I have been informed since, was to prevent the reaction of public opinion, which was in a delicate balance, against the members of the convention.

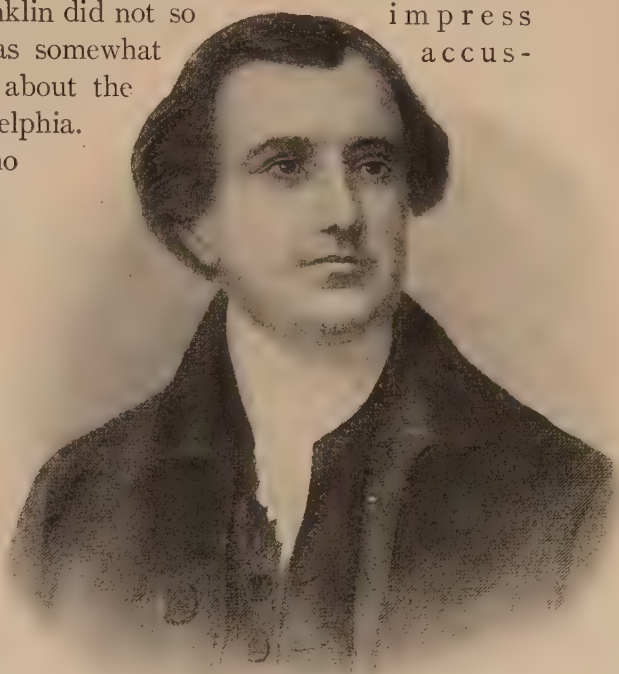


Gouverneur Morris (*After the Sully portrait*)

I shall not forget my first glimpse of Washington, who presided at the convention, nor how I hid my head in my aunt's skirts, only peeping at him with one eye. My aunt told me that he saw me at the time, and smiled; though I was too engrossed in the spectacle to note the circumstance. Had I seen his eye fixed on mine I should doubtless never have survived. This reminds me of an adventure I had with the great man later, when he was President, and our town was the temporary capital. Seeing him pass along the street, I followed at his heels in most devout worship, when he suddenly turned upon me, delivered a most elaborate bow, and walked on, without so much as breaking into a smile. I stood for some minutes petrified with awe. When I could,

I ran home and concealed myself beneath a bed, whence my aunt had great ado to drag me forth. She would not believe that I told her the truth when I narrated the circumstance, the action being foreign to the man's deportment; but I was afterward verified in the account by eye-witnesses, who restored me to a reputation for truthfulness.

Benjamin Franklin did not so impress me; for him I was somewhat accustomed to seeing about the streets of Philadelphia. Of the others who were there I recall none; not even James Madison, who was a figure of great importance during the convention, and to whom is largely due the success of the gathering; so much so in fact that he has often been called the "Father of the Constitution." It is perhaps the more remarkable that I do not recall him, for he afterward entered into my life. But he was a mild mannered man, small of stature and slight in frame like Hamilton, but without Hamilton's personal magnetism. Though not lacking in dignity, he was not one to gather the eyes of a staring boy.



EDMUND RANDOLPH

The crux of the matter that brought them together —

this is hearsay and after-knowledge — was to form a bond that would more firmly unite the discordant States, which at that time, as is well known, were falling into anarchy. I have heard since how the great Washington, perceiving signs of timidity on the part of the delegates, held them to their task with an impassioned speech, filled with a show of emotion rarely to be seen in that deep-flowing soul. There had been suggestions of half-measures that might for the time compound and compromise the difficulties existing between the States and obtain public approval without incurring resistance. At that Washington arose and in unwontedly solemn tones said: "It is too probable that no plan we propose will be adopted. Perhaps another dreadful conflict is to be sustained. If, to please the people, we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterward defend our work? Let us raise a standard to which the wise and the honest can repair; the event is in the hand of God."

Several plans for the document were proposed. The first, and the one about which the Constitution was chiefly built, was the Virginia plan, submitted by Edmund Randolph, though its chief author was James Madison. It provided for a legislature in two branches, the members of the lower house to be elected directly by the people, the members of the upper house to be chosen by the lower house from candidates nominated by the several States. Representation was to be distributed according to wealth, or free population. The vote on matters of legislation was to be by individual members, and not by States; which did away with the strength of State division, an element of discord under the Confederation. Madison was led to this stand by the necessity, so often impressed upon the people of the country of late, of negativing the will of individual States where it contravened the common good. To carry out the laws an executive was provided, whether to be one or several

FRANKLIN'S TOMB, PHILADELPHIA

in number was not specified. Also, a national judiciary was suggested.

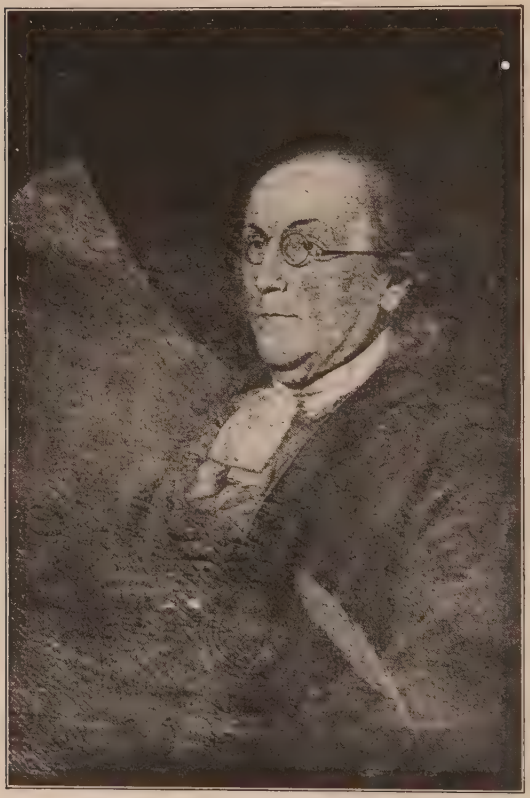
There was much outcry against this scheme, which was considered revolutionary in its audacity, and impossible of fulfilment against the prejudices for states rights. The larger States, which would thus gain a preponderance of power in the federal government, were eager enough for it, but the small, some of which would be reduced to one representative, as in the case of Georgia, were wholly displeased.

As against this, William Patterson of New Jersey submitted what is known as the New Jersey plan. This provided for one house representing States and not individuals. It was only a step farther than the old Articles that had been proved so worthless and dangerous. It did not place the foundation of the government upon the people as citizens of the federal nation. It was opposed by Hamilton and Madison and others. Hamilton at this juncture introduced a third plan, not with the hope that it would be adopted, but to balance the others. He suggested that in addition to Madison's lower house, the upper house and executive should hold office during life or good behavior.

In the end, as is well known, the Constitution provided for a lower house elected by the people of the several States according to population, and an upper house that was to contain two senators from each State; all members of Congress to vote individually. In order that a measure should become a law, it must pass both houses and be signed by the executive, who was to be one individual.

But distribution of representation by population gave rise to a wrangle. How were the slaves held in the Southern States to be counted? As chattels or men? In the end it was agreed, by way of compromise, that five slaves should be counted as three men, and representation was apportioned on that basis.

Now another difficulty beset the rugged path of the convention. South Carolina and Georgia insisted that the trade in African slaves should be continued; the New England States as flatly refused to permit it. On the other hand, the New England States demanded that Congress have power to regulate commerce, — a concession the Southern States declined to make for fear they would fall into the hands of New England merchants and shippers. The South needed slaves; the North needed navigation laws. Here were the elements of a bargain, which was consummated. In exchange for the right of Congress to pass trade laws, New Hampshire, Connecticut, and Massachusetts consented to prolong trade in foreign slaves for twenty years, or until 1808. In the same compromise was incorporated a prohibition of export duties.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AT EIGHTY-FOUR (*From the portrait by C. W. Peale in the Pennsylvania Historical Society's Collection*)

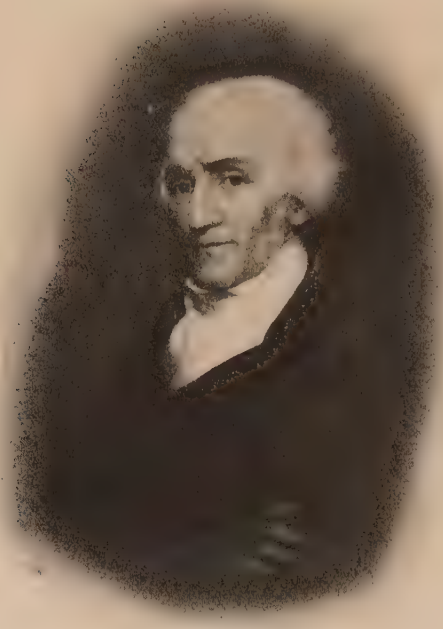
And so the convention was brought to a close. The great document was finally drafted by Gouverneur Morris.

It did not wholly satisfy any one man engaged in composing it, perhaps, but was held to be as nearly perfect as might be and was ready for signature. Franklin and Hamilton in an earnest plea urged the members to sacrifice personal opinions for the sake of unanimity. In a paper prepared by the aged Franklin and read before the convention, on account of his feeble voice, he expressed the hope that those who still had objections would doubt a little of their own infallibility and attach their names to the document. There were three delegates, however, who would not sign. They were Mason and Randolph of Virginia, and Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts. Yates and Lansing of New York, and Luther Martin of Maryland had left in disgust earlier in the proceedings.

All seemed impressed by the solemnity of the occasion. When it was all over Washington sat with his head bowed in meditation. Franklin in a characteristic speech reminded the convention of his Albany plan to unite the colonies in a federal union thirty-

The Home of Elbridge Gerry at Marblehead, Massachusetts

three years before. It was in the days of George II, while Washington, still in the employ of Lord Fairfax, was surveying the Shenandoah Valley, while Madison was playing in the nursery, and Hamilton yet unborn. It was the first complete outline of a federal constitution for the American colonies. In this very room he had signed the Declaration of Independence eleven years before, at the age of threescore and ten; and now he was present to see the aim of his life fulfilled. Pointing to the emblazoned half-sun on the back of the president's quaint arm-chair, he made it the subject of a prophecy. "As I have been sitting here all these weeks I have often wondered," said he, "whether yonder sun is rising or setting. But now I know it is a rising sun!" Of course, all this was a riddle to me then; but I believe that I imbibed the spirit of the times. I know that I was as full of rejoicing as any one when the result was announced, and added my tiny yelps of glee to the acclamations of the populace, my aunt permitting me to remain up long after my usual hour to witness the display of fireworks and listen to the din of the celebration.



ELBRIDGE GERRY (*From the portrait in Independence Hall, Philadelphia*)

CHAPTER II

THE WOMAN, AND JEALOUSY

MY aunt cared for me during my childhood with a tender and thoughtful affection, as I have told. She instructed me in the rudiments of education as I grew ready to receive instruction, and endeavored to inculcate in me principles of courage and fidelity. She was a brave, stout soul herself, and if I have displayed similar virtues in my life it is because of her influence, added to an inheritance from my father, than whom no one was more brave or noble. And if there was any omission in her code of ethics, I was not aware of it at the time, and never suspected it until I learned more about what was behind her. She did not, certainly, instruct me in the same disregard of certain obligations in life which she seems to have indulged earlier in her own experience.

THOMAS JEFFERSON (*From the crayon portrait by Saint-Memin*)

I was not without companions of my own age during this time. My aunt was careful that I should have playmates, and good ones. How well she chose I can testify with my life. There were three

with whom I used to romp about the dooryard of our little cottage, or join in little innocent expeditions into the outskirts of the town. One of them, a sweet little girl with a smile that must always have been linked to Heaven, died while she was yet a child. A second, a lad my senior by a year or two, drifted out of my life in early youth. I think he went into the far West. I heard reports from there in after years concerning one of his name; I believe the hero of them was my old friend.

"Light Horse Harry" Lee (*From the Stuart portrait*)

Of the third of the group I shall have much to tell. She was an impudent minx, younger than I in years, but ages older in wisdom. She ruled me completely with her black eyes and saucy tongue, and, though I must confess to an original preference for the other little girl, who was much more gentle with me, it was not long until I was the devoted slave of little Ruth Gardner.

I mention Ruth here not because there was at that time anything in our little love affair that can be supposed to in-

terest the reader, but because it was through her association with something that happened in our quiet life that I am able to recall it; although the event itself was of lasting importance to many who were afterward dear to me.

It was some two years after the federal convention met in our town, when there came to live with us a beautiful and charming young woman, Margaret Rutgers, of New York. The circumstances of her coming I did not know until later. I only know that she was brought to my aunt's house by a Sylvester Stevens; that she was sent by Mr. Hamilton; that there was some secret talk from which I was excluded, and that in the end Mr. Stevens went away and left her with us.

She seemed very unhappy and disconsolate at first. In time, however, growing fond of my aunt, who obtained her confidence entirely, and seeming to find a lively interest in me, she grew contented, and in the end quite happy. For myself, I must confess that I loved her dearly. It was this that brought about the little climax that has impressed the details so closely upon my mind; for what did my lady love Ruth do but conceive a violent jealousy of her rival in my affections from which resulted our first breach of size, and one which was not mended without the application of many sugar-plums and the intervention of the lady herself who was innocently at the bottom of the contention. I appreciate now why there was so much sly mirth between my aunt and Margaret over the affair, but at the time it was no light matter with me, I assure you.

Not long after this my aunt was honored by a visit from Alexander Hamilton, during which an incident occurred that set my little head to puzzling over the riddle of my existence; for by this time I was brought to a consciousness of my anomalous condition in life by my little companions, who, with the cruelty of childhood, did not spare me from all manner of taunts when we fell to quarreling.

I remember now that on the first occasion when Hamilton visited us he gave me two or three quick, curious glances, as though I suggested, perhaps, some dim association in his mind with some one whom he knew, or had known. On his subsequent visit, the one of which I speak, I observed the same interest in my features on his part. I suppose I had become sensitive to curiosity, for I marked his expression well and wondered at it.

But it was a conversation between him and my aunt that lingered in my mind for many years, distressing me sorely until the mystery was raveled out by time. They thought I was not attending to what they said, for I was playing on the floor with some lead soldiers he had brought me, and apparently absorbed in my game. But I heard.

"Do I know that lad's father?" he asked my aunt, in a low voice.

There was a pause. I felt that she was searching him with those strong black eyes which I remember so well. "If you do, you know more than I know," she replied presently, with a significant stress on the last word.

"But do you guess?" he pursued.

"Do you?" she asked in turn.

"He recalls some one to my mind," replied Hamilton.

There the dialogue was halted, I presume by a gesture from my aunt, who may have detected me in an attempt to hear what they said further. I know now that the conversation was continued at another time, and that, in a way, it had much to do with my future.

If Alexander Hamilton was a factor in the destiny of myself, and of Margaret, whom I learned to call cousin and to love more dearly every year, how much more was he an element in the life of this great country of ours! I think I do not fall a victim to my admiration for the man when I say that but for him the fabric woven of the States by the Con-

stitution would have fallen asunder in the early days of trial that followed its adoption and application to the Union.

I have omitted to tell of the ratification of the Constitution by the several States. Our State, I am proud to say, was the second to adopt the document, ratifying on December 12, 1787, being preceded only by Delaware, which ratified six days earlier. New Jersey fell into line six days later; Georgia on the second of the following January, and Connecticut on January 9. In Massachusetts, which was next in order, and the most important up to that time to consider the question, excepting Pennsylvania, there was somewhat of a struggle; but on February 6 she, too, accepted the plan.

"LIGHT HORSE HARRY" LEE'S GRAVE, DUNGENESS, GEORGIA

Massachusetts was followed by Maryland, April 28, 1788, and South Carolina, May 23. New Hampshire was in point of time the ninth; but in point of moral importance, so to speak, Virginia was the deciding State. It must be understood that it was necessary for nine States to ratify in order to carry the day. Up to this time eight had conformed. Now Virginia was discussing the question with bitter contention. Patrick Henry, George Mason, who had been a delegate, Benjamin Harrison and John Tyler, each of whom has had a son rise to the presidency, James Monroe, a future President, Richard Henry Lee, and some others of conse-

quence, opposed the Constitution. Madison was the chief champion of the Union in the Virginia convention. With him were Governor Randolph, whom he had won from an original opposition, "Light Horse Harry" Lee, and John Marshall, destined to become chief justice of the United States and by his masterly decisions win a place second only

Edge Hill, the Home of Edmund Randolph

to Madison and Hamilton among the founders of the national government. The convention met on June 2, and on June 25 ratified the Constitution. The result was magical, for at that time Virginia was not only believed to be the ninth and deciding State, but was also one of the greatest consequence and one without which the Union could scarcely stand. The discussion lasted four days too long, however, for Virginia to win that distinction. That honor was reserved for New Hampshire, whose convention ratified the Constitution on June 21 by a vote of 57 against 46.

There remained of the important States only New York. New York was won by Hamilton by means of the "Federalist"

papers, in which he was assisted by Madison, and, I am told, by John Jay; and through Hamilton's eloquence on the floor of the convention. New York State joined the majority on July 26, and the fight was considered won. North Carolina came in on November 21 of the following year, and Rhode Island, always refractory and intractable, capitulated on May 29, 1790. All this, of course, and what I shall now proceed to tell about Hamilton's part in the construction of the government, are matter of report with me, and common knowledge. Yet I feel they have a place in these reminiscences, for narration of the events here may give them a reality and vividness through the personal element that they might not otherwise enjoy.

THE OLD HOUSE ON HIGH STREET, NOW MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA, OCCUPIED BY PRESIDENT WASHINGTON

But I do remember of my own experience the magnificent pageant that our city saw on Independence Day, when all the States had ratified except New York, North Carolina, and Rhode Island. Five thousand citizens were in the parade, in which gorgeous floats represented a variety of sentiments dear to the hearts of Americans at that time. The celebration was beyond anything that had been known before in America.

Another scene of that period which is ineffaceable from my memory was the occasion of Washington's passing

through the city on the way to his inauguration in New York, in 1789. He rode a prancing milk-white charger, and was accompanied by troops. I stood at the side of the street with my aunt and little Ruth, overwhelmed by the sight, and resolving unto myself mighty deeds for the future.

Washington selected for his advisers Hamilton, as secretary of the treasury; Thomas Jefferson, then minister to France, as secretary of state; Henry Knox, the revolutionary general, as secretary of war; and Edmund Randolph as attorney general. But the work of construction fell upon Hamilton. He introduced into national affairs a financial system that knit the fabric together closely. He brought it to pass, not without great opposition, that the new government should assume the debts of the old Congress to foreign and domestic creditors, and also the debts that had been incurred by the several States in the War of Independence. This did more to unify the government than anything that could have been devised by the wisest statesman. It took from the States their private burdens, and it interested the men of wealth and power in the perpetuity of the government; for now they saw hope of recovering the funds they had loaned, if only they could keep the Union intact. At the same time, the promise of the new government to pay its foreign debtors dollar for dollar raised our foreign credit beyond hope.

But the assumption of the State debts developed a conflict in Congress that threatened for a time the very ends for which, in part, Hamilton had proposed it. Old State jealousies were strong; States that had heavy debts favored it, while those that had settled most of their obligations were hostile. In the end, a bargain was made between Hamilton and Jefferson — a circumstance that is strange enough when viewed in the light of their subsequent careers. In exchange for the support of Virginia in the assumption programme,

THE ROOM IN WHICH THE FIRST CONSTITUTIONAL CONGRESS MET IN PHILADELPHIA

Hamilton and his followers promised to award the proposed federal city, the location of which was another point of contention, to the Potomac district.

Another device by which Hamilton enlisted the support of the strong interests of the country for the government, was the formation of a national bank. This was done after the temporary seat of government had been moved to Philadelphia in 1791. I shall never forget the scene about the doors of the building where the bank stock was opened for subscriptions. From early morning men of business crowded about, eager to invest. In an hour the stock was all gone.

All these measures created dissensions from which developed two parties,—the Federalists, led by Hamilton, and the Republicans, organized and led by Jefferson. Madison, at first a Federalist, left the party on the issue of assumption, and it was not long before he was working with the Republicans.

It was in December, 1791, that Congress first met in our town, and the seat of government was transferred there. It was the occasion of much bitterness and contention in the news journals of the day. These, by the way, became very scurrilous and brutal and developed a class of writers who, I think, would scarcely be tolerated now.

We had the honor of receiving in our town the first minister from England, August George Hammond, who arrived in August, 1791. Charles Pinckney was sent by Washington to London to represent the United States. Our foreign relations at this time were none too good. Indeed, they did not become sound until after our second war with England.

England had declined to surrender certain outposts along the frontier which were awarded to us in the treaty of Paris, asserting that we had not carried out the terms of the treaty with regard to Tories. After she gave them up she con-

tinued to abuse us in the matter of trade rights. France was not far behind, while Spain, which still held possessions along our southern and southwestern borders, mistreated our citizens and made trouble along the Mississippi. Both England and Spain, it is generally believed, incited the Indians to attack our settlers, which led to much bloodshed and tribulation for those hardy men who went as pioneers into the new country. The Northwest Territory, which had been turned over to the government by Eastern States whose claim to the country was founded on their charters and royal land grants, and which was governed under an ordinance passed in 1787 by the old Continental Congress, had been rapidly settled by old soldiers after the close of the war, under the auspices of the Ohio company, which bought the land from Congress. Kentucky and Tennessee had been settled earlier, largely by emigrants from the Carolinas and Virginia. So at this time we had a considerable population on the wild frontier who hunted, trapped, and farmed. A rough, strong, vigorous lot they were; men of infinite courage and daring, and indomitable persistence.

CHARLES PINCKNEY

All this time we had been living happily enough under my aunt's roof, my aunt, Margaret, and I. Margaret seemed to find much happiness in loving me. I am sure that it must have been loneliness and a strong mother instinct that made her, for I clearly remember that I was a lad full of my pranks, and of myself not wholly lovable, although I hope

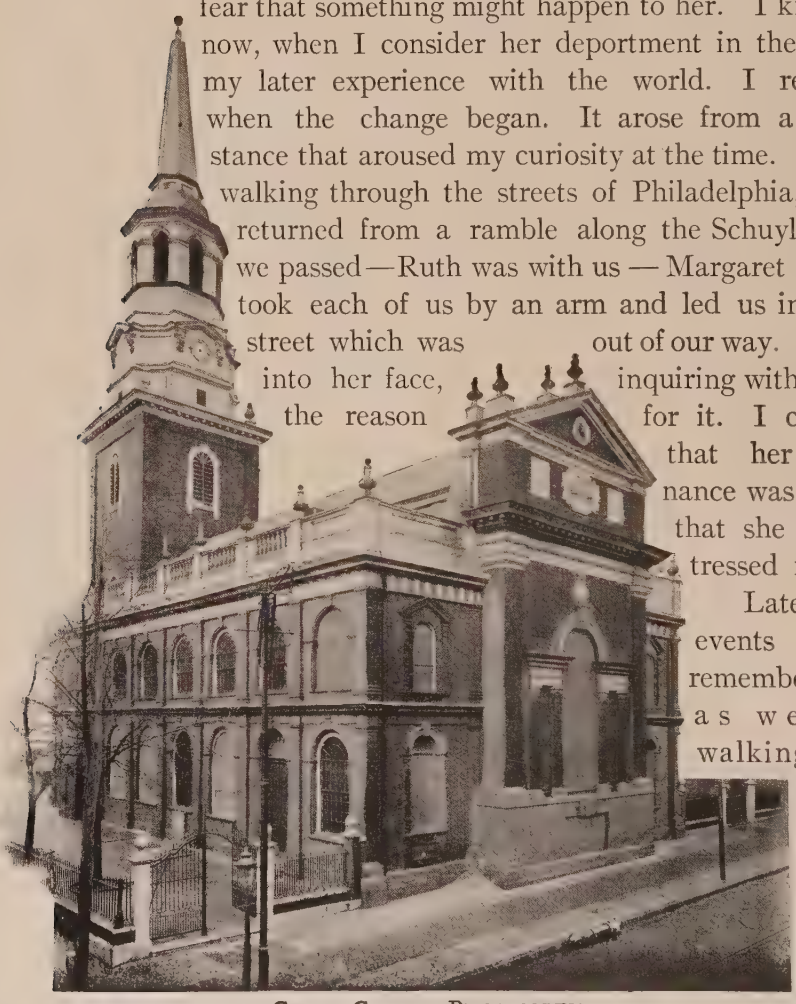
THE PULPIT AND CHANCEL OF CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA

I may say with truth that I was not mean, and I certainly was not deceitful beyond the measure of every boy who makes innocent mischief, for deceit is a thing that I do now and always have abhorred. And whatever my faults, I returned Margaret's affection for me with my whole heart.

By degrees she took from my aunt the care of my instruction, having a taste for teaching, and some experience in it before she came to us. Little Ruth Gardner, my sweetheart, was also in her care, which brought us much together in the pleasantest relations. As pleasant, that is, as the condition of a small boy can be when he is being taught.

Soon after the coming of the government to Philadelphia I noted, with the quick observation of my years, a change in Margaret, to which I attached no particular importance or significance. Indeed, at the time I thought nothing of it.

Margaret, at the time of which I speak, had lost some of her buoyancy. She fell into occasional moods of uneasiness, at odds with her peace of mind. She seemed in fear that something might happen to her. I know that now, when I consider her deportment in the light of my later experience with the world. I remember when the change began. It arose from a circumstance that aroused my curiosity at the time. We were walking through the streets of Philadelphia, having returned from a ramble along the Schuylkill. As we passed—Ruth was with us—Margaret suddenly took each of us by an arm and led us into a by-street which was out of our way. I looked into her face, inquiring with my eyes the reason for it. I could see that her countenance was pale and that she was distressed in mind. Later, when events grew, I remembered that as we were walking along a man, I had never seen before and whom I



CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA

wished to God I had never seen again, turned into our street and proceeded ahead of us in the same direction that we took. He arrested my attention because of a certain peculiarity of person and gait, being a stout, roundish man with a limp in one leg, that gave him a bouncing walk, like a soft rubber ball tossed across the ground.

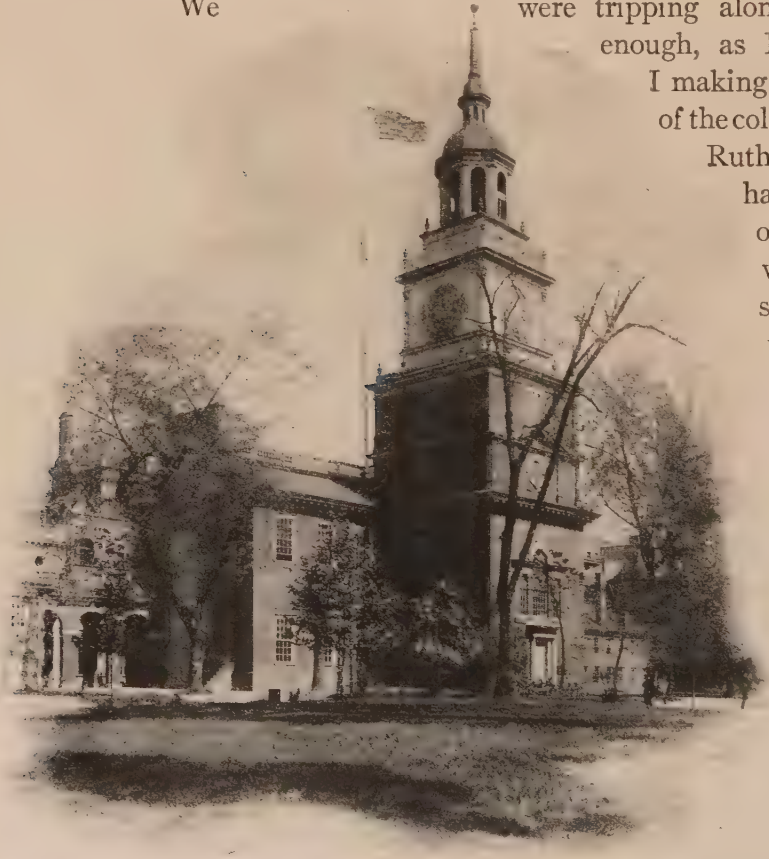
INTERIOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA

It was not until afterward that I connected him with the behavior of our companion on that occasion. But I was soon to learn how much the one had to do with the other; and during my life I learned so much more of the fellow that I have often regretted that a thunderbolt did not come down out of the sky and strike him that first day I saw him.

That, as I have said, was the beginning of Margaret's uneasiness. Whether she told my aunt the story or not, I am not certain; but certain I am that my aunt arrived at a knowledge of it, either by word of mouth or by intuition, a source of information quite as active and much more trustworthy in many women. This occurred some time after the

first episode before the climax came of which I am to speak. To be accurate, it was in December, in the year 1791. I can place the date with precision, because it was associated with another event which, though important, had no immediate bearing on it, and of which I shall speak subsequently. We had been skating on the Schuylkill that day; at least, we had been to watch the sport. It was a pleasant day, and many people were out to enjoy the ice. We tarried longer than our wont, so that when we started for our home it was already falling dusk. I wondered over it at the time. Now I know that we were so late in going home because Margaret had warning of what was to happen, and sought to avoid it under shelter of the darkness.

We were tripping along merrily enough, as I thought, I making an excuse of the cold to cuddle Ruth's little hand in my own. When we were still, as I judge, about a furlong from our cottage, Margaret reached down and grasped me by the shoul-



SIDE VIEW OF INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA

der with a twitch that set me to gritting my teeth in order to keep from crying out. I looked to see the cause of it, and there stood the man we had nearly encountered on that other day when she led us home by the back ways.

This time he saw Margaret as well, for he approached directly with a grin on his fat face that was half a laugh and half a scowl, being strangely mixed with pleasure and malice. I should not be able to describe the grin so well, having seen it then only in the half-light and as a lad, but I have so often seen it since that it is the expression which I habitually put upon the man's face when I recall him to memory.

"I thought you were here," he said, in low voice, when he came up to us. "I had heard stories about you that made me think so. I am glad I have found you."

Margaret, who had recovered herself so quickly that there was no sign of the consternation by the time the man was close enough to read her face, answered him plainly. "I am not glad you have found me," she said; "neither am I sorry," she added, as an afterthought.

"It is kind of you to say that much," said the man. "Why did you come here, then, if you are not sorry to see me?"

"You flatter yourself to think you could have so much effect upon the order of my life," she replied. "Let me pass." For the fellow stood blocking our way. Perhaps it was prophetic that I should loathe him already; but I surely did despise him, in that first moment.

The grin left his face. "Do you think I shall let you pass so easily, now that I have found you again?" he growled. "You have done me an injury, Margaret, but I am willing to overlook that," he added, as if to make himself appear in pleasanter frame of mind with a quick change. "Come, what you have done is no reason why we should not be friends."

"What you have done is no reason why we should be so," she returned.

"What I will do shall be a reason then," he went on, in a tone that I thought threatening.

"Let me pass. It is late, and I must be getting back."

"I shall let you pass, but I will go with you," said the man.

"You shall not!" she answered, emphatically. "If I stand till I perish in the cold, you shall not know where I live."

"That will be rather cruel to the children," he sneered.

But the children, at least one of them, was about to enter into the situation in quite a different manner. I had been in deadly fear from the first, and should have wept and howled in the dilemma, I make no doubt, if I had been left any discretion in the matter. But I was not. I considered that I was the only man in the defense of these two helpless women; and the presence of my loved one made me bold. I had often lain awake of nights dreaming of some such adventure in which I might prove my love by sacrificing myself against mighty odds in the behalf of Ruth. Now the opportunity was come.

Thrusting her aside, for she was weeping in my arms, I flung my puny weight straight against the man's legs and struck manfully at his thighs with my doubled fists. The spectacle must have been ludicrous. Indeed, after the lapse of years, I can smile at it myself, although at the time it had a deadly earnestness for me that deprived it of all appearance of humor.

Whether it was the surprise of my impetuous assault, or the icy pavement that contributed to the result, or his being crippled by a leg once broken, I cannot say; but I do know that the man, struggling for a moment to disengage me from his knees, fell heavily to the walk. From that moment I

knew no more until the affair was over; for either in falling, or with a deliberate purpose, he struck me with his heel, rendering me quite unconscious for the time.

When I recovered my senses we were in my aunt's house, with Margaret and herself weeping over me — it was the

WASHINGTON'S PEW IN CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA

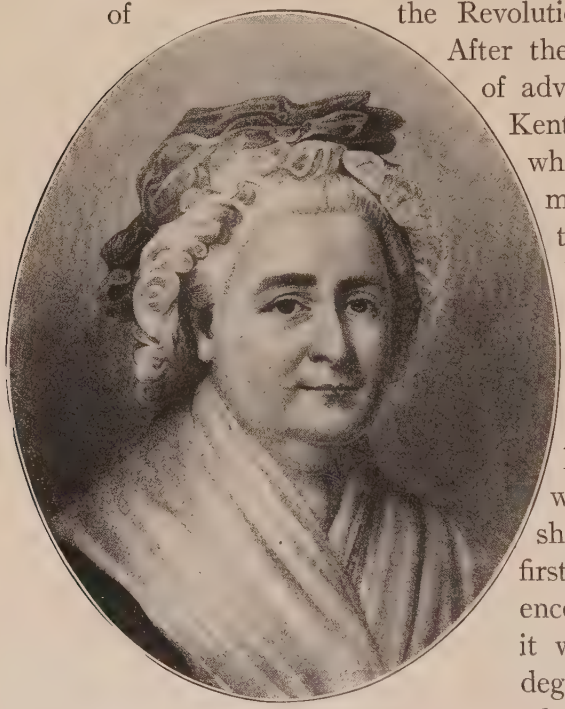
first time I ever saw her in tears and the last — and Ruth was sobbing in the corner.

But there was another in the room, a tall, handsome young man with long, curling hair and the dress of a frontiersman. In his eye, too, was a tear, and on his face a faint smile of amusement, and, I fancy, approval. For the moment when I first looked into his blue eyes he burst upon my life in the full effulgence of heroic manhood. And in the many things that have come and gone between that time and this he has never lost the least jot of the worship with which my quick boyish fancy hedged him about that night in December, 1791.

CHAPTER III

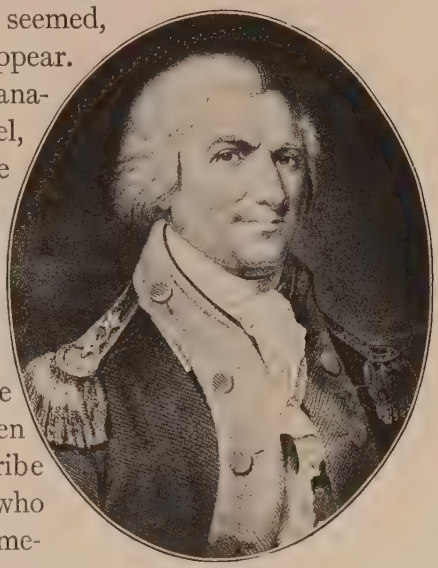
ALEXANDER HAMILTON

THE man whom I beheld in my aunt's cottage when I came out of my unconsciousness was Sylvester Stevens, frontiersman, pioneer, and Indian fighter; the same who had brought Margaret to us. He had been a soldier of the Revolution from first to last. After the close of the war, love of adventure had led him into Kentucky and Tennessee, where he drifted about more like a knight-errant than any other man I have known in my whole life, rushing always to any danger point and bringing with him the succor of his rifle and knife. What his errand was in Philadelphia I shall presently tell. But first I must explain his presence in my aunt's house, as it was explained to me by degrees. It appears that when the man whom I had attacked had rid himself of this trifling impediment, he was, for a moment, very angry, and so far lost control of his judgment as to lay a hand on Margaret, as though he would drag her away. I may



MARTHA WASHINGTON (*From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart*)

observe here that I have found the fellow capable of anything from which he was not deterred by a sense of personal fear or policy. At that juncture, which, I am convinced, was not as critical as it seemed, Sylvester Stevens chanced to appear. Without delaying for any explanation, he fell upon the scoundrel, and would undoubtedly have killed him with his naked fists if Margaret had not intervened.



Major-General Arthur Saint-Clair (*After the portrait by C. W. Peale*)

Having relieved her of danger, the rescuer discovered that it was Margaret whom he had aided. The meeting between them, naturally, I cannot describe as an eye-witness, but Ruth, who still had her eyes, told me something of it. The man was so affected that he was bereft of speech at learning who it was whom he had rescued, while Margaret betrayed more emotion than in the moment when the stranger accosted her. These circumstances I now believe I understand, but at that time they furnished only mystery for my imagination to play upon.

I should not have spoken of Margaret's assailant as a stranger to her. It was obvious from the first that they were known to each other. I learned later that he was one Nicholas Snell of New York, a politician and henchman of the nefarious Burr, and that Margaret had come to Philadelphia to escape both from him and from Burr.

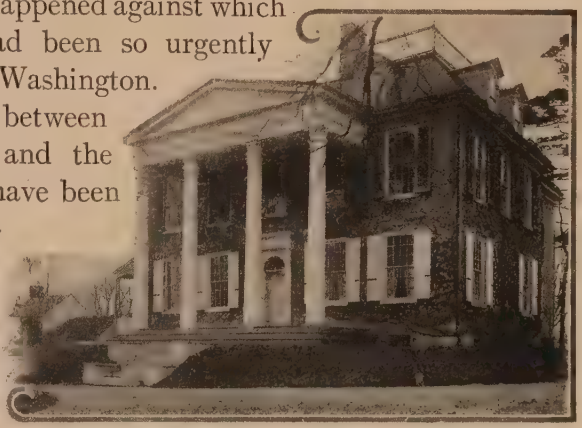
Now let me return along the way I have come in order to tell something more of Sylvester Stevens, and how he came to be in Philadelphia at this time. As I have said, he was a

modern knight-errant. In the year 1790, shortly after the organization of the Northwest Territory, of which General Arthur Saint-Clair was made governor, the Indians along the Ohio, incited by the English commandant at Detroit, went on marauding expeditions against the settlers. In the autumn of that year General Harmar went out from Fort Washington with a force of 1500 militia and regulars to punish the redskins. After burning some villages and destroying some crops, he would have returned, but Colonel Hardin, the junior officer, insisted upon going farther in pursuit of the savages, and he fell into an ambuscade in which the militia behaved badly and the regulars were nearly all killed. Returning, he prevailed upon Harmar to permit him to turn back with another force. The result was renewed disaster at the head of the Maumee River, accompanied by great slaughter of Americans. When Harmar heard of this, he despaired of doing anything with the militia, for it had been the fault of the raw troops that misfortune attended our arms. In this campaign Sylvester Stevens acted as guide. It was due to his cool bravery that those few who finally found their way back to the main force escaped from the head of the Maumee.

In the spring of the next year Saint-Clair himself took the field against the Indians. Our President, with his great wisdom in such affairs, earnestly advised him to use caution against Indian surprise, which had been the ruin of Harmar's expedition, as well as many other well-laid military plans. Saint-Clair was not ready to start until late in September. He had with him 3000 troops, 2000 of whom were regulars. General Butler was in command. The plan of the campaign was to build roads and establish forts along the frontier, thus penetrating the West.

On November 3, after an arduous march, the army was on the banks of a stream flowing into the upper Wabash. By

this time, what with leaving garrisons behind and with desertions on the part of the militia, the active force was reduced to 1400. The militia spent the night on the farther side of the stream; the regulars, with cannon, rested on the other side. The next morning, after roll-call, when the soldiers were preparing their breakfast, the Indians attacked them, and the thing happened against which Saint-Clair had been so urgently warned by Washington.



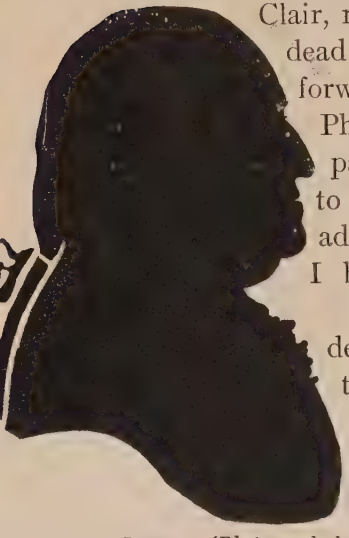
Alexander Hamilton's House in Philadelphia

The fight between the regulars and the Indians must have been a terrific struggle. I have often heard Sylvester describe it; for he was present and I am certain did much to hold the savages at bay for the brief space of time that the Americans were able to repulse them. The Indians fought with their usual tactics, leaping from covert to covert, all the while giving vent to their horrid shrieks. The cannon had little effect, since the enemy was not massed; and while the guns were being loaded the Indians rushed in and tomahawked the gunners.

Saint-Clair, who was an old man, and infirm, did his utmost to retrieve a victory, rushing up and down the field with his white hair streaming; but the thing was beyond hope. General Butler was tomahawked and scalped as his wounds were being dressed. Eight bullets passed through the clothing of the commander; it would have been better for him if one of the bullets had ended his career then and there, for the poor man came to a dishonored old age, brought

on more by misfortune than by lack of honest effort. His management of the expedition was investigated by Congress, and he was relieved from blame; but more because the Congress could thereby throw odium upon Hamilton and Knox through putting the blame upon them for faulty arrangements.

And now comes the link that connects that affair with our little circle in my aunt's cottage. After the disaster Saint-Clair, retreating to Fort Washington, leaving his dead and wounded to savage devices, sent forward Sylvester Stevens to make the report in Philadelphia. He had just done so, and was passing through the streets from that errand to visit Margaret when he encountered our adventure, with the immediate results that I have narrated.



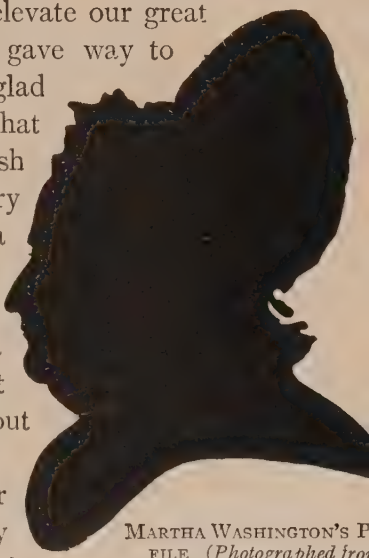
ASHINGTON'S PROFILE (*Photographed from the original silhouette*)

But before I pass, I must narrate an incident that happened when Sylvester brought the news to Washington. The President was at dinner with a company when Saint-Clair's message was handed to him. He preserved command of himself until he gained a private room, where he burst into such a torrent of grief, anger, and invection against Saint-Clair as is seldom seen in man. I had the story in after years from Tobias Lear, his secretary at the time.

"Here," cried the great man, wringing his hands as he stalked the floor, "yes, here, on this very spot, I took leave of him. I wished him success and honor. 'You have your instructions,' I said, 'from the secretary of war. I had a strict eye to them, and will add but one word — beware of a surprise! I repeat it: Beware of a surprise! You know how the Indians fight us.' He went off with that, as my last

solemn warning, thrown into his ears. And yet, to suffer that army to be cut to pieces, hacked, butchered, tomahawked by a surpise, the very thing I warned him against! O God! O God! He is worse than a murderer! How can he answer for it to his country? The blood of the slain is upon him; the curses of widows and orphans — the curse of Heaven!"

It may grieve some who are prone to elevate our great President into an idolatry to learn that he gave way to such human passions; for my part, I am glad to know that he had human frailties to that extent. I am glad of this evidence of flesh and blood; for within my time the memory of the man has been so crystallized into a cloak of diamonds, so to speak, that the man himself is only too likely to be lost beneath the unnatural luster, which is a pity, for he was great and magnificent enough to stand above all other men without false aids.



MARTHA WASHINGTON'S P
FILE (*Photographed fro*
the original silhouette)

It fell out that that very night Alexander Hamilton came to spend an hour with my aunt. It may seem strange that a man of his importance in national affairs, and one with his great mind and large interests, should pursue an acquaintance with such a one as my aunt. I have found myself wondering at his visits not a little as I look back upon them from later life. But I long ago determined in my mind that there was only one main purpose in them, and that was purely in the way of intellectual friendship; for it must be understood that the woman by whom I was reared was of no mediocre mind.

Hamilton, then, came to our cottage on this night, finding Margaret in a state of perturbation, and myself a hero with

his head done up. My aunt took him into the confidence of the adventure, he having played a part in what went before. He was visibly aroused. Indeed, I had never seen him so affected in private, even when his governmental policies were most seriously threatened and opposed.

He listened to the story and advised with them. It seems that Snell was an employee of the government, having obtained a sinecure of some sort through his connection with New York politics, in which Burr was beginning to mingle with a coterie of young fellows who had nothing to lose and much to gain. In the end it was settled that Margaret should pay a visit to a family in Virginia.

What was our surprise the next day to learn that the family she was going to see was the family of Sylvester Stevens, and that he was to accompany them there. Margaret herself was more astonished than any one else, and exhibited some reluctance about going when she ascertained the truth. But my aunt persuaded her, and she went, at last, quite happy.

When she returned two months later she was quite changed. I did not understand then the cause of her transformation. I have since concluded that it was the alchemy of love; that she came back filled with thoughts of Sylvester, who tarried with her a month at his home before he went again to the frontier. I believe that no word of love passed between the two, for Sylvester was not one to speak readily of such matters; but subsequent developments convinced me that each had a subtle understanding of the attitude of the other.

After her return, as I have intimated, she was quite happy. The rogue Snell discovered presently where she lived, and annoyed her to some extent, but at last desisted, finding more than a match in her and my aunt. So for the present he passed out of our lives.

Meanwhile, the government was becoming more and more secure. Hamilton's policies of centralization were triumphant. It is true that they had many enemies; that certain papers bitterly assailed the party in power, and another was beginning to grow. But for the time Federalism, as it was termed, was in the ascendancy.

Louis XVI of France

There was at this time much wild speculation in scrip and bank stock, and an unsettled condition of financial affairs, due to the dishonorable greed of rich men. This was turned against Hamilton, who was even accused of profiting through it. But that was a lie; he never had a desire to grow rich, and never so much as took up those honest opportunities to do so which came to him then or afterward.

Another element was introduced about this time into national affairs and it had much effect upon them. This was the French Revolution. France had beheaded her king, and the widowed queen, Marie Antoinette, was guillotined.

A reign of blood and terror followed. The French republic found frenzied partisans in our own country. Americans confused their own ideas of liberty with the French doctrines, which were nothing in the last analysis but license and anarchy. I remember the jubilee in Philadelphia when news came of the declaration of war against England by the new republic. French fashions came into general vogue; the white cockade was almost universal for a time; all titles gave way in common address to that of Citizen, as used by the French. Thomas Jefferson, ever ready and able to ride forward on the crest of a popular wave, launched the Republican party upon the fervid tide of French sentiment and secured much gain to the party from it.

But the furore wore itself out; the zeal was too great to be maintained by the American temperament. From the first, there were those who mistrusted the French Revolution, and feared it. Among them was Hamilton. By degrees a reaction set in in their direction. It was a Frenchman who finally cured Americans of the fever, and reduced the craze to a harmless state. This was the Citizen Edmond Charles Genet, who had been sent by the Directory to prevail upon the United States to fight for France against England.

Washington declared for neutrality when war broke out between France and George III. Against this stand there was an outcry, many contending that we should lend a helping hand to our sister republic in her hour of need, as she had helped us. I must confess that, at the time, the cry had its effect upon my youthful imagination and I inveighed against the government with the best of them, according to my abilities. Later, when I became satisfied that Vergennes lent the aid of France to the rebellious colonies not for any love of liberty in America but because of his hatred of England, and that he had been willing to pare the new nation to the core at the time of the negotiations for peace

MARIE ANTOINETTE GOING TO HER EXECUTION (*From the painting by Flameng*)

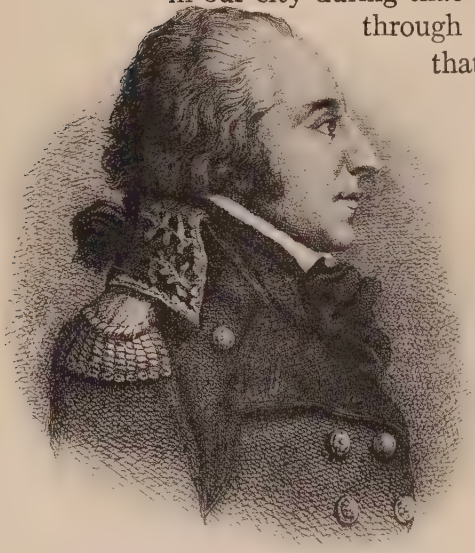
in Paris, I grew ashamed of my fervor. I must say for my aunt that she at all times good-naturedly laughed at me, and had a view of the situation which time justified as perfectly sane and sound.

Genet landed at Charleston, South Carolina. His coming added fuel to the popular flame. My countrymen overlooked the point that an accredited envoy should first report to the government to which he was sent. Genet's blunder in that matter was only an index to his whole mistaken career as the agent of France. He not only made that initial mistake, but followed it immediately with the more grave error of permitting the French ship that had brought him to make seizures of British vessels in our own waters and bring prizes into our own ports. The ship, *l'Insurgente*, sailed from Charleston to Philadelphia with prizes, while he made the journey overland, being received along the way with triumphant acclaim.

He was received coldly enough by Washington, though Jefferson's attitude toward him was cordial. Jefferson for some time had been out of tune with the administration. He had fallen into a quarrel with Hamilton. It was carried into the press and finally brought to an issue before Washington himself. Genet was feasted in Philadelphia, and later in New York, but he brought about his downfall eventually by an attempt to discredit Washington, who maintained a position of neutrality despite his pleas and protests. The hot-headed Gaul threatened to go behind him and appeal to the people. He also acted in bad faith in the matter of outfitting vessels as privateers and commissioning American citizens as French officers. His final act was a flagrant violation of amity in permitting a vessel to be fitted out in Philadelphia and go to sea, in which matter he disregarded his own promises. The sentiments of Americans turned from him at last, and his own government recalled him.

He did not return to France, however, being in fear of his life, but settled in New York, becoming an American citizen and marrying a daughter of Governor George Clinton.

In this year Philadelphia was visited by the yellow fever, as it is now called. I shall never forget the terrible scenes in our city during that time; the death that stalked swiftly through our streets, and the terror of death that sent our citizens flying into the country.



Citizen Edmond Charles Genet

My aunt would not listen to those who advised her to flee with the others who sought safety away from the stricken place. She stayed behind, heroically doing what she could to allay the suffering of the sick and tending to the last wants of the dying. At last the sickness entered our cottage, laying hold of Margaret, who had not been behind my aunt in works of mercy. For a long time she hovered between life and death, but when cold weather came she mended. Indeed, under the effects of frost the epidemic died away until nothing remained of it but the desolation of so many homes.

Now occurred one of those scenes which have lingered in memory through my life. We were seated about the bed where Margaret lay recuperating her strength. We were very happy, for she was making much headway toward health. Ruth was with us, having come to partake of our joy, and sat by my side, with her timid little hand unquestioningly in mine. There was a knock at the door. My aunt opened it to a young man with dark hair, frank

eyes, and a chin that slanted away too much from his mouth. But for all that he was not unpleasant to look at.

When Margaret saw him, she gave a little cry. As I recall it, there was principally surprise in her tone. I am sure there was little joy; there was rather a note of dismay.

The man came toward her, stretching out his hands and calling her by name. "Margaret! Margaret! I have been waiting at Baltimore until it was safe to come."

"Why," she answered, "are they still pursuing you?"

"No, but the plague kept me away."

I thought at the time that it was a strange thing for a lover to be withheld from his sweetheart by fear of plague, or any other danger; for by this time we had all divined that this man was her lover.

We soon learned the rest, however. The man was one Trumbull Erskine. The two had been betrothed in New York at the end of the war, but he, being a Tory, had fled before the return of the American troops. During the years that had intervened since their last meeting there had been a misunderstanding between them, he believing her faithless. In that belief, after many vicissitudes, he had joined the English army, in which he was now a lieutenant. He had come to Philadelphia in response to a letter from a friend who knew the story, and who had sought him out after the episode between Margaret and Nicholas Snell.

Margaret, after the first shock of meeting, treated him kindly and with growing joy; though now I believe her affection was a display that her loyal heart forced upon her. It was settled that they should be wed as soon as she should be well enough; and wedded they were.

I remember well that she seemed to shrink from him, almost imperceptibly, as the time approached; and when they were married at last, I considered her countenance and bearing quite out of keeping with the event.

CHAPTER IV

HISTORY, AND A DISCLOSURE

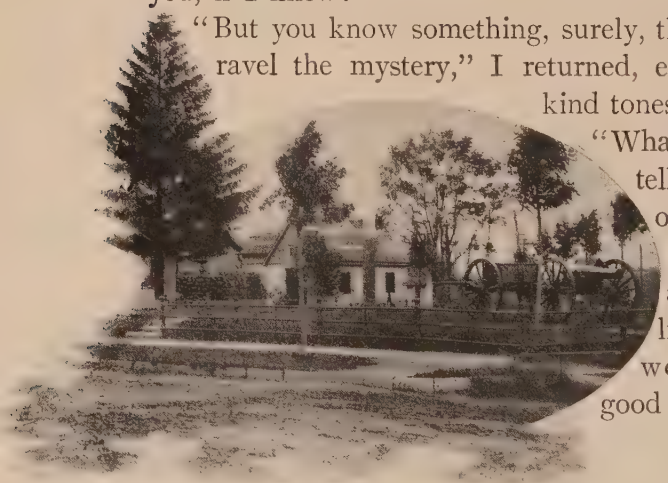
IT was at about this time of my life that I first began seriously to ponder the mystery of my parentage, and to become sensitive to it. Perhaps I was forced to a contemplation of it by the attitude of some of my little playfellows, who, with the unfailing divination of children, learned that there was some mystery about me, and twitted me with it. But not so Ruth. If anything, she loved me the more for it, and was often my champion, to my shame, against those who teased me.

My own distress of mind and the taunts of my companions led me at last to go to my aunt and ask her openly to tell me what she knew of my progenitors. I shall never forget the look of compassion she turned upon me.

"My boy," she said, "do you think I would keep from you any secret of yours? Do you think I would not tell you, if I knew?"

"But you know something, surely, that will help me to ravel the mystery," I returned, emboldened by her kind tones.

"What little I know I will tell you when you are older and more able to understand," she answered. "It is little enough, and would do you no good now."



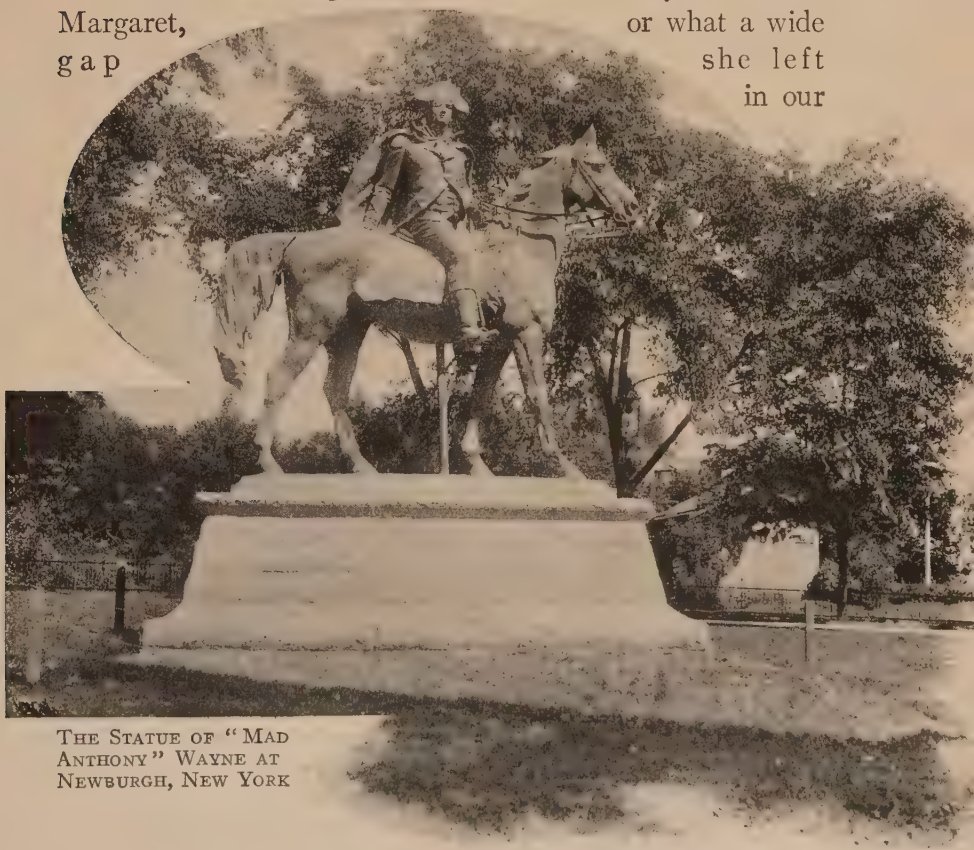
THE SITE OF OLD FORT WAYNE, INDIANA, TO-DAY

I told her that my playmates abused and scorned me.

"There is but one protection against that," she said. "Whoever your father and mother were, be sure that you may safely resent any hints against them or your honor. It is impossible that you are other than the child of good and worthy parents. Remember that always. I lay no prohibition against your defending your honor in any way open to a gentleman."

From that time I took courage to maintain myself against my tormentors. Many were the fights I fought thereafter for my good name, until at last fear of my prowess protected me against open abuse. To this more than to any natural aptitude I attribute the belligerent disposition I developed, which was to have a marked influence on my later career.

I shall not attempt to describe how bitterly we missed Margaret, or what a wide gap she left in our



THE STATUE OF "MAD ANTHONY" WAYNE AT NEWBURGH, NEW YORK

little home circle. But I will tell of the surprise, disappointment, and grief her going caused another. She had been away something more than a year when Sylvester Stevens paid a visit to Philadelphia. He had just returned from a campaign against the Indians led by General "Mad Anthony" Wayne in 1794. It was the same "Mad Anthony" whose adventures in the Revolutionary War are dear to the hearts of every American youth. His reputation did not suffer in this later exploit; for he defeated the savages at the battle of Fallen Timber, founded the present city of Fort Wayne, Indiana, and made a treaty with the Indians by which the United States acquired a large addition of territory.

What Sylvester had in his heart when he came to Philadelphia we could only conjecture. He received the knowledge of Margaret's marriage and departure with a stoicism to which he had been trained by the hardships and sacrifices of his adventurous life; but we could see how heavily it bore upon him. He did not remain long in the capital before he returned to the frontier. It was many, many years before I saw him again; years full of events for all concerned.

It is fitting that I should here speak of the tribulations through which our nation passed in these early years. I cannot look back upon this period without wonder that the United States continued to exist as such, or without a faith that a higher hand than man's guided our destinies. It may seem strange that a lad of ten should have philosophized concerning such a problem; but it would have been impossible for any one of even ordinary faculties to grow up beside my aunt without an understanding of the significance of events, and an interest in their relation to the history of our country.

We were beset on all hands by dangers. England, resentful still of our liberty and independence, oppressed us.

She refused to give up the Western posts, maintaining that we had not fulfilled our part of the treaty of Paris. She bullied us at sea in the matter of trade, and insolently enforced upon us a recognition of her contention that she had the right to take British subjects from our ships whenever she found them. Spain, meanwhile, acted a double part along our southwestern frontier, inciting the Indians against us and doing what damage she could to the settlers through tampering with the navigation of the Mississippi.

Indeed, we were without friends in the whole world. The little hope we had that France, becoming a republic, would league with us was dashed when the extravagances following the French Revolution separated her from us by as wide a chasm as lay between us and any European monarchy. To weaken us as a nation, to batter down our nationality, was the underlying purpose of European policies as they affected us. That we survived the powerful enmity of the whole world at this time is, as I have said, an evidence of a divine intention that the principles of liberty were to survive through us.

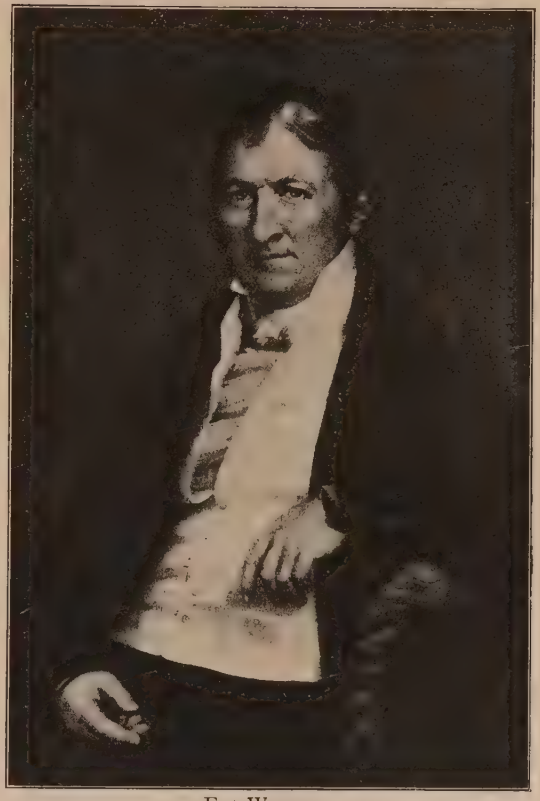
RUINS OF THE NATHANAEL GREENE MANSION, NEAR SAVANNAH, GEORGIA

Nor were these our only dangers. At home there were no unified interests and a lack of patriotism for the nation as a nation. Our people had not overcome the first local prejudices that sprang from colonial conditions; personal and immediate interests outweighed considerations of broader moment. This was shown in the vicious contention between the representatives of the two great parties in the nation, which found expression in private action and in the public press. It was demonstrated more forcefully in the year 1794 by an open revolt in western Pennsylvania against an excise placed upon the manufacture of whiskey, the principal industry of the mountain regions of that State; in fact, whiskey was the money, the circulating medium of the country. Only a strong display of force on the part of the government sufficed to put down the revolt, which has come down in history as the Whiskey Rebellion. But good came of this episode, for it brought home to the people the danger of too great an indulgence in local prejudices.

At this time there came out of the South an invention destined to add still another to the

THE BIRTHPLACE OF ELI WHITNEY, WESTBORO', MASSACHUSETTS: THE STONE IN THE FOREGROUND MARKS THE SITE OF THE OLD HOUSE

many causes of misunderstanding which were constantly springing up among the various sections of the country. It was as if seed for future discord were being sown while the young nation was still grappling with problems demanding immediate solution. I refer to the invention of the cotton gin by Eli Whitney, a Yale graduate, in 1793. Going to Georgia as a teacher, Whitney had resided on the estate of the late General Nathanael Greene, under the generous patronage of whose widow he perfected a machine to separate the cotton from the seed. Whitney himself was robbed of the fruits of his invention by lawless people who broke into his workshop, stole his machine, and had others made before he could secure his patent. But his invention has completely changed the industrial conditions of the South. From a petty yield of 2,000,000 pounds the crop has grown until it has become the ruling industry of seven States and made slave labor so profitable and necessary that it has fastened slavery on the South.



ELI WHITNEY

The reception accorded to John Jay's treaty with England was further proof of the intractable character of our citizens at that time. Jay had been sent to London to arrange with the British for more equitable rights in the matter of commerce, and to adjust certain differences that still held over from the revolutionary period. He obtained little beyond trivial concessions in the matter of carrying privileges, and a promise on the part of England to give up the western posts still held by British soldiers. The right of search, insisted upon by England, was not touched upon. I believe I have never witnessed a more emphatic expression of popular feeling, either of approval or disapproval, than greeted the results of his efforts. The people were so incensed against England and the treaty that they went beyond all bounds. Jay was arraigned before the bar of public opinion and charged with gross treason. "British gold" was a term bandied from mouth to mouth. He was burned in effigy a dozen times. Washington himself, who did not approve the treaty, but was wise enough to know that it was the best obtainable, and better than none, came in for a large share of the abuse. Indeed, none but Washington could have made the treaty prevail against the universal clamor. He succeeded in having it ratified by the senate;

FISHER AMES (*From the portrait by J. Rogers*)

but even then it was in danger of being lost, for the house of representatives, though possessed under the Constitution of no direct voice in the making of treaties, sought to destroy it by refusing to pass a bill appropriating money for carrying out its provisions. It was Fisher Ames who saved it in a speech which I heard. The effect of this speech I have never forgotten. He was a sick man, and spoke against the orders of his physician; but the heights of oratory to which he ascended have rarely been equaled in our deliberative assemblages.

At the same time, we were in difficulties with France, due largely to matters of commerce. France and England were at war, and each was jealous of the other's commerce with the United States. English cruisers seized our ships under orders in council, because they carried goods to France, and French cruisers seized our vessels when they were laden with goods for England. James Monroe was in Paris endeavoring to negotiate a treaty with the French when news reached Paris of Jay's treaty. Monroe had been well received, but the French resented our new relations with England, wishing rather that we had joined them in a war against their enemy. Monroe himself was still welcome among them, but this came largely from personal feeling, since he had fallen into pleasant relations with the revolutionary forces.

The Tomb of General Nathanael Greene, Savannah, Georgia

From all this followed a chain of diplomatic passages which I shall not narrate in detail, they being available in histories of the time, and, to my notion, somewhat tedious.

It is sufficient to say that the negotiations were honeycombed with the double-dealing of Talleyrand, the minister, whom, by the way, I saw in Philadelphia when he was there as an exile from his own country during one of the upheavals which followed fast after the revolution had broken out.

TALLEYRAND

In the end Talleyrand endeavored to bully the ambassadors from the United States into giving a bribe to himself and his henchmen, and paying tribute to France, in return for which our commerce was to be treated more favorably.

The correspondence concerning these overtures from the Frenchman was sent to John Adams, who had become President in 1797. Adams caused the correspondence to be made known to the people by publishing it, but he substituted the initials X Y Z for the names of the principals involved. The result was a wave of indignation as fierce and popular as that friendly furore which had originally acclaimed the revolution in France. The whole country was instantly for war. An army was raised under Washington, with Hamilton as his lieutenant, and the navy, which President Adams had consistently fostered, was placed on a war footing.

The publication of the X Y Z dispatches restored the Federalist party and the administration to a power in the land that had been dwindling under the course of events

and before the steady attacks made by the Republican party and the press. In fact, that party was stronger than it had been since Jefferson first began to undermine it. Power proved fatal to them; for in their arrogance and pride they passed two laws which so directly assailed the rights of the people that its sponsors were doomed.

These are known as the alien and sedition laws. The first was directed against foreigners, and gave the President power to deport any one whom he considered dangerous to the government. Its excuse was a belief that emissaries of France were working in the midst of us to discredit the administration and the government. The second was an effort to muzzle the press, which had grown more and more vicious and virulent in its attacks on the Federalist party. Republican editors had made themselves insufferable with their calumnies and lies. The law, itself harsh, was harshly administered by Justice Chase, before whom several delinquents were brought to trial. I myself, lad that I was, felt an indignation beyond any effect the laws might have upon me, and whereas up to that time I had rather favored the principles of the Federalist party, I thenceforth was at least reconciled to their defeat, if I did not actually wish for it.

The laws called forth much protest. Among other expressions of disapproval were resolutions passed by Kentucky and Virginia. The first, delaring that the States forming the Union had the right to judge of the constitutionality of acts passed by Congress, pronounced these acts of themselves null and void and called on the sister States to unite in suppressing them. The resolutions of Virginia were milder, but based on those of Kentucky. It is believed that Jefferson inspired the former, and Madison the latter. They were the source of much subsequent mischief.

Now I approach an event in my own life of great magnitude, being the first step in the unraveling of the mystery

that surrounded my birth and parentage. In the year 1798 Philadelphia was again visited by a plague of fever similar to that of five years before, though not so virulent. Again my aunt remained in the city, doing what she could to alleviate the suffering. But this time her sacrifice demanded the highest penalty; for she fell sick, and we soon saw that she could not live.

Against our protests, Ruth helped me in caring for her, staying constantly by her side, and nursing her with a tenderness the memory of which still softens my heart to tears. It was not until her own mother was stricken that she consented to leave us.

The evening after she had gone I was seated by the side of my aunt in the last extremity of distress. In all the world there were only two to whom I was bound by ties of affection. One of these lay before me dying, and the other had just left to solace a house of grief. And who knew that she, too, might not be among the victims of this terrible scourge?

Sitting with my head in my hands, a prey to my melancholy reflections, I was aroused by the voice of my aunt. She spoke more firmly than she had done of late, and I looked quickly at her, inspired with a wild hope. I saw at once that what I had believed to be a mending in her condition was only the last strong flicker of life; that the end was coming swiftly.

"Richard," she said, "I promised that before I went I would tell you what I knew about your parentage. The time has now come when I must speak."

"No, no!" I cried, falling on my knees at the side of the bed and folding her in my arms. "Do not speak so."

"Nay, lad, 't is true, and do not force me to make many words over it, but listen to the story. When you were two years old," she went on at once, as though in haste to be done,

The Vassal House at Quincy, Massachusetts: Built in 1730, Confiscated by the State, and the Home of John Adams after His Purchase of it in 1786

"you went on a voyage; I presume you were with your father. Of that I cannot be certain. The ship on which you were sailing was attacked by corsairs of the Barbary Coast, and captured. When the pirates were looting the vessel, an American cruiser came up and drove them away. But they had time to take with them all of the passengers and crew who were left alive; for when the men of the cruiser went aboard there was no one left but you. They found you crying in a cuddy, where you had been hidden for safety."

"Yes; that much I remember," I whispered.

She looked at me in some surprise that I should recall an incident from my infancy. "They brought you with them to Philadelphia. There was no sign about you by which they could know who you were. I heard the story from an officer of the ship, and later I saw you at his mother's house. When I saw you I begged that I might take you and give you a home."

"Oh, aunt," cried I, distracted, "what a home you have given me! What love and tender care!" I could go no further, but bowed my head again in my hands. When I looked at her, her eyes were fixed upon me in a flood of affection.

"I begged for you because you looked like a man whom I once loved," she said solemnly. "I liked to think that you were his child, and loved you from the first."

"Who was this man? Tell me who it is, aunt!"

"Would it not be better if I did not tell you that?" she replied. "I am not certain. Would it be well if I told you, and it should prove that I were wrong?"

"Could I not find out whether you were right before I built too great hopes?" I asked, catching her meaning. "Could I not write to the man?"

"Do you think I have not tried?" she returned. "The

man whom I believed was your father was not to be found, nor any trace of him."

"But tell me, that I may search for him," I pleaded.

"You may search for him, child, as it is, and find him, if he still lives. For if he lives, he will be in Algiers."

I shuddered at this, for I well knew the practice of those infamous Moors of making slaves of the captives they took from vessels at sea. "But how shall I find him?" I asked, stifling a moan. "How shall I know it is he?"

"By this," she said, drawing from beneath the pillow a locket and handing it to me. "This was about your neck when you were found. Your father will know you by it."

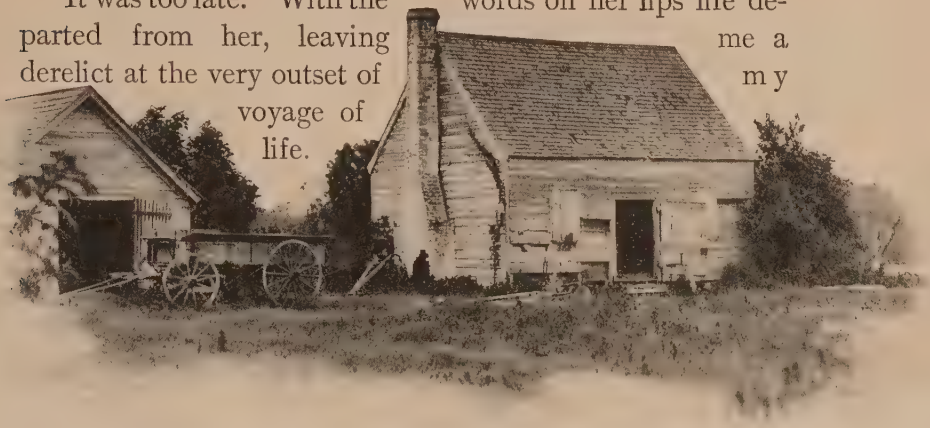
I took it from her hands, and opened it. Within was a picture of a babe; myself, I made no doubt. "Is it I?" I asked her.

Abigail Adams, Wife of John Adams

"He will know when you have found him." Her eyes closed. In my stress of emotion I knew not what to do, but clung with one hand to her arm, clutching the locket in the other. "And when you find him," she said, reviving for a last moment, "tell him that I cared for you and loved you for his sake, and for your own, and that I made such a man

of you as I would have made of my own son, had I been so blessed. Tell him I died with you both in my heart, happy at last that I could have done this last thing for you. Tell him this, if his name should be —"

It was too late. With the words on her lips life departed from her, leaving me a derelict at the very outset of my voyage of life.

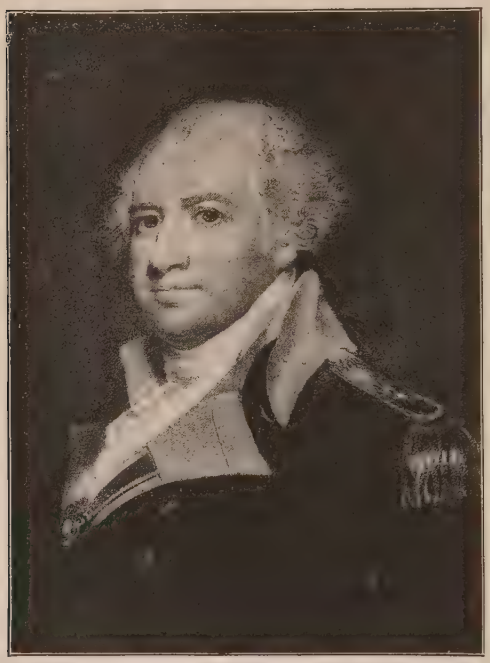


THE OLD HOUSE OF WASHINGTON GREENE, THE COLORED BODY SERVANT OF GENERAL GREENE, ON GREENE'S ESTATE NEAR SAVANNAH

CHAPTER V

TO SEA ON A QUEST

IT was some days before I was sufficiently restored to possession of my faculties to make any plans for the future. I was aroused from my torpor at last by an affliction, greater than my own, which befell Ruth. By that time the plague had become so virulent that the entire city, officials and citizens alike, were in a panic. Governor Mifflin issued emergency orders for the extirpation of the fever that only added to its victims, by frightening people the more. Streets where cases were most numerous were barricaded; yellow flags were hung from every house where a patient lay; and soon inspectors began to go through the city, sending every one suspected of having the fever to the Wigwam, which was turned into a pest-house. They dragged Ruth's mother to this loathsome place, and there she shortly died.



THOMAS MIFFLIN (*After the Stuart portrait*)

In my sweetheart's grief, my own was forgotten; but

not my purpose to seek my father over the face of the earth, and to find him, if God spared him and me long enough. I spoke of my secret, and my intention, to Ruth as soon as I thought she had mastered her sorrow enough to think of other things. Indeed, I told her of my affairs partly with the intention of diverting her. For that I have never ceased to reproach myself. The prospect of losing me, too, was more than she could bear at that time. Until then, although we were childish lovers, I had never comprehended to what degree our lives had intertwined.

The Old Mifflin Mansion, Philadelphia
Home of Pennsylvania's First Governor

She was brave, as she was brave in all things, and upheld me in my plans, although with a poignant pang that was more bitter to me than my grief. For a time I could hit upon no way of furthering my search. Nothing could be gained by moving through the state department, for our government was impotent in dealing with the Moors, to whom we paid enforced tribute for the protection of our commerce. Furthermore, not knowing the name of the man I sought, or his present circumstances, there could not have been much point to any application I might make for his relief through the government. Nor could I, a mere stripling of a boy, expect to accomplish anything but my

own destruction by going to Algiers, even if it had been possible for me to get there.

In this dilemma a course was suggested to me which, while it gave little immediate promise, at least held out some hope to a lad's sanguine temperament. At this time our country and France were virtually at war on the sea, by reason of the differences that had sprung up between them; our navy was engaged in protecting American commerce from French privateers. The frigate *Constellation*, returning from a cruise on that business, in the West Indies, outfitted in Philadelphia for another cruise. To my mind there was the chance that sooner or later she would be sent to the Mediterranean; or, if she were not, some other vessel of the navy, to which I might obtain a transfer, would certainly make the voyage. With this slender hope before me, I enlisted in the *Constellation's* crew as powder boy, and set sail on her August 10, 1798, being then fifteen years of age.

My parting from Ruth affected us both deeply. Little did we know what would intervene before we were to see each other again! But if I had known, and had also foreseen what other consequences were to follow from what I did, I believe I should not have altered my course. For the first time in our lives we spoke of our love for each other at parting, and made many brave promises. And so, with her kiss upon my lips, I went out to search for the heart of my mystery through that greater mystery, the world.

Somewhere in my ancestry there must have been a strain of sea blood; for I was a born sailor, loving the sea and at home on it, though I had never embarked but the one time when I was an infant. We sailed in company with the *Baltimore*, laying a course for the West Indies. The salt air and the swing of the sea cured my aching heart of its more poignant pangs, and I was happier than I ever believed I should be. I endeavored at all times to be brave and

faithful, obedient to my superiors and friendly with the crew. In this way I soon found myself in as much favor as a powder monkey could expect to gain on board a frigate, where the discipline was severely strict and a man, not to mention a boy, was nothing more than an animated part of a highly organized machine.

THE "CONSTELLATION" CAPTURING THE FRENCH FRIGATE "INSURGENTE"
(*From the drawing by Captain Hoff*)

Our work, as I have said, was to protect American shipping in the West Indies. For a space my life was without adventure worthy of narration here, we merely falling in with and taking some French privateers, many of them without the exchange of a single shot. But I was soon to see an action of consequence. I have been through many since, in comparison with which this first was insignificant, but the sensations accompanying my initiation into naval warfare were never afterward equaled.

It was in the month of February, 1799; the ninth day, I believe. We were bowling along near Saint Kitts, under a spread of canvas before a spanking breeze, which kept

our captain's weather eye aloft and alow; for there was prospect that it would blow up a gale. I was standing near the forecastle, watching the green seas breaking all about us, when there was a cry of "Sail, ho!"

Used as I was by this time to the call, there was something about the tone in which it was given, or some subtle suggestion between the coming event and my mind, which sent me all a-quiver to the forecastle to have a look for myself.

There on our bow, well away, holding a course not greatly variant from ours, was a craft of about our size, which, by her rig and build, could be nothing else but a vessel of war. Whether she was French or English or American could not be determined at that distance. Captain Truxtun put at once the frigate before the wind so as to cross the stranger's bows; and as we swung into a new stride, my heart came into my throat with excitement, and I leaned against a gun to watch the chase.

In the midst of it, a squall struck us, causing us to shorten sail. When it passed, we found that the stranger had lost her maintopmast, not being so quick to make all snug as we were. As we drew closer, she hoisted an American flag, to which our captain replied in kind, adding to it the private signal of the day, known only to American and British captains. To this the other did not respond, making it certain that we had fallen in with an enemy. In this belief we were presently confirmed by her hoisting a French flag, and firing a gun to leeward.

Our ship being the better sailor, we rapidly overhauled the other, coming up to her port quarter. I had long ago left my place on the forecastle, the men having been called to quarters, and was at my station. It was my duty to carry the powder from the magazine below to the guns of the forward battery. The powder was in cartridges,— long cylinders of paper, or sometimes cloth, of the caliber of the

THE "ENTERPRISE" CAPTURING A TRIPOLITAN CORSAIR (*From the drawing by Captain Hoff*)

guns, so that it could be easily handled and thrust into the muzzles.

As soon as the call to quarters sounded, I brought up all the powder it was safe to store on deck, and waited near the guns for the beginning of the fight, which I knew would not be far off. As I waited, the quartermaster went about placing buckets of sand here and there, to be scattered on the decks for the purpose of making them less slippery when the blood began to flow. I had seen him do it before, but this time, as he went plodding fore and aft, cool, unconcerned, indifferent, the gruesome suggestiveness of his actions struck at my heart, and I fell a prey to melancholy reflections, wondering if I should be one of those whose blood would make the sand necessary, and thinking what Ruth and my father would do if I should be struck down; for I had already come to look upon myself as the savior of the unknown whom I sought.

From this I was suddenly recalled by the mighty roar of our broadside, which deafened me, and shook the ship so that I was lurched to my knees. I was struggling to my feet, choked by the stifling smoke of burnt powder and dizzy with the terrific detonation, when the lieutenant in command of the forward battery, who had always treated me with consideration, struck me with his toe and vented upon me a volley of curses the like of which I had never before heard, even at sea. "Come, you several kinds of a driveling coward of a powder monkey," he shouted, "what are you doing on your prayer bones? Get up and fetch powder, you cursed whelp, or I 'll give you something to pray for, by God!" I thought nothing of it at the time, but ran to bring more powder. I mention it here to show what changes the lust of fighting will make in the breast of a man at other times humane. I make no doubt I have been guilty of similar exhibitions of savagery myself.

When I returned to deck with powder we were in the midst of another broadside, with the enemy responding. The din was deafening; the roar of guns, the crashing of shot about us, the whine of them through the air, the cries of our men; but above all was a noise that rings horridly in my ears to the present day—the sound of shrieking anguish on board the enemy. Strangely enough, at the time

THE CAPTURE OF A FRIGATE BY THE "EXPERIMENT" *(From the drawing by Captain Hoff)*

I exulted in it, and cried out that we were giving it to them good, adding, I fear, an oath.

It did not last long. Twice we passed the Frenchman's bow, and raked. A third time we fell astern, and were ready to rake, when she struck. The vessel was the *Insurgente*, of thirty-six guns, Captain Barreaut. She was terribly cut to pieces alow and aloft, and her decks were covered with dead and dying. On our part the loss was trifling, we having only two killed and three wounded.

It was a year before we had another action of equal proportions. In the meanwhile we had cruised out of Saint Kitts, taking prizes and protecting Yankee merchantmen. Early on the morning of February 2, 1800, while

cruising fifteen miles west of Basse Terre, we gave chase to a sail that appeared to the south, standing to the west, which proved to be a heavy French frigate. Orders were at once given to sling the yards in chains, and clear for action.

The chase lasted for twenty-four hours in a light wind. About noon on the following day the wind freshened, and we began to overhaul the enemy. The men being called to quarters, Captain Truxtun went up and down the divisions, cautioning the gunners not to fire until the order was given, and to aim at the enemy's hull. We were also ordered to load as fast as we could, but not to fire unless we were certain of making a hit; for Captain Truxtun wanted no powder or shot wasted.

Coming closer, the enemy opened fire with her stern chasers. Their shot went through our rigging and a few of the balls crashed upon the decks, making our men impatient to return the fire. But our captain sent his officers forward again to restrain the men, and we endured the fire for some time without answering. At last, when we had reached a position off her port quarter, the order was given, and the entire starboard broadside of our ship leapt into flames. There was a terrific roar, and the craft shook from truck to keelson beneath the recoil. The scene was weird and picturesque, for by this time night had come on, and we fought by the light of the battle lanterns.

From the shrieks that came from the enemy, we judged that we had hit her hard. Encouraged by this, our men worked their guns with a ferocity that soon turned some of the pieces so hot that we had to dash buckets of water on them before the charges could be placed in the muzzles. The Frenchman seemed desirous of getting away, for most of his shots were directed against our rigging, which was soon so cut to pieces that we were obliged to lie to for repairs. But not until the enemy's fire had slackened and stopped.

Overhauling them again after midnight, we renewed our onslaught with the same results; we damaging them heavily in the hull, and they so crippling us aloft that we had to stop again for repairs. This time it was found that all the mainstays and shrouds had been cut, leaving the

The Old Tomb of General Washington at Mount Vernon

mainmast unsupported. Before the mast could be stayed it went by the board, carrying with it Midshipman James C. Jarvis and the topmen, Jarvis having refused to desert his post, although apprised of the danger. It seemed to me a foolhardy sacrifice; but I presume that there was not a man aboard that would not have done the same in like circumstances, so quick was the sense of honor among the American seamen.

By morning the enemy was nowhere to be seen, having made good her opportunity to escape. We learned afterward that our antagonist was the *Vengeance*, of fifty-two guns, and that we had killed fifty and wounded 110 of her crew. Our handling of her that night so impressed her

The Resting-Place of General George Washington at Mount Vernon

commander, Captain Pitot, that he reported he had fallen in with an American frigate of sixty guns.

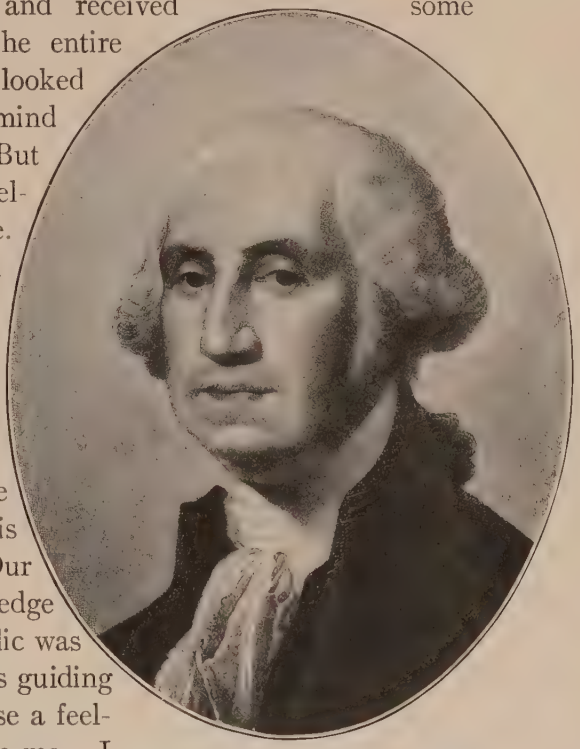
There was but one other frigate action in the short war with France. On October 12 of the same year the frigate *Boston*, thirty-six guns, Captain George Little, fell in with and captured the French corvette *Berceau*, of twenty-four guns. It was not equal to other fights I had seen, nevertheless it demonstrated that our vessels had a superi-

ority over the French that was greater than the difference in armament; this was due to the superior courage and intelligence of officers and men. Among other vessels that acquired a well-earned fame in the war were the *Enterprise* and *Experiment,* schooners of twelve guns each, which captured many prizes among privateers and small war vessels. I should not omit to mention the sloop *Sally,* which went into the harbor of Puerto Plata, under command of First Lieutenant Isaac Hull, and cut out the French letter of marque *Sandwich* from beneath the guns of a battery, which were spiked by a party from the American vessel.

MARTHA WASHINGTON (*After the Stuart portrait*)

By the time the prow of the *Constellation* was turned homeward I had been at sea nearly two years, not without advantage to myself. During that time I had matured in years and experience, so that I was no longer powder monkey, but commander of a gun in the forward port battery. I was wedded to the life, and would have chosen it for my own even if it had not offered me promise of success in the one great purpose that swayed me.

When we arrived at Philadelphia I was brought face to face with a bitter disappointment, and a great sorrow. As you may imagine, Ruth had in no wise departed from my thoughts in the stirring time I had been away. I had sent letters to her, and received some replies; and during the entire homeward voyage I looked forward with a single mind to seeing her again. But when I came to Philadelphia she was not there.



GEORGE WASHINGTON (*After the Stuart portrait*)

I cannot say even now which was the greater, my disappointment in not finding Ruth, or my sorrow in realizing that during my absence death had called to his reward the Father of Our Country. The knowledge that the young republic was forever deprived of his guiding hand was in every sense a feeling of personal loss to me. I am not one to revere him as the most saintly of his race. I love him for his human frailties and honor him as the deliverer of our country, and to this day I am stirred with resentment when I consider the ingratitude shown him by many of his fellow-countrymen. How this man, who would rather have been on his farm than be emperor of the world, could have been charged with wanting to be a king is beyond me. The virulence of the time cannot be pleaded as an excuse

for the personal abuse heaped upon him. No man ever served his country with purer and more unselfish motives; and yet such slanders had been daily heaped upon him that he was driven to such desperation as to say, "I had rather be in my grave than in my present situation."

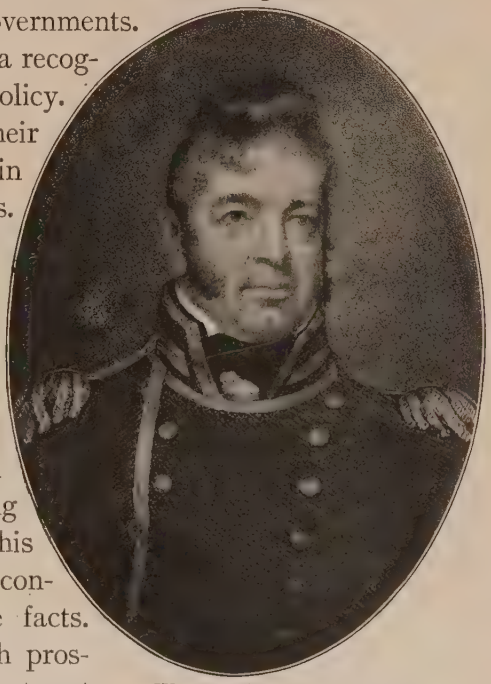
I was not long in learning that Ruth had gone into Virginia for a visit with kinsfolk, and that she would not return for two or three months. I was making my arrangements to follow, when my immediate plans were broken by an opportunity to pursue my quest in the very way for which I had so long hoped and prayed. The frigate *George Washington,* Captain William Bainbridge, of forty-four guns, was making ready to sail for Algiers with tribute for the Bey, and I found that I could be taken along as gunner.

Thinking only of what might be before me on such a voyage, I enlisted without a second thought, writing a letter to Ruth to tell her of my great good fortune, and to bid her farewell for the time. In the month of May I sailed into the east, toward the land where lay the mystery of my life, and one of the great hopes of my future. If I had known for how many years my search was to extend I should not have felt the radiant joy that buoyed me up as we sailed through the Capes of the Delaware; but I did not know and I was happy, for all that I had left Ruth behind.

CHAPTER VI

IN THE BARBARY STATES

THE Barbary States, on the north coast of Africa, were then pirate states. The corsairs who sailed from them to loot vessels on the high seas were encouraged and protected by their several governments. In Tripoli, at least, piracy was a recognized part of the national policy. All carrying countries were their prey, whose only safety lay in paying tribute to their rulers. This condition of affairs was largely encouraged by England, whose statesmen considered it wise to permit corsairs to rob on the high seas that the maritime strength of the nations with which she was in competition might be weakened. Concerning the morality of England in this matter, I will say nothing, contenting myself to present the facts.



WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE
(*From the painting by J. W. Jarvis*)

The United States, although prospering among nations, had not yet grown sufficiently strong to strike into that nest of vipers, but was obliged on the contrary to contribute to the barbarians. The shame of it wore hard on the sailors and officers of the ships that bore tribute; they were eager to make a stand for honor and honesty, but the time was not yet.

I was not the only man aboard the *George Washington* to whom the practices of the corsairs had come close home. There were several in our crew who had been captives among the Barbary pirates, or who had friends or kin at that time in such melancholy state. I heard many tales about the decks of the frigate that set my blood boiling, but I held my peace concerning my own interest in the matter, confiding only in Captain Bainbridge, who I hoped might be of service in assisting me in my search. Although he listened to my story with sympathetic interest, he could give me little encouragement, especially since I did not know the name of the man I sought, nor the circumstances of his captivity. Indeed, he made my quest seem more hopeless than ever.

Nevertheless, I continued to hope, and it was with a throbbing heart that I at last saw, from the decks of the ship, the towers and minarets of Algiers. This was in September, 1800. Anchoring under the guns of the battery, we transferred the tribute to Mr. O'Brien, our consul at Algiers, to whom Captain Bainbridge told my story, requesting him to ascertain, if he could, whether any American now a prisoner in that country might be the one whom I wished to find.

What steps he took I cannot say, for other matters came forward to crowd the private griefs of a common sailor from his attention. I doubt if he regarded the matter seriously, having heard many such tales and having experiences of the Dey which were of a nature to make any attempts to rescue my father seem futile and indiscreet.

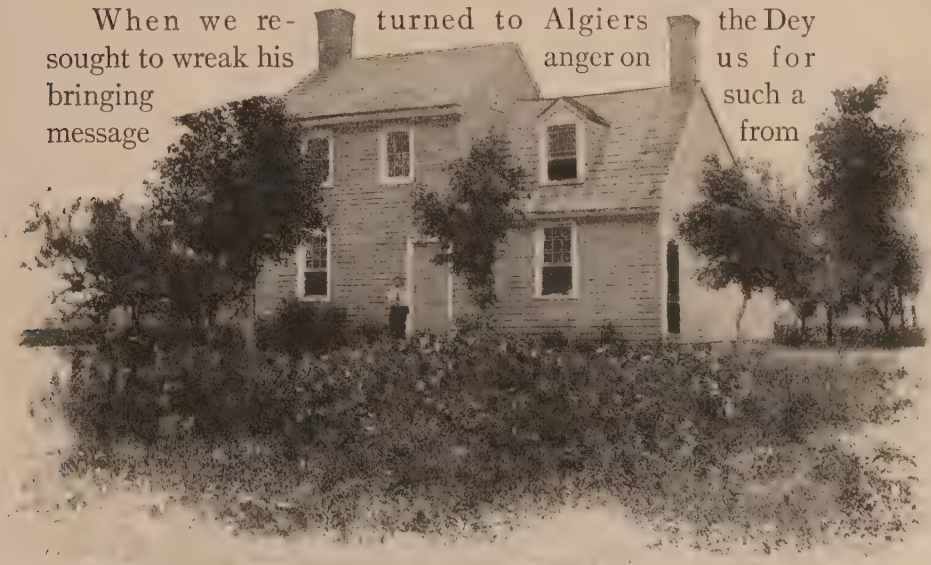
The events of which I speak arose from the state of affairs then existing between the Dey and the Grand Porte at Constantinople. Algiers, like the other Barbary States, was a conquered province and under tribute to the Porte, and the Dey had lately offended his master by making a treaty

of peace with France, at a time when Turkey and England were at war with Napoleon in Egypt. Anxious to appease the wrath of the Turk, the Dey demanded of Bainbridge that he go with the *George Washington* to Constantinople to carry presents from him to the Sultan,— an errand which Captain Bainbridge at first indignantly refused to undertake, but which was forced upon him at last by the circumstance that our vessel lay under the guns of the battery and was threatened with destruction if the commander did not comply with the Dey's request.

In this way it fell out that my private affairs were obliterated by more weighty ones, and we set sail for Constantinople before much at best could have been done. You may imagine my bitter disappointment, though I had already fallen into an attitude of mind toward my quest that took much of the bitterness out of the present miscarriage of my plans.

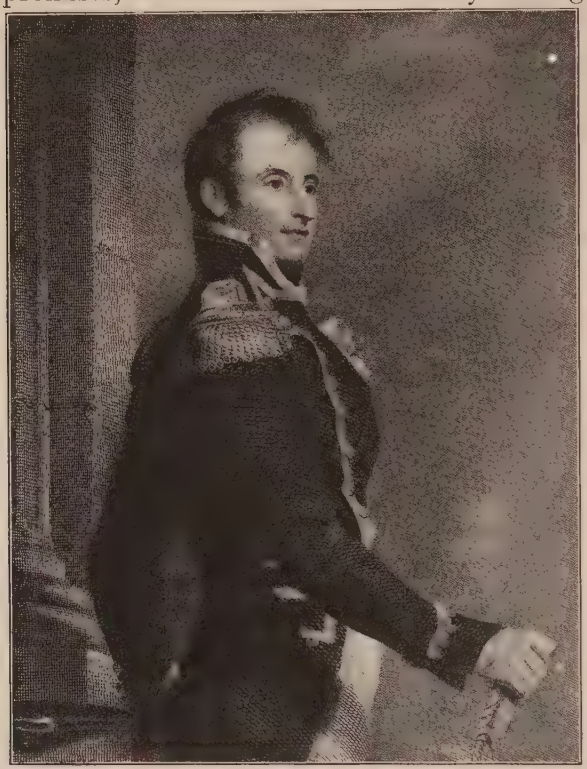
We were well received in the oriental capital, although the Grand Porte was in a towering rage with the man who sent us, and returned a message that he must at once proclaim war against France or suffer punishment. This visit to Constantinople was one of the events of my life.

When we returned to Algiers the Dey sought to wreak his anger on us for bringing such a message from



Birthplace of Stephen Decatur the Younger, at Berlin, Maryland

the Sultan, but Captain Bainbridge having anchored this time out of range of the batteries, his resentment was vain. He succeeded in enticing our captain ashore with many promises, and it would undoubtedly have gone hard with him had he not been presented by the Sultan at Constantinople with a firmin which he now displayed, bringing the Dey to a friendly frame of mind with an alacrity that had in it something of the comical.



STEPHEN DECATUR THE YOUNGER *(After the Sully portrait)*

Early in the year we set sail for America, arriving when the summer was new. I found that a squadron had lately been dispatched for the Mediterranean, in the expectation that there would be trouble, and that the *Essex* would shortly follow under command of our present captain. Hearing this, although I had so recently come from the scene without accomplishing the least success in my purpose, I was revived in hope, and forthwith enlisted in that frigate of war.

So great was my haste to make sure of being taken back

that I attended to my enlistment before I made an effort to find Ruth. That was one of the most unhappy errors of my life; for there had lately been so much desertion from the vessel that a rule was in effect, which I did not know at the time, prohibiting shore leave for the crew. We sailed in a few days, without my having opportunity to do more than send my sweetheart a message, telling her what I had done.

We had on board as first lieutenant Stephen Decatur the younger, a man with whom I had sailed before, and whom I had greatly admired because of his undaunted courage and coolness in every emergency. I may take this occasion to say that I do not believe there was ever in the history of all time a company of young men more brave, resourceful, and capable in the duties of marine warfare than the officers of our infant navy. There was not one of those who sailed to the Mediterranean in those years, or in the later years of our war with England, who was found wanting when the time came for his trial. Their deeds of daring and adventure must always light the heart of an American with just pride.

Being a gunner's mate in the first division, I was fortunate enough to attract the attention of this young lieutenant by the order and discipline that my experience enabled me to establish in my gun's crew, so that we came to as close a friendship as the etiquette of the navy permitted.

To show the quality of the man, I must narrate an incident that befell us in Barcelona, where we landed in August. It illustrates those qualities that endeared him to all who ever served with him. While the Spanish officers of the town received us with much friendliness, there was in the harbor a Spanish xebec whose captain assumed quite a different attitude. One night, as Captain Bainbridge was returning from shore, this captain, in a most offensive man-

ner, ordered the gig to come alongside, and, when our captain refused, fired several musket shots at him. On the following evening Lieutenant Decatur, with whom I happened to be at the time, had a like experience.

In the morning Decatur went aboard the xebec, and inquired for the officer who had been guilty of the insult. He was informed that the officer was not aboard. "Then tell him that Lieutenant Decatur, of the frigate *Essex*, pronounces him a cowardly scoundrel, and that when they meet on shore he will cut his ears off." The captain-general of the town was much disturbed when he heard of the challenge, for the officer of the xebec was a man of influential connections; but in the end the fellow was severely reprimanded and made ample apology. Thereafter the officers of the *Essex* were treated with especial courtesy.

Little of importance occurred during the summer, and I seemed as far from my goal as ever. The Dey of Algiers was brought to terms by the frigate *President*, and the *Enterprise*, Captain Sterett, with whom I had sailed in the *Constellation*, inflicted a blow on Tripoli by capturing a polacre of fourteen guns; but the *Essex* did little more than cruise up and down, making a display for moral effect — if one can so characterize any effect made upon so wholly immoral a people. In the fall the *President* and the *Enterprise* sailed for the United States, leaving the *Essex* and the *Philadelphia* on the station.

Captain Richard Valentine Morris came out the next spring in charge of a squadron which comprised eventually the *Chesapeake*, thirty-six guns, Lieutenant Isaac Chauncey; the *Constellation*, thirty-six guns, Captain Alexander Murray; the *New York*, thirty-six guns, Captain James Barron, two corvettes, commanded by Captains Hugh George Campbell and John Rodgers, respectively; and the

schooner *Enterprise*, twelve guns, Master-Commandant Andrew Sterett. My term of enlistment on the *Essex* soon expiring, I reënlisted on the *Enterprise*, choosing that vessel because its lighter draught made it more useful in the work we had on hand, it being the only vessel in the fleet that could run in close to shore; from which I argued

The Harbor of Tripoli

that my chance to pursue my search would be better on her than on another. Of this I was heartily glad later, for in December Lieutenant Stephen Decatur was placed in command of her, succeeding Lieutenant Isaac Hull, who followed Master-Commandant Sterett.

Captain Morris was retired from command of the fleet by Congress in September, the reason assigned being that he was not qualified to carry on the conduct of the war; but for my part I have always thought there was some manner of politics behind his removal. He was succeeded by Captain Edward Preble, who was disliked and suspected

at first. He was from New Hampshire, while most of the officers were from the Middle and Southern States. He was a man of high temper and strict discipline, from which circumstances he got the soubriquet of "Old Pepper." But the men soon found that they had made a mistake in judging him, and he became deservedly popular.

On October 29 the *Philadelphia*, Captain William Bainbridge, following a chase too close inshore near the harbor

THE LOSS OF THE "PHILADELPHIA" *(From an etching by J. F. Sabin, made after the drawing by Captain Hoff)*

of Tripoli, where she had been left to blockade the port, ran on a reef and was captured by the enemy. Captain Bainbridge, his officers and crew, were taken captive, the officers being confined in the Bashaw's castle, while the men were set to work on the ships and fortifications of the Tripolitans. Among the officers were many who later achieved fame in our war with England,— Lieutenant David Porter, whose career in the *Essex* in Pacific waters continues to be a marvel among naval men; Jacob Jones, afterward captain of the *Frolic* in her fight with the *Wasp;* James Biddle, commander of the *Hornet* in her fight with the *Penguin*; and Daniel Tod Patterson, who commanded the naval

force in the fight before New Orleans. The unlucky frigate was subsequently floated by the Tripolitans and brought into the harbor, where she was anchored, forming a strong reinforcement to the defenses of the place.

The loss of the frigate and her officers and men was a serious blow to the fleet, both morally and physically. Many plans were made to rescue the prisoners, who managed to communicate with Captain Preble, and to retrieve the loss of the vessel. A scheme was at last hit upon to accomplish the latter object.

In the December following the loss of the frigate the *Enterprise* captured a Tripolitan ketch, the *Mastico*. Early in the winter of 1804 Captain Preble and some of the lieutenants of the fleet conceived the idea that this vessel could be used to steal into the harbor of Tripoli and destroy the frigate. Accordingly, the ketch was prepared and sent out from Syracuse, where we lay, on the hazardous errand. Lieutenant Decatur was given command of her, with Lieutenant James Lawrence second in command. The crew was taken from the men of the *Enterprise*, through which circumstance I became one of the number.

We sailed from Syracuse accompanied by the brig *Siren*, Lieutenant Stewart, to back up the expedition and cover the retreat of the ketch. We were laden with combustibles, the plan being to steal on the frigate under pretence of being a merchant craft, take it by boarding, fire it, and retreat to sea, depending for our safety upon surprise in the attack. Arriving off Tripoli early in February, 1804, we explored and made soundings preparatory to the adventure, but a storm coming up drove us to sea, where we tossed for a week in great discomfort and some danger, there being a numerous crew aboard, and the vessel not having been built for a heavy sea.

On the ninth of the month we were again at the harbor

entrance, which we passed by the east channel in the early evening. Decatur and six of the crew were dressed as Maltese for the purpose of concealing our identity. The rest of the crew hid below, or along the gunwales, where the shadows would conceal them. I was one of those dressed in disguise who remained about the decks.

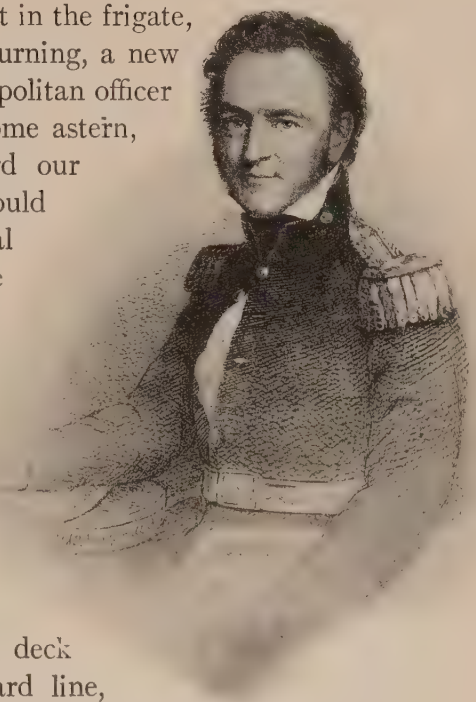
It was evening and quite dusk when we drew into the harbor, Lieutenant Decatur having set drags astern to retard our progress without shortening sail. I shall not readily forget my sensations as we approached the frigate, surrounded by gunboats and brigs-of-war, and lying under the guns of the castle batteries. It seemed like going into the jaws of death, and I confess that if it had not been for the undaunted courage of Decatur I should have lost heart over the outcome. As it was, I was filled with many somber reflections, thinking much of Ruth, and of my father.

As we approached close to the vessel, with the wind slackening and a deep hush over the water, there came a hail of shot from the frigate and a demand to know who we were. The pilot, Salvatore Catalano, a Maltese, instructed by Decatur, answered that we were a Maltese fruit vessel, explaining that we had lost our anchors, and desired to make fast to the frigate's chains until morning.

The request was grumblingly granted, and we drew near. Our situation, dangerous at best, soon grew critical; for the wind, which had been dying away, fell almost entirely, so that we merely crept through the water. Nevertheless, taking our cue from Decatur, who lounged by the wheel in his Maltese dress, we kept up a brave pretence of being fruit carriers of the Mediterranean. But I shall never forget the anxiety of those who lay concealed along the bulwarks as we crept closer and closer with the dying wind; for they could neither see what was happening nor be informed by us.

DECATUR TAKING THE "PHILADELPHIA" IN THE BAY OF TRIPOLI: LORD NELSON CHARACTERIZED THIS EXPLOIT AS THE MOST DARING ACT OF THE AGE
(From the drawing by Freeland A. Carter)

Coming closer still, and beginning to drift under the guns of the frigate, which were double-shotted and could have blown us into the air with one broadside, Lieutenant Decatur ordered me and another, a sailor, to take a line to the frigate's bow. We got the boat over, stowed the line, and made it fast to the ring bolt in the frigate, well forward. As we were returning, a new danger threatened; for the Tripolitan officer in command, desiring us to come astern, sent out a small boat toward our vessel with a line, which, if it should reach us, would discover our real characters. With rare presence of mind, Decatur ordered us to intercept the boat and relieve the men in her of the line; which we did, thanking them profusely in the Lingua Franca and assuring them that they need trouble themselves no further.



DAVID PORTER *(From the etching by H. B. Hall)*

Meanwhile the men on the deck were hauling in on the forward line, assisted by those hidden behind the gunwales, who reached up and overhanded the rope from their concealment. We were proceeding well, when there was an excitement on the frigate, some one having seen the anchors on our forecastle, which we had just said we had lost. In the next moment there was a cry of "Americanos, Americanos!" and a great scurrying and bustle among the Turks.

The ketch swarmed instantly with men, those who had been hidden leaping to their feet and running aft with the

line, dragging the little craft through the water at a lively gait. In a trice we were abreast the main chains, and about to grapple, when a sailor on the frigate, perceiving our line to the bow, leapt upon the martingale and cut it with three strokes of his scimitar. The act would have been fatal to our plans and ourselves if the ketch had not already gath-

LIEUTENANT DAVID PORTER'S ATTACK ON THE CORSAIRS IN THE HARBOR OF TRIPOLI (*From the drawing by Captain Hoff*)

ered such way that she continued to bear in upon the frigate until we could grapple and make fast.

"Boarders, away!" shouted Decatur, leaping into the main chains, cutlass in hand, followed by Lieutenants Morris and Laws and by the entire crew, save those left behind to watch the ketch, and pass up the combustibles.

Laws was first on deck, and Decatur, who had slipped his footing, followed him. But there was little difference in the time of arrival between the first and the last. In a moment we were swarming aboard, cutlasses drawn, driving the Turks ahead of us. There was no firing, the order being to use only cutlass and boarding pike, so that there would be no unnecessary alarm ashore.

Forming in a line, we swept forward, striking down those

who opposed, silent, resistless, awful to our foes. We heard them leaping overboard, where they were intercepted in large numbers by two small boats from the *Mastico*. Many ran below to hide in the hold; some who came from below leapt through the gun ports into the water to avoid us. Ten minutes after we were first discovered to be Americanos, we were in control of the ship.

Decatur would have made the attempt to cut her out and bring her back to the fleet, if he had not been peremptorily forbidden to do so by Captain Preble. As it was, there was nothing to be done but to destroy her, at least to the point of preventing her from being of further service to the enemy. The combustibles were handed up and placed about the ship, the word given to put them afire, and soon smoke was pouring from hatch and port.

Ordering the men back into the ketch, Decatur waited until certain that the fire was well started, when he too started to follow. When he came to the side of the frigate, the ketch, which had already been cast off forward, was drifting away. Running along the *Philadelphia's* quarter deck until he was abreast the rigging, he leapt into it and so came down to the deck.

By this time the flames were whirling through the gun ports and lapping up the rigging. There was momentary danger that she would blow up, or that her guns, double-shotted, would be discharged by the heat and would damage us. The guns of the batteries ashore, meanwhile, were beginning to fire, the alarm having been given, either through some of the enemy's sailors who had escaped, or through observation of the unusual commotion on board the frigate, easily visible from the batteries.

We were making ready to put off, the men were at the sweeps and Catalano at the tiller, when it was discovered that something held us against the side of the burning

frigate. Every moment brought the inevitable blowing up of the vessel nearer; the harbor was stirring into action under the alarm, which spread rapidly; flames were already curling out of the after ports, against which the sails of the ketch were slatting. One tongue of flame shot past me and into the cabin window, where it lapped about the tarpaulin that covered all our ammunition.

Napoleon Bonaparte

I did not cry out; I did not stir. That much control was still left me. But I shut my eyes, in momentary expectation of the end, thinking of my two loved ones. When I opened them, I saw Lieutenant Decatur and some others engaged at the stern of the ketch; and in a moment she swung free. With that cool calm which never deserted him in any extremity, Decatur had observed that the line brought to us from the frigate and made fast at our stern had been forgotten, and still held us. He and some others severed it with cutlasses, freeing our craft from the flaming monster.

Released from that imminent disaster, we all breathed more freely as we swept out into the harbor, neglecting in large measure the risk we still ran; for the harbor was now alight with the flames from the vessel, making us a fair mark for the guns of the batteries. Whether it was excess of rage

against us, or some degree of superstitious awe in which the gunners held us, I cannot say, but in all the cannonade only one shot came near.

Rowing with vigor, we gained a position beyond the zone of fire, where the men rested on their oars to watch the last act of the drama we had set afoot. Flames were bursting now from port and hatch, curling into the night. Above the beautiful frigate spouted a torrent of ruddy smoke, interspersed with sparks and embers. The double-shotted guns were discharging now at frequent intervals, loosening swarms of sparks with each detonation. The rigging was a vivid fretwork of fire, twisting and sputtering along the tarred ropes and cordage. As we looked, the whole ship lifted out of the water in a mass of red flames, swift and streaked; a mighty roar deafened us; a whiff of hot air passed our cheeks. The *Philadelphia* had blown up.

The Birthplace of Napoleon at Corsica

Fluttering in the night, the light died away. Silently, but in triumph, we rowed through the northern entrance of the harbor, where we were joined by the *Siren* and convoyed back to the fleet; heroes, it would seem, forevermore.

CHAPTER VII

DANGERS, AND A GLASS OF WINE

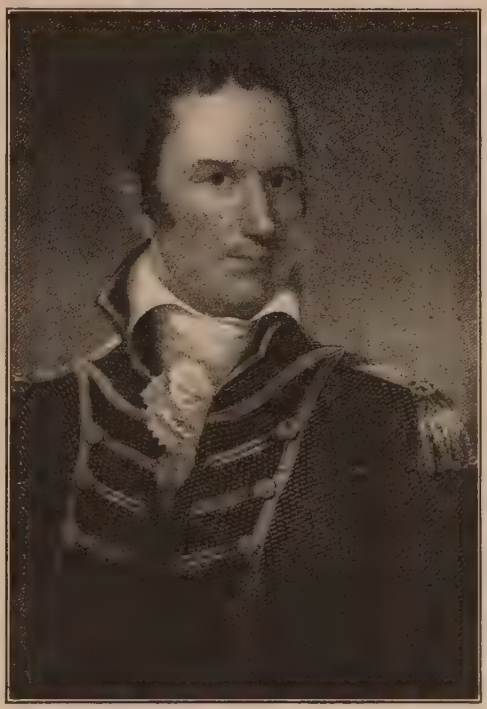
ADMIRAL NELSON of the British navy pronounced our exploit "the most bold and daring act of the age," and the news of it caused prodigious rejoicing in the fleet.

Until this time our fleet could accomplish little against the port of Tripoli, because of shallow waters in front of the place and the numerous gunboats of the enemy. But now there joined us six gunboats and two bomb vessels, which had been lent us by the King of the Two Sicilies. With this reinforcement, Commodore Prebleattempted a series of direct attacks upon the town. Five times the gunboats of the squadron engaged those of the enemy with varying degrees of success, the *Constitution* coming up each time to bombard the batteries and the town. In each affair the Tripolitans were

HORATIO, ADMIRAL LORD NELSON (*From the Hoppner portrait*)

driven from their guns with heavy loss; but as they numbered 25,000 men our blows could make little permanent impression on them.

These operations lasted through the month of August. Early in September an expedient was resorted to for damaging the enemy's fleet, the execution of which was accompanied with so much more danger than the one we had engaged in, and which was so much more daring, that I blush when those who fired the *Philadelphia* receive more praises from their countrymen.



EDWARD PREBLE (*From the portrait in Faneuil Hall, Boston*)

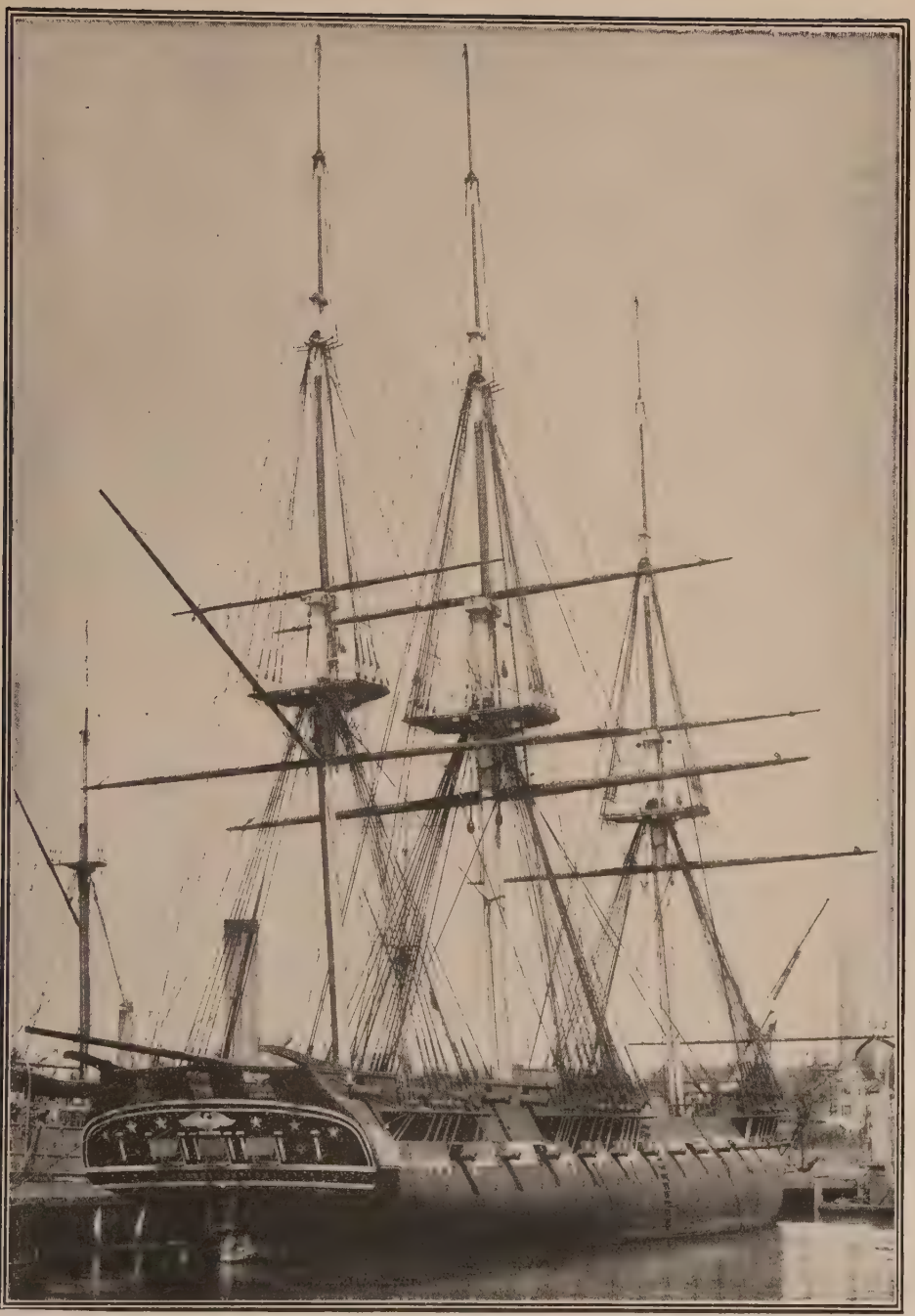
I speak of the plan to make a fire-ship of the *Mastico*, rechristened the *Intrepid* since our adventure in her, and to blow up the fleet of gunboats inside the harbor. She was prepared by pouring a hundred barrels of gunpowder into a room forward, from which a fuse was led to a room aft, where a quantity of combustibles was stored. On the deck above the powder was placed upward of a hundred shells, and a quantity of old iron and such kentledge. The intention was to run her into the harbor with a picked crew, under guise of being a merchant craft slipping past the blockade then come among the fleet, and

fire the after compartment, the crew escaping by means of two cutters.

Lieutenant Richard Somers received the honor of commanding the expedition. Second in command was Henry Wadsworth, whose nephew and namesake, Longfellow, is now one of our most promising young poets, and Joseph Isaacs, who concealed himself aboard. They took with them a crew of ten men, each of whom understood fully that they would never be taken alive. I, having been on the previous expedition, was not privileged to go.

Their departure marked a moment of solemnity and sadness in the crews from which they were taken. Each man before leaving divided his belongings among his friends and left final messages. Somers, parting from Decatur and Stewart, with whom he was on terms of the dearest friendship, broke in three pieces a ring he wore, giving to each a piece and retaining the third for himself. What courage is more affecting than that which enables men to go freely to a foreknown doom?

The *Intrepid* sailed in a night full of mist; and the mist into which she disappeared through the entrance of the harbor of Tripoli still envelops the fate that befell her crew. We who had waited outside for the return of the cutters only know that after she had been lost to sight for a space we heard the sound of firing, and presently saw a light, apparently borne along the deck of a vessel, which vanished in a twinkling. In the next moment the heavens burst with a mighty roar, and the sky streamed fire. We knew then that the ketch had blown up. From what we could ascertain afterward, we guessed that Somers, going aground in the channel and finding that he was about to fall into the enemy's hands, deliberately went into the powder room with a light and fired the magazine. One of the enemy's gunboats was sunk, and two crippled.



THE "CONSTITUTION" — "OLD IRONSIDES" — IN THE CHARLESTOWN NAVY YARD, SHOWING BUNKER HILL MONUMENT IN THE BACKGROUND (*From a photograph by Baldwin Coolidge*)

Meanwhile, the government continued to increase the force of the navy in the Mediterranean until we had a respectable fleet of war vessels assembled in those waters. The command passed to Captain James Barron, who afterward released it to John Rodgers, returning to America because of ill health. Activities at sea were now confined to two expeditions, one against Tunis and the other one of which I shall presently speak. The Bey of Tunis, urged on probably by England, became insolent about the time we were bombarding Tripoli. Captain Rodgers, hearing of it through the American consul, Mr. Davis, repaired thither with thirteen war vessels, and informed the Bey that he had thirty-six hours in which to conform to terms of peace proposed by Captain Rodgers. The ultimatum, backed by the powerful fleet, had a salutary effect. The Bey complied, and in September the *Congress*, Captain Stephen Decatur in command, sailed for Washington, bearing a Tunisian minister to the United States.

The other affair was an intrigue between Mr. William Eaton, formerly our consul at Tunis, and Hamet Karamauli, brother of Jussuf Karamauli, Bashaw of Tripoli and pretender to the throne. Mr. Eaton induced Hamet to organize an army and move against Tripoli in coöperation with the American fleet. The army, a motley array of oriental and Christian adventurers, moved across the desert upon Derne, the capital of the richest province of Tripoli, led by Mr. Eaton and Hamet Karamauli, Derne being taken with the assistance of part of the fleet under Master-Commandant Isaac Hull. Hamet asked for an additional supply of ammunition, which Hull refused him, telling him that if his claim was good, he ought now to be able to enlist enough help from the people of the province to make it possible for him to march against Tripoli.

Although he failed in this, the internal disturbance

combined with the external attacks of the Americans frightened the Bashaw into a disposition for peace. On the third of June, 1805, he signed a treaty relinquishing all future claim to tribute from the United States, and agreeing to exchange his prisoners for the Tripolitans we had taken, and a ransom of $60,000; terms considered more favorable than could have been hoped for.

ALGIERS, FROM THE SEA

My feelings when I learned that the American captives in Tripoli were to be surrendered can be imagined. Although the time of exchange was predicated upon the ratification of the treaty and payment of the ransom, and was therefore postponed, I arranged through Captain Rodgers, to whom I told my story, to go ashore and make inquiries, to ascertain whether there might be one among them who might prove to be my father. But though I searched diligently, with the assistance of the consul and the indulgence of a man high in official circles in Tripoli, I learned nothing of comfort; so that it was with a heavy heart that I turned my face once more toward the west, when the *Enterprise* sailed for America.

Now I come to a part of my story which has always seemed to partake of the nature of tragedy; though there is in it grim humor too. Among the sailors whom we exchanged, and who came aboard our vessel that he might

be with a mate whom he had formerly known, was an Irishman named O'Brien. He had been one of the *Philadelphia's* crew. Not to omit any chance to make inquiries for my father, I fell into an acquaintance with O'Brien, and we soon became as close friends as the difference in our station aboard ship would permit, I now being a midshipman. He told me many tales, and at last the tale which made the tragedy to which I have referred. It was in mid-Atlantic, on a soft night, with a fresh free breeze and a pretty sea, that he told me. We were lounging in the waist of the schooner, talking desultorily of our past experiences.

"And 't is not the first time ever I was in the hands of them savages," he said to me, after a pause following an anecdote of his life in Tripoli.

"So?" said I. "Was it in Tripoli, that other time?"

"It was not," said he. "It was in Algiers, and lucky I was to come out of there, too, after a good two years spent as a slave for the blackamoors, for I might tell ye of one who had been already there for fifteen long years, and may still be there, for all I know; he being already half Turk."

His words started a strange thrill within me, which I was at great pains to dissemble, for I did not wish to startle him from the story,— a thing I had learned was easily done by any appearance of urging him to talk. "Do you mean that the man had lost his nationality and was being assimilated by the Algerians?" I asked, by the way.

"Assimilated or not I don't know," replied O'Brien, looking at me beneath his brows; "but true to tell, he was half Turk then, as I have said."

"Did n't he want to get back to his own country?" I went on, still with a show of indifference. "Was there no one to whom he wished to return?"

"There was not," said O'Brien; "and thereby hangs my tale, if you would hear it."

I took out my chronometer, pretending to look at it, before I answered. "I should like to listen to it, O'Brien, if it is not too long."

"Well, then, we 'll have it; for 't is a likely yarn, and one for such a night as this on a homeward voyage," he returned. "I first saw him about the palace of the Dey, where I was laying up a stone wall, being among other things handy with a trowel. He was a sort of an overseer, as I learned afterward from his own tongue; for he was ready with figures and sharp to look about him. He was come to see that the wall went up right.

"I took him for one of the heathen, getting but a glimpse of him above my shoulder as I worked; but betimes, when he stood hanging behind me with never a word, I turned to gaze full upon him, being minded to pass a compliment or two upon him for his impudence in staring so. Then I saw that I was mistaken, and that the man was white. A sizable man he was, too, with a fine Christian face, but one that might have been a thousand years on earth, by the look.

"'So 't is you, then?' says I, nonplussed to see he was not a Turk. 'You should have better care with your dress lest a Christian mistake ye for a Turk, as I have."

"'Are you from America?' says he, abrupt like.

"'Ay, mate, and a long way from,' says I. 'Maybe you are the same?'

"He shook his head, and smiled a smile that made me wish to weep in his long white hair. 'I was, once,' says he.

"'I am pleased to know as much, for it makes ye seem still less like a Turk,' says I. 'And how long may it be since ye came to this port?'

"'Near fourteen years,' said he.

"'Glory be!' says I. ''T is a cheerful prospect for my-

self. But how comes it ye stay so long, and wear the gear of a Turk? Have you no love for your land?'

At that he smiled, for which I was sad; for it was like the sorrows of the wide world when he smiled; but it roused him, as I thought it would. 'Think you I stay here for my own pleasure?' he asked me, indignant like.

"'I think nothing at all, only that it is a strange thing for a man to be here so long, when the United States is so handy about buying ransoms,' says I.

"'I am forgotten, I tell you,' says he.

"'Am I an old woman, that ye talk to me in riddles?' says I. 'How can it be that a man is forgotten?'

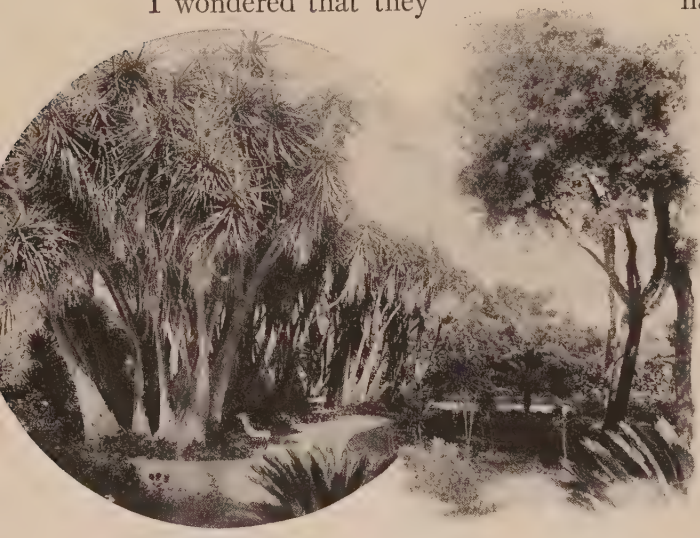
"'Fourteen years ago,' says he, looking afar, and coming at last to the tale; 'fourteen years ago I set sail from Boston with my son, a lad of two years. His mother had died when he was an infant, and we were left alone in the western world; I was engaged in commerce with others. It came about that one of us must make a voyage to France, and I, being sick at heart and in need of new scenes, was chosen. There was no one with whom I might leave my lad, and I took him with me.

"'He was a likely lad, with a bright face and eyes out of which his mother's soul looked at me. He played about the ship, the idol of the sailors, who took him aloft with them in fair weather, and made much of him, he being manly and brave beyond belief.' He wiped a tear from his eye as he spoke, and, praise be, so did I. Sure, to be a slave and childless and forgotten there among those ravening Turks was enough to make any man weep.

"'All went well,' says he, continuing, 'until we were near the coast of France, when we were attacked by a corsair. When the pirates were approaching, I took my boy, my baby, and concealed him in a cuddy in the captain's cabin, hoping to keep him from harm. We made a bitter fight for

our freedom, killing many of the pirates; but they were too strong for us in the end. I myself was struck by a scimitar before it was over, and when I recovered my senses we were aboard the corsair, with no other sail in sight.

"'There were a score or more of the sailors and passengers aboard, the others having been slain in the struggle. I wondered that they had brought me, wounded as I was, instead of pitching me over the side, as was their habit, until the captain of our vessel told me that he himself had prevailed upon the corsair to save me, telling him that I was a man of consequence, whose ransom would be worth while. I inquired among them for my boy. They had forgotten him in the confusion; he was left alone on the deserted vessel, hidden in the dark cuddy.



A Tropical Garden in Algiers

"'God help me, what misery was mine! What torture have I not endured in the weary years since then, picturing his slow death on that awful ship! Alone on the wide seas! Creeping from his hiding-place to call my name among the dead on the decks of that horrible ship! Alone in the dark night, with the dead about him, weeping, seeking me, crying out my name!

"'Great God, why have I not been bereft of my senses,

that I might forget this terrible thing? I see his piteous face before me in the night; silent places echo with his despairing cry. I see the terror in his eyes; the eyes out of which his mother's soul looked into mine. I see him weak, perishing--'

"'Come, now,' says I laying hand on him, seeing he went too far for his own good, let alone mine. 'Ye see nothing of the kind. 'T was near the coast of France, ye say? Belike he is a good sized Frenchman by this time, mate; for 't is not long that any manner of a ship can drift up and down the seas near the coast of France, acting strange, without being boarded by some manner of seafaring men, most like to be French. Come, have cheer, my hearty, for 't will not be so bad as ye think for.' With that I struck him rough upon the shoulder to rouse him.

"Whether it was that I recalled him to himself, or whether he repented having laid bare his aching soul to the eyes of an Irishman, I have no way of knowing, but true it is that he became straightway calm. 'I was very bitter with them; both the men of our ship, captives now, and the pirates, for what had happened,' he went on, 'so that I incurred their displeasure; and when we came to Algiers my captors, finding me not a man of consequence, as they had thought, sold me into bondage in the interior. Many long years I was far from the coast, and beyond the reach of my countrymen. That is how it is that I came to be forgotten. And when I returned to Algiers—' He broke off. 'What manner of difference does it make whether I am here or elsewhere?' He made an end.

"'It makes the difference that there is between a Christian and a Turk,' said I. 'Have you never told your tale to the consul here?"

"'I have told my tale to no one but you,' he answered.

"And you, O'Brien?" I asked, composing myself with an effect "Did you not tell the consul?"

The Port of Algiers

"That I did not," replied the fellow, "for 't was no affair of mine if a Christian has a desire to turn Turk."

"And then?" I suggested.

"And then, there was no more; for my stomach turned against the man to think of his turning Turk, and I fell to my work. By the same token, 't is fit I should take my watch below."

With that he left me alone in the waist of the ship — alone with the story he had told me of this man, whom I knew in my heart to be my father.

I spoke no more with O'Brien during the voyage, turning against the man because he had not saved my father with a word to the consul. I spoke little to any one, although I made a bold show about my accustomed duties. All the weary way across the waters I brooded with a heavy heart, trying to think clearly to an end, trying to plan.

At last we landed in Philadelphia. I was still like one in a stupor, not knowing whither to turn my next step. Walking up the street, I passed a tavern. I turned back; I would stop for a glass of wine; I must find time to think; I would try again to arrive at some course of action. It was not my custom to drink, except on occasion. It was

not with a purpose of drinking that I turned back to the tavern now. It was only to find time to think.

If I had known what it was to cost; if I had known whither my feet led me then, I would have stricken them from my limbs, and the tongue from my mouth, rather than turn back as I did.

BOOK III

THE SECOND WAR

CHAPTER I

THE SECRETARY HAS GUESTS

ANY one with half an eye could have seen that something was wrong with the dinner party, and that it was not the viands or the wines. The host, Mr. James Madison, secretary of state, sat uneasily in his seat at the head of the table, clearly apprehensive of some impending disaster. Senator Fontaine Stevens of Massachusetts, taking refuge behind his chest, from which vantage-point he emitted occasional platitudes, was neither imposing nor happy; while Cyril Thwaite, member of the house from Massachusetts, was making not the least attempt to conceal his frame of mind, dividing his time exclusively between looking down his nose in fuming silence and addressing himself *sotto voce* to Leonora, the senator's daughter.

As for the women of the party, little more can be said except that women by nature are better equipped than men to carry off an unnatural situation with convincing effect. Yet even the hostess, Dolly Madison, wife of the secretary, was for once at a loss. Her beauty, her charm, her simplicity, her naïveté, were still about her, but they lacked the vital spark; they were not spontaneous. As a matter of truth, Mrs. Madison was palpably conscious of herself in relation to her surroundings; a condition unusual in her. The senator's wife, fully aware of the electrical charge in the atmosphere, was making glorious efforts to abet the hostess,

MRS. JAMES (DOLLY) MADISON (*From the White House Gallery portrait presented by the Society of Colonial Dames*)

alternately endeavoring to entice her husband from behind his chest and to suggest a pattern for the speech of her daughter, who, having had advantages, was weaving a fabric of conversation highly embroidered but not in much present demand.

The only one of the party who was both at ease and showing an intelligent appreciation of the purpose of the dinner was Nicholas Snell, who, coming uninvited at the last moment, had been interjected into the company by the host, always a Virginia gentleman. Snell ate and drank and talked without fear or favor; over-indulging a little in all three activities, perhaps; addressing the host as secretary and the senator as such with an easiness that did more credit to Mr. Madison's wine than to his own breeding; patronizing the disgruntled representative, and including the ladies in his remarks when he held them to be of feminine interest. In brief, and to use a term, he was the life of the party, which, as has been suggested, was rather an unhealthy party in the matter of enjoyment.

Snell was a social, political, and moral anomaly. He had come to Washington on the political omnibus conducted by Aaron Burr, one of the large following that leader had gathered about him. He had been deep in the conspiracy having for its object the election of Burr to the presidency when there was a tie between him and Jefferson in the electoral vote of 1800, and had continued to be a friend of Burr's through many things, including the duel with Hamilton. Then he slipped from his seat on the Burr omnibus and delivered himself, bound and placarded, to President Jefferson, as being one who conducted a more trustworthy vehicle. The President, recognizing in Snell a man with a facility of acquiring information, and a discretion in imparting it, had received him into a certain favor; whence it followed that he was welcome at the house of the secretary of state, and

that his ring at the bell had procured him admission, even on the inauspicious occasion of the dinner party.

There was one other present at the dinner who must not be omitted from mention. It was a young woman, dark, pensive, and with just enough sadness in her eyes to mellow and make them beautiful, and just enough of quiet reserve

The Interior of Monticello

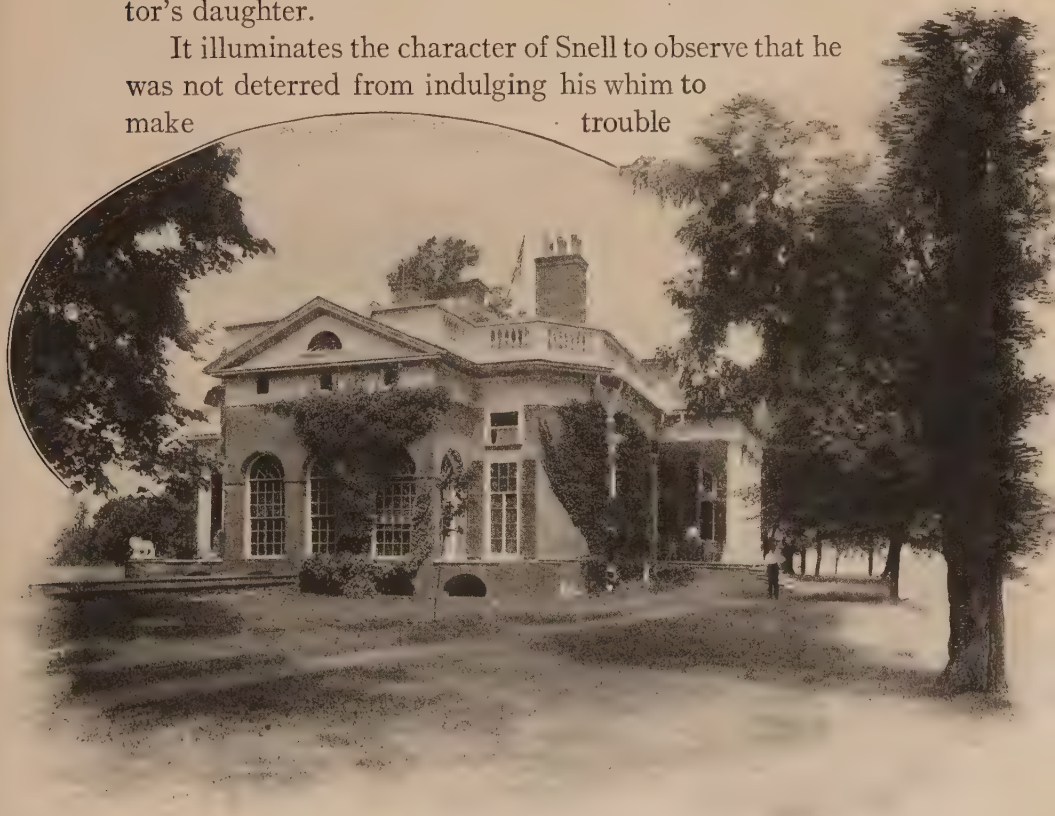
to arouse a man. Her name was Ruth Gardner. She was the orphaned daughter of a distant kinsman of the secretary, who had recently come to live with him. She did not seem to feel so ill at ease as most of the others about the table, but it was more prepossession than self-possession that saved her.

The chances for creating mental disturbance on this occasion were many and mixed. In the first place, it was a love feast, a peace offering, to which he had come uninvited, unexpected, and, perhaps, unintentionally; and love feasts, as every one knows, are likely at best to be in a state of delicate equilibrium. This love feast was for the placa-

tion of Senator Stevens and Representative Thwaite. The senator, originally a Federalist, had long been wavering toward Jefferson and Republicanism, being himself by birth a Virginian, with Virginia sympathies and habits of thought, and being furthermore a frank, honest soul not below changing his convictions. Representative Thwaite was a hot Federalist, reactionary to an extreme, and a fiery fighter against Jefferson on the floor of the house.

It had been hinted that by careful handling these two men might be inducted into the Republican fold; and Madison, acting on the inspiration, had them to dinner to see what could be accomplished. It is fair to state that the secretary's wife was not a party to the plot, further than lay in the circumstance that she placed Representative Thwaite, the incorrigible, by the side of Leonora, the senator's daughter.

It illuminates the character of Snell to observe that he was not deterred from indulging his whim to make trouble



MONTICELLO, THE HOME OF JEFFERSON

by any sense of loyalty to the President. For material from which he might construct a satisfactory situation, Snell had at hand a several and individual hatred held against him by Stevens and Thwaite, each for reasons of his own. Stevens despised him on general principles of fair play, for the part he had taken in the Burr intrigue for the Presidency; and Thwaite detested him for a suspected complicity in the Burr-Hamilton duel.

The Spot where Hamilton Fell at Weehawken

The Hamilton-Burr affair is capable of much latitude in interpretation. The clouds of partisan wrath have not yet evaporated from its details, and the outlines of the truth are hard to unfog. Certain it is that Burr and Hamilton, by temperament and circumstance, were for many years insatiable enemies. Certain it is that each sought to undo the other politically; that Hamilton did not spare Burr with pen or tongue; that Burr, whipped at last, challenged Hamilton for certain expressions he had let fall, and killed him under the Heights of Weehawken in July, 1804.

How much of the opprobrium that attaches to the memory of Burr is due to the duel with Hamilton is wholly matter of conjecture. Whether he would be so harshly reprobated for it by posterity if his personal history, precedent and subsequent to the episode, had been different, can well be doubted. The fact stands, however, that the victor in the fight was much cried out upon, and was indicted in New York and New Jersey. He fled to Philadelphia, but soon appeared on the public stage again when, with character-

istic effrontery, he presided over the senate during the impeachment proceedings brought by John Randolph, at Jefferson's instigation, against Samuel Chase of the supreme court, Burr being vice-president until the spring of 1805, when George Clinton succeeded him.

Thence he went a journey through the West, traveling as far as New Orleans, stopping to pay his respects on the way to local celebrities, among them Andrew Jackson. He returned to St. Louis, and to Philadelphia; which brings us back to the dinner party in the house of the secretary of state on an autumn day in the year of 1805; and which brings Burr's shadow back with us. For Thwaite, casting his eye for once beyond his nose, inquired of Snell, with mock interest and a hard tang to his voice, where his friend was in hiding at that time.

"Congressman," answered Snell, jovially enough, with a relish for the trace of hostility he detected in the other's voice, "I have no friend who is in hiding at present; and, so far as I know, no friend who need be in hiding."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Snell," Thwaite returned, with increasing sarcasm, "I perceive I have used the term ill-advisedly. You will, I hope, condone the inadvertence as a natural error, and will doubtless agree with me that I had some reason to

The Duel Between Burr and Hamilton

suppose that one who had so actively interested himself in Mr. Burr's affairs on numerous occasions would not resent being characterized as his friend when his fortunes turned."

The secretary of state looked from Thwaite to Snell in some alarm; the women failed lamentably at the juncture, ceasing entirely from the chatter of their small talk to await the reply; Senator Stevens prepared to emerge from his chest to join in the fray. But Snell only laughed. "I did not know whom you meant," he said.

"Mr. Burr, we are informed, has lately returned to Philadelphia after a voyage through the West and down the river to New Orleans," said Mr. Madison, perceiving that Thwaite's inquiry left an effect upon the aroused expectations of the company that must be countered.

"You say, Mr. Madison, that you are informed," repeated Thwaite, with a significant emphasis on the word. "Are we to infer from that that the government is following the movements of the late vice-president?"

The secretary of state moved uneasily in his chair, discomfited by the intrusiveness of the question, but unwilling to rebuke the man he desired to propitiate. "I can scarcely understand why the government should," he answered evasively.

"I did not know but that it might be considered both proper and wise on the part of the government to watch a man who has repeatedly expressed his contempt for the Constitution and the Union," returned Thwaite; "whose friendship with Merry, the British minister, is a matter of common notoriety; who endeavored by a trick to steal the highest office under the government; who murders his enemies; and who even now returns from a trip the sole purpose of which was to prepare for a coup that he contemplates against the integrity of the government."

"You have forgotten to mention one crime in your list,"

interrupted Snell, with a grin. "You have forgotten to say that he refused once to make a league and covenant with New England Federalists." The thrust was a savage one, bearing a reference to a transaction projected by certain of Thwaite's own school of Federalists when Burr was governor of New York, by which they hoped to bring New York into a confederation of Eastern States separate from the Union.

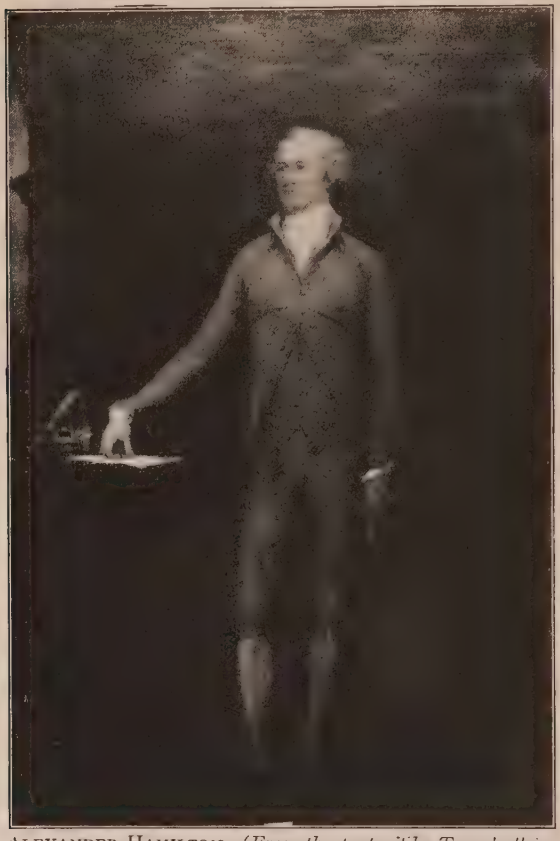
Thwaite, pretending to ignore the interruption — the flush of anger and chagrin on his cheeks showed with how much success — continued to Mr. Madison. "Perhaps it is because the President would hesitate to take any steps in the matter, lest his actions be misconstrued as inspired by spite against a fallen rival," he sneered, turning his anger into irony, for which, being young, he had zest.

Silence followed his words; a moment of anxious suspense, for he struck close to the host at whose table he sat when he twitted the President with a jealous fear of Burr. Madison, laboring for a space with confusion, answered cautiously, still endeavoring to keep the New Englander within bounds without offending him. "It would have been impossible for the rumors concerning Mr. Burr's activities to have escaped the ears of those in authority," he said, choosing to revert to the first part of Thwaite's speech and neglect his final rudeness; "but no official cognizance has been accorded them, so far as I am able to say."

"Do you mean that the government is sitting complacently by without paying any attention to the reports that are ringing through the city?" he cried.

Mr. Madison raised his eyes to meet those of the fiery young Yankee. "If you ask me whether the government is allowing itself to be made a dupe, I shall answer no," he replied. "If you ask me what the government is doing in the matter, I must plead the high privilege of my office in declining to tell you, Mr. Thwaite."

As though he would save Thwaite from the discomfiture of facing the reproof of the secretary before the undivided attention of the company, Snell ventured at this point upon a question, apparently idle and only by way of creating a diversion. "Mr. Thwaite," he asked, "you say that Mr. Burr has been through the South, and is even now in Philadelphia?"



ALEXANDER HAMILTON (*From the portrait by Trumbull in the New York Chamber of Commerce*)

"I am so informed," he returned, unconsciously following the words of Mr. Madison.

"You are so informed," rejoined Snell, in turn mocking Thwaite's repetition of their previous use. "Then you really did not need to ask me about my friend, did you, if you knew he was in Philadelphia, and not in hiding?"

There was nothing bitter in the remark, but Thwaite winced under a sense of being discovered in a disadvantage. "I merely wished my information to be verified," he explained.

"A very good custom to adopt," suggested Snell. "If you would follow it more closely, you might be spared the humiliation of making ridiculous and outrageous charges against citizens of the country who take enough interest in their land to travel about and take a look at it." There was no heat or malice in the speech; it was cold and dispassionate, which made it the more punishing.

Dolly Madison, startled by the look that came into the face of the Federalist, essayed to lead the talk away. "Mr.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON'S TOMB IN TRINITY CHURCHYARD, NEW YORK

Burr is forgiven much by me," she said, playfully, "for it was through him that I first met Mr. Madison, in Philadelphia, when Mr. Madison was congressman like yourself, Mr. Thwaite," but the beast of discord would not be made captive. There was a moment's lull in which the voices of the women chirruped briskly, as they hopped about the crumb of gossip Dolly Madison had let fall, but with a lack of spirit strange in the circumstances, and suggestive of the song of birds that have returned North too early in the spring. It was the senator from Massachusetts who destroyed all

hope of peace, incidentally tearing into shreds an elaborate skein of words his daughter was shuttling into the unhearing ears of Cyril Thwaite.

"Mr. Madison," he said, heavily, "I have frequently marveled at the gracious spirit of our President, and admired his generosity of soul; but I was never so strongly impressed with his magnanimity as I have been this afternoon." Pausing, he looked significantly at Nicholas Snell. "In the bigness of his heart he finds it possible to entertain close relations of confidence with one who, five years ago, was actively conspiring against his high interests, and who even now is ready to make a defense of Mr. Jefferson's and the country's most dangerous enemy. I only hope his charity does not wholly obscure his wisdom."

Snell, to the great relief of the company, wholly ignored the wanton attack. But Thwaite, smarting with his hurts, irritated beyond control, took up the words of his colleague to turn them against the President, always a fair game for his school of Federalism. "I might suggest," he said, "that Mr. Jefferson may be able to understand a change of heart in the faithful that would be quite incomprehensible to others, having exhibited a facility in readjusting his own principles of conduct to shifting circumstance, quite out of the ordinary."

"To what do you refer, Mr. Thwaite?" asked Secretary Madison, displeased, and challenging the charge.

Thwaite, realizing that he had permitted his anger against Snell to betray him into an act of unpardonable rudeness toward his host, answered with much confusion that he had in mind the purchase of Louisiana by Jefferson in 1803.

The purchase of the territory of Louisiana from France was the most important act of Jefferson's presidential career. The territory extended from the Gulf to British America, and from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains. That it

must prove of immense intrinsic value was foreseen by public men; but the immediate incentive of its purchase was its strategic importance.

In the hands of Spain it had more than once threatened the peace between the two countries; for the settlers in the Mississippi Valley, in Tennessee, and in Kentucky had no other outlet than New Orleans. In 1800 the territory was transferred by Spain to France. Knowledge of the transfer

NAPOLEON, EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH

came to America in 1802, accompanied by rumors that Napoleon, First Consul, had dreams of colonization which, if realized, would be fatal to Western development and dangerous to the peace of the Eastern States. In the following year Jefferson sent James Monroe to France to negotiate with the First Consul for its purchase. Fortunately for the success of his plans, Europe was about the ears of the French Consul, who had meanwhile become Emperor, making it necessary for him to obtain funds at the moment, and he consented to part with his American possessions. The trade was made, the United States paying $15,000,000 for the inland empire.

Bas-Relief from Louisiana Purchase Monument at Saint Louis Exposition, Showing Monroe, Livingston, and Marbois Signing the Louisiana Purchase Treaty

There was a great outcry against the transaction, the Federalists especially maintaining that it was a useless extravagance, that the newly acquired territory would swamp the nation, and that there was no warrant in the Constitution for the purchase. The last point they urged with peculiar relish, for Jefferson had found much fault with the Federalists in times past for failure to abide by the close construction of our national charter. Now the tables were turned.

That Jefferson knew he was exceeding his

Desk in the Cabildo at New Orleans on which the Louisiana Purchase Treaty was Signed

constitutional powers when he acquired Louisiana is made evident by his communications to members of Congress with the treaty of purchase was being considered. "The less that is said about any constitutional difficulty the better," he wrote. "It will be desirable for Congress to do what is necessary in silence." And, again: "Whatever Congress shall consider it necessary to do, should be done with as little debate as possible, particularly so as respects the constitutional difficulty."

It was this delicate ground upon which Thwaite had intruded with the secretary of state. He reproached himself heartily as he sat looking at Mr. Madison, who was visibly annoyed. Senator Stevens came to his rescue.

"An apparent inconsistency may, on occasion, be not only a wise course but one peculiarly courageous," he said. "I think no one can doubt, now that the territory is ours, that our country will derive immense benefit from it, and one that should justify Mr. Jefferson's action. Brought face to face with a situation presenting for his choice a strict adherence to an abstract, dogmatic doctrine in alternative to an act of statesmanship and hard common sense, he chose the latter, for which I think we should rather praise than blame him. The doctrinnaire succumbed to the statesman."

"I am quite sure that I shall do the same if you gentlemen do not cease your stupid discussion," interposed Dolly Madison, beaming upon them, having found herself at last. "It may seem to you gentlemen to be of consequence whether Mr. Jefferson followed the Constitution or not, but let me assure you that it is much more important that the ladies should be entertained."

There was a laugh, of course, and some gallant apologies, the company finding itself much relieved. The current of conversation ran a new course, breaking up among the guests into little channels of talk. Thwaite seized the oppor-

tunity to sweep Leonora Stevens into an eddy with himself; the secretary entered into a deep discussion of matters of government with the senator from Massachusetts; Ruth Gardner played the senator's wife in the riffles of capital small talk, while Snell conducted Dolly Madison over a rather boisterous narrative of events in the Barbary States. These several currents presently winding their way into a quiet pool of casual silence, the company found themselves listening to Snell, who still rushed on over rocks and gravel in a smother of words. "I was just telling Mrs. Madison some of the stories I heard from the officers of the *Enterprise*," he said to the others, perceiving that they all overheard. "She 's just got back from the Mediterranean. And by the way, Miss Ruth," he added, "I met a friend of yours who sent a message to you. He was a sailor on the *Enterprise*. His name was Morris—Dick Morris."

CELEBRATING THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE, DECEMBER 20, 1803 (*From the painting by Thulstrup*)

The ladies, observing Ruth with polite interest, saw a flush of color rush through her cheeks, and saw her hand tremble for an instant when the name was mentioned. "What was the message?" she asked, with a fine show of indifference, knowing the eyes of the women were fastened on her.

"Oh, it was n't much of a message," Snell returned, arresting himself in the act of draining his glass to make answer. "He only asked how you were when he found I knew you, and wished to be remembered to you."

"Yes? That was thoughtful of him." Not one of those who watched her for further sign could discern the least thing in her tone or her manner. The current of talk flowed on, leaving no ripple of what had passed.

THE ENTRANCE TO MONTICELLO

CHAPTER II

THE TRAVELER

THE city of Washington was not a pretty place in the year 1806. It was not much prettier than it was in 1800, when the capital of the United States was moved thither from Philadelphia. Perhaps, at this distance of time, it would not be a sacrilege to say that, in the beginning, it was a decidedly unpleasant place. Magnificent buildings were scattered abruptly about hills covered with trees and brush; between them were magnificent distances, occupied either with more forest and brush, or marshes. The magnificent buildings were raw, with an effect about them of being naked. Abigail Adams had hung the family washing to dry in the east room of the White House. Residences were huts; inhabitants were negroes or poor white trash; the hotels were nothing, or worse. If it had not been for the government buildings desecrating the primal wildness it would have been a beautiful wilderness. If it had not been for the wilderness, men of vision might have foreseen beauty in the ragged young capital. In the circumstances, the city of Washington in the beginning was somewhat of a wrench against the laws of nature concerning cities.

THE CITY OF WASHINGTON ABOUT 1830

One day late in the spring of 1806, Ruth Gardner went forth through this wilderness on her thoroughbred, to con-

sider certain things. Throughout the winter her heart had been as bleak and dreary as the drear and leafless woods; but now she felt a stirring of happiness within, just as the trees felt the thrill of sap through their branches and burst forth gladly into leaf. Since the day when Nicholas Snell had given her the message from Richard Morris there had existed a period of winter in her heart. She had not known how much of the pleasure and satisfaction of life had been derived from her love for the lad with whom she had passed her childhood; she had not learned how much he meant to her. So the distant and indifferent message he sent to her through Snell had been like a frost in her heart, laying it barren. It was only now, with the spring, that she felt it might be possible still to be happy.

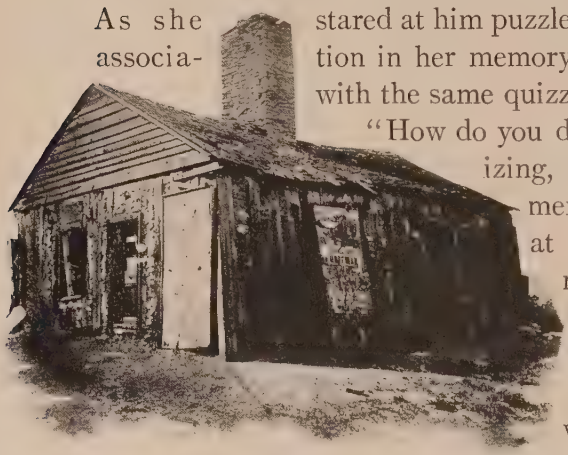
Contentment stole over her as she rode through the woods. Above her was a soft mist of quivering buds; about her the birds sang with throats of love; beneath, between leaves of grass, violets peeped up at her. The warmth of the sun stole golden through the leaflets of the forest; the brushes were fretted lace-work in the undershadows; the world was good, and life worth living.

She had ridden beyond Georgetown, seeking seclusion and the beauties of the wilderness. In the distance she could hear waterfalls shouting in their frolic. She paused, considering whether to turn toward them or to go on. As she was undecided, she heard the sound of a horse approaching along the road from the west, and waited to see who the traveler might be.

Presently he came in sight among the trees, and a fitting picture he made in such a scene. His dress was that of a frontiersman, with leather jacket, rough shirt, and coonskin cap. He was tall and slender; his carriage suggested supple strength. He was mounted on an animal tall and slender and suggestive of strength like himself. By the mud on

them both, and by a slight droop in the animal's ears, Ruth perceived that they had traveled far.

As the rider came closer, her attention, attracted by the picturesque appearance of the man, was kindled into vivid interest by a fancy that she had seen him before — that he was not a stranger, but one who had already been in her life. As she stared at him puzzled, trying to awaken the association in her memory, he returned her look with the same quizzical expression.



The First Court-House in Saint Louis County, Missouri

"How do you do?" asked Ruth, realizing, with some embarrassment, that she was gazing at the man in a manner not altogether polite.

"How do you do, miss?" he returned, lifting his coonskin cap with natural grace. He drew his horse up at a civil distance.

"You have traveled far," said the girl, searching his face for memory.

"Do you think you know me?" He caught the look in her eye and added: "I think I have known you, but I cannot recall when or where. My name is Sylvester Stevens, and I am from the border."

It all came with a rush. "Yes," she cried, "you used to come to a house in Philadelphia where I spent much time when I was a child. One day, the first time I saw you, you helped a very little boy who was fighting a very big man. I am the little girl who cried so hard when the little boy was hurt; my name is Ruth Gardner." Ruth, looking narrowly at him, perceived a fixed suggestion of sadness in his face that lay behind the pleasure he showed in the meeting, and

was not obscured by it, like the trace of sorrow. This, and the picture the man made in the woods, awoke her romantic interest.

Sylvester Stevens met her look for a moment in silence. "It is a long time ago," he said presently, shaking his head reminiscently.

THE EMIGRANT (*From the drawing by Freeland A. Carter*)

"And many things have happened since then," Ruth suggested, hoping, with the heart of a young woman, that he would tell her his sorrow; which was a beautifully feminine inconsistency, for she had as a child been a witness to much of the drama.

"Yes," he answered, "much has happened. Our country has grown beyond belief, and our people have become a nation."

"But you," she insisted, disappointed and a little piqued at his effort to lead the conversation into impersonality. He might at least have shown enough civil interest to inquire about Margaret and Richard. "What has happened to you, and where have you been?"

WILLIAM CLARK MERIWETHER LEWIS

THE TRAIL-MAKERS TO THE FAR NORTHWEST (*From the portraits by Charles Wilson Peale*)

"Little has happened to me, although I have traveled much," he answered.

"Tell me."

"What would you have me tell you?"

"Of your travels."

They set off through the woods on the way she had come, side by side; and as they rode, he talked to her. "I have seen wonders," he said. "I have been across this continent with Lewis and Clark. I have seen rivers thousands of miles in length; great plains, wider than the thirteen States, swarming with buffalo and antelope; mountains stupendous and rough as the ruins of a world; deserts flat as the sea, silent and lonely as the thought of eternity. I have seen

the Western coast, luxuriant, prolific. I have been with savages to whom the white man was a celestial being. I have been where time has not begun."

Ruth watched him, fascinated; he was looking afar off, full of dreams.

"Out there, for a month at a time, I have seen no one, traveling through the cañons of the huge Stony Mountains," he went on. "I have slept in a cleft of rock so deep that its lips seemed to meet above me, where my path and bed was a ledge you might span with your hand. Beneath me the mountain torrents roared and tore at the primeval rocks; from the cliffs echoed the cries of wolf and fox and puma. I have met and passed in the night wild animals who gave no heed to me, beyond a sniff and a growl, not knowing what manner of animal I was. I have been where God is mighty, and man is a mite. My soul has stretched itself in the naked expanse, and now I am ready to die." He had forgotten

A Mountain Road Through Oregon

her; that much she could tell by the rapt expression of his countenance, by the light in his melting eyes.

"But now I have come back, and it must be forgotten," he said, turning to her presently with a smile, half shamefaced and apologetic. "It makes the frontier to which I am used seem tame and civilized, to have been where I have been."

"I am afraid I do not know as much about this expedition as I should," said Ruth, with genuine interest. "Tell me more about it, please."

"It was an expedition of discovery and exploration," Sylvester began, "made at the suggestion of President Jefferson. Meriwether Lewis and William Clark were placed at the head of it. Lewis was a captain in the army. Clark is a brother of George Rogers Clark, who captured the British outposts in the West during the Revolution. These two organized a small force, picking men from the ranks of the army and from private life; but privates had to enlist, for the expedition was military.

"I was lucky enough to be selected, having some knowledge of woodcraft and experience with the Indians. We were forty-five altogether, in three boats. We set out in 1804 from Saint Louis, sailing up the Missouri River. We spent the winter in the Mandan country, where Indians of that name live in fixed villages. In the spring we continued up the river. There was plenty of game, and a few Indians. We had no trouble with the savages, who were for the most part friendly. We came at last to three streams joining, which we named the Jefferson, Madison, and Gallatin Rivers.

"We followed the Jefferson until we could go no higher. We learned that we were near the headwaters of a river that ran into the Pacific. But let me tell you how we learned it. When we were with the Mandans, we found an Indian

THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION AT PORTLAND, OREGON, 1905

woman who had been stolen from the mountain tribes. We called her the Bird Woman. She accompanied us on our journey. When we came to the head of the Jefferson, Lewis went looking for Indians of whom we could inquire the way. The savages were shy; he could not come up with any.

"Finally he discovered a woman and some girls. They expected to be killed, but Lewis convinced them that he was friendly. Presently their men returned, and were prevailed upon to accompany Lewis back to the river, where our canoes were. Would you believe that the men belonged to a tribe whose chief was the brother of the Bird Woman?

"From there we journeyed on horses until we came to a mighty westward river, which we called the Columbia. I shall not soon forget the majestic beauties of that stream, as we floated down it toward the sea. The Indians along the bank were such thieves that the company did not remain there, but went up the coast to find a better wintering place.

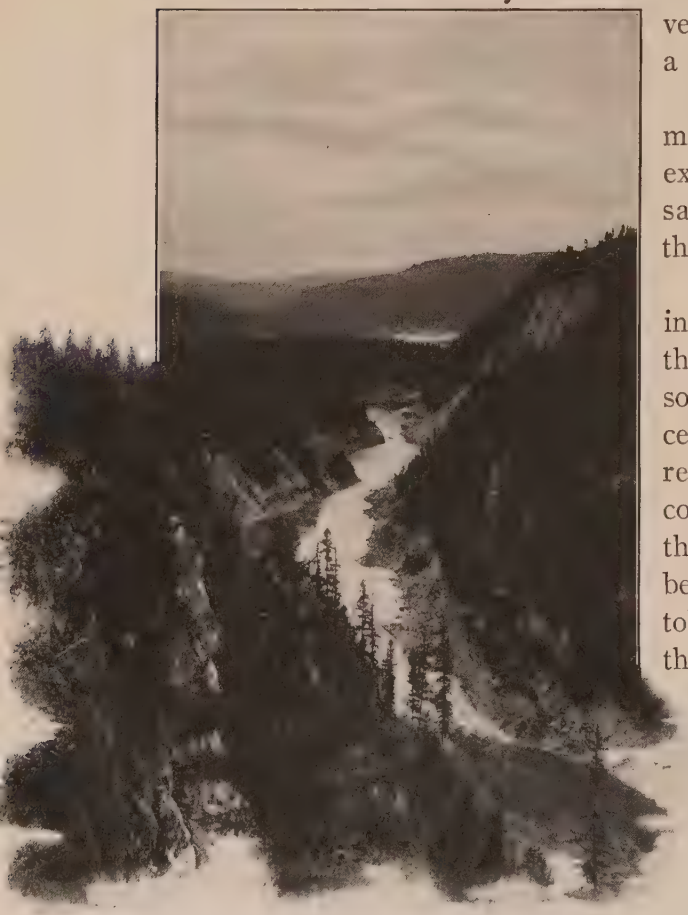
"I left them there, to take word back to the President. I made such haste that I succeeded in crossing the mountains before the winter set in too severely, spending the cold months with the tribe of the Bird Woman. With the first thaws I was on my way. I got this horse in Saint Louis; and here I am."

The return of the expedition was as remarkably successful as the journey out. The party reached Saint Louis in September, 1806, having traveled thousands of miles through wholly unknown country, exposed to wild dangers and hardships among savage tribes, with the loss of only one man, who died of illness. They crossed the Rocky Mountains twice, discovered waterways extending half across the continent, found a way to the Pacific, and illuminated a dark territory with the light of exploration.

Ruth and her companion fell into silence. The woodsman was the first to speak. "You have not told me how you come to be in Washington?" he said, supplementing his inquiry with an inclination of the head and a look of fixed interest.

"My mother died in the year of the plague," she answered, "and my father soon afterward. He was a distant cousin of Mr. Madison, now secretary of state, who was kind enough to give me a home, where I am very happy indeed," she added, as though the fact admitted of discussion and needed to be asseverated.

"And the lad — the boy who was hurt?" pursued Sylvester Stevens, with a wise smile.



Grand View Cañon, Washington

"I do not know much about him, except that he is a sailor," answered the girl.

If she had been in any doubt that the man had the soul of a poet, uncertainty no longer remained, for he comprehended fully that there was much behind the little she told him. "Tell me the story," he said gently.

Ruth, conscious of some mysterious bond

between herself and this man, did not hesitate to open her heart. "You have guessed it," she said. "There is a story —or there was. We were happy together as children, and we thought we loved one another. He went on a search for his father; that is a tale I cannot tell. He was at sea for many years. He wrote to me, I suppose as often as he could, but not as often as I would have had him. I do

A Log Raft on the Columbia River

not blame him for that, however. I do not blame him for anything.

"There was a long period when I heard nothing. At the end of it, I heard again; but not directly. He sent a message to me through another. He had just returned from a long cruise in the Mediterranean; he wished to be remembered to me, and that was all. I cannot blame him for having found that he had outgrown me; he had seen much of the world, and at best we were only childhood lovers. If he had chosen some other way to tell me than by sending a message through this other, who is little better than

SACAJAWEA, THE BIRD WOMAN
(*From the statue in City Park, Portland, Oregon*)

a stranger — or I might say, worse than a stranger — I should have been glad."

"Who is this other?" demanded Sylvester, sharply spurred by a sudden thought.

"Nicholas Snell. Why," the girl went on, an idea flashing into her mind, "he is the very one whom Richard was fighting with that first night!"

"Where is he now? I should like to have a few questions with him."

"I ought not to know, but I do know that he is in New Orleans, on private business for the President, concerning Mr. Burr."

"Did he tell you that your friend sent messages to you? What were the circumstances?"

"Mr. Snell had just been down to meet the *Enterprise*, returning from the Mediterranean. He came back and said

he had seen Richard, and delivered the message. I know Richard was on the boat."

"Snell is a rascal, and there is some mischief here. I do not believe what he told you. The message was fraudulent. Snell has some purpose in deceiving you."

"I have thought it all over, Mr. Stevens, and I am sure it must be true," Ruth returned with a sad smile. "Once before Richard came back from a long cruise and went to sea again without coming to see me."

"Did he give any reason for it?"

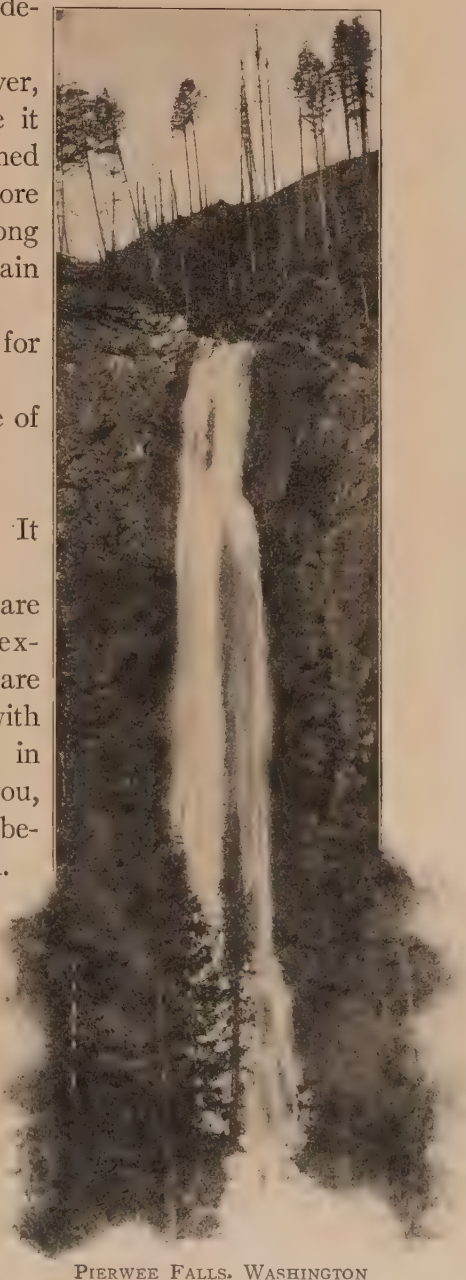
"Yes, he wrote me a note of explanation."

"Was the reason good?"

"Yes, it was plausible. It was sufficient, if true."

"Do you know what you are doing, Miss Gardner?" exclaimed Sylvester. "You are charging this young fellow with faithlessness, with cowardice in the manner of getting rid of you, and with lying. I do not believe he is that kind of a man. Do you?"

"Oh, no, no! I do not think that! I do not mean that!" cried the girl. "I only mean that I am certain he has grown away



PIERWEE FALLS, WASHINGTON

from me, and that I do not blame him for it. For the rest, I suppose he thought he was taking the way that would hurt me least."

"Has it ever occurred to you that your friend might have had some good reason for not seeing you before he went to sea once more? Did it never seem possible to you that this man Snell was given a message for you that was quite different from the one you got?"

"He is capable of it," said the girl, eager to believe.

"Has it never been as long as six months between your letters from him? Could it not be true that he might not have been able to get a letter to you since last fall?"

"Yes, yes! It might well be a year."

"Do you not think it might be well for you to wait a year before dismissing him as a childish lover who has forgotten?"

His answer was a flushing of her cheeks, a blush of shame because she had judged her lover.

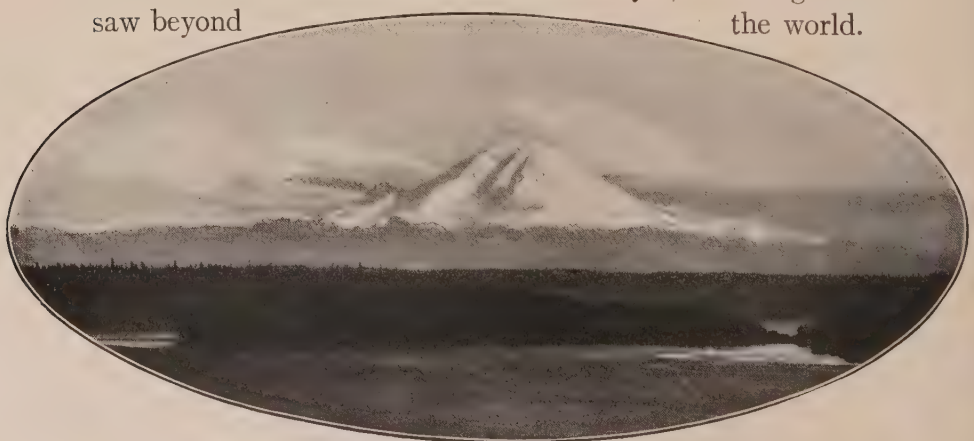
They rode in silence. She it was who broke it this time.

"Is there no one else of whom you would inquire?" she asked, wistfully.

"Is there one of whom you would tell me anything?"

"Margaret Rutgers has been here with her husband, who was attached to the minister's staff," she said, softly. "They have gone away again. I believe he has gone into the army. I do not think she is happy; but she is brave."

The look of distance came into his eyes, as though he saw beyond the world.



MOUNT RAINIER, FROM SEATTLE

CHAPTER III

SNELL OBTAINS A REWARD

SYLVESTER STEVENS did not remain long in Washington. Ruth saw him twice before his departure. Once he came to dine at the secretary's house, and once he called to see her and bid her adieu. She found courage from him to be happy and hope, and was sorry to see him go; for there had sprung up between them one of those friendships that seem to run back to the beginning of time and to spring into full-blooded life at the first contact of its participants.

The summer passed, and the fall, completing the year she had allowed herself to hope. There was no word from Richard Morris, direct or indirect. There were times in the twelvemonth when she was on the point of setting afoot an investigation of the story Snell had told her; but her femininity prevented. Probably she would have made keen inquiry of the bearer of the message himself, after her talk with Sylvester Stevens, if he had been in Washington. But he was not there when the frontiersman first whetted her suspicions, and did not return until autumn. By that time the fight was wholly her own, and she was schooling herself once more to forget.

The year of 1806 was one of anxiety for her kinsman, James Madison, and for President Jefferson. From January until November rumors about Burr's conspiracy to divide the Union and form the Western States into a confederacy came to the ears of the government in Washington; rumors often reaching the status of direct charges from authoritative sources. In January Joseph Hamilton Daviess of

Frankfort, Kentucky, wrote to Jefferson telling him that Burr planned to seize New Orleans with an armed force, invade Spanish territory, and join the fruits of his operations into a new confederacy. The same charges he reiterated through the spring, without result and without response.

THE JUMEL MANSION, WEST 162D STREET, NEW YORK: WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS, BURR'S HOME, AND THE LAST OF THE COLONIAL RESIDENCES ON MANHATTAN ISLAND

Burr meanwhile was in the East, part of the time at Washington and part of the time at Philadelphia, intriguing with Merry, the British minister, and with Yrujo, minister from Spain. Jonathan Dayton, Federalist senator from New Jersey, was his chief partner in the East. Burr sounded Commodore Truxtun, who coldly rebuffed him, and General William Eaton, who revealed his secret to Jefferson. In June Merry was removed by his King, and was succeeded by David Montague Erskine; in July Yrujo was told by his government to have nothing to do with the scheme. Finding his efforts in the East coming to nothing, Burr started

for the West in August, being preceded thither by several of the leading conspirators.

On his way West he digressed from Pittsburg to solicit Colonel George Morgan. Morgan not only repulsed his subtle advances, but also informed Jefferson of what had passed, reporting that Burr had said the West would be totally divided from the East within five years, had stated why it would, and should, come to that pass, and had asserted that with 200 men he could drive Congress into the Potomac, with the President at their head.

From Pittsburg Burr went down to the Ohio to see Blennerhasset, an Irishman who lived in melancholy and impecunious splendor on an island in the Ohic River. Blennerhasset warmed to the cause, and undertook to direct the forces that were gathering for an expedition down the river, and to build boats for the voyage. Leaving Blennerhasset at this task, Burr went into Kentucky and

JOHN MARSHALL'S HOUSE, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Tennessee, where he was well received, winning the confidence of Andrew Jackson, among others, by his personal charm and the plausible story he told. Burr and his colleagues having purchased the Bastrop grant on the Washita, made the pretext that the purpose of the expedition was not more serious than to colonize the newly acquired land, some thirty miles square.

ANDREW JACKSON (*From the portrait by Jarvis*)

At about this time Daviess, growing impatient at the lack of action by the President, founded the *Western World* at Frankfort, Kentucky, and commenced the publication of the story, making charges against Burr, with whom he implicated General James Wilkinson. General Wilkinson was commander of the American army, situated at New Orleans. At one time he had been a pensioner of Spain, that government having hoped to alienate the Western States from the Union.

In spite of these public attacks, Burr was making progress with his scheme. Men were enlisting, arms were being procured, and provisions gathered together. The attitude of the people of Kentucky was disclosed when Daviess took it upon himself to bring Burr into court to answer to charges, Henry Clay acting as his attorney. The court and the people were partisan to the accused; the chief witness ran away, and the case fell flat, to the frankly expressed delight of the populace. Twice this happened, Burr emerging from the second incident in triumph.

Jefferson and his cabinet were aware of all that went on, in a general way if not in detail. It was not a lack of confidence in their informers or a failure to appreciate the

dangers of the situation that led to a delay in acting against the conspiracy. It was rather uncertain regarding the course to be pursued. There were many meetings of the cabinet, and many discussions of plans. At last John Graham was dispatched to New Orleans, with instructions to notify the governors of the States through which he passed to be on their guard against Burr. Graham reached Kentucky when Daviess was acting on his own responsibility, and found the wind taken out of his sails.

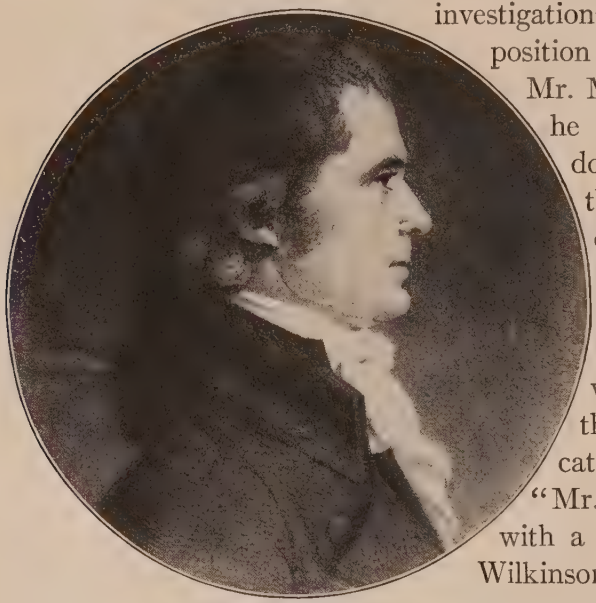
Jefferson, before taking final steps, was waiting to hear the truth concerning Wilkinson, and his complicity with Burr. The general was a notorious intriguer; the charges against him had intrinsic probabilities in their favor; but the Chief Magistrate wished to be sure. Early in the year he had sent Nicholas Snell, handy man and confidential agent, to investigate in his own inimitable way. Now the fall had come, and with it Snell.

On a night in November the President called his cabinet together. James Madison, the first to respond, found him in his office, wearing an expression of assurance and

EARLY NEW ORLEANS

satisfaction that had been a stranger to his face for many weeks.

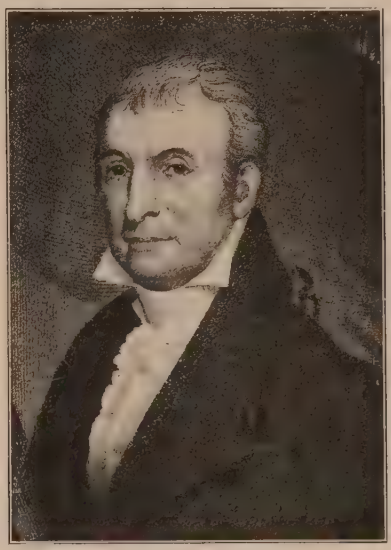
"Mr. Madison," he said, leaning across the table toward the secretary of state, "you were not friendly toward my proposal when I sent Snell to New Orleans to make private investigations of General Wilkinson's position in this serious matter." Mr. Madison conceded that he had entertained some doubt of the wisdom of the act, more because of a lack of confidence in the messenger than for any other reason. "I am certain that you will be gratified to learn that I have been vindicated," Jefferson went on. "Mr. Snell has returned with a message from General Wilkinson that at once must remove all suspicion of the man himself from your mind, and make obvious our course in the premises."



CHIEF JUSTICE JOHN MARSHALL
(From an old miniature)

Madison was on the point of assuring his chief of his pleasure in the news, when he was interrupted by the arrival of Snell himself, closely followed by the secretaries. What Snell told them was enlightening and interesting; but not nearly as enlightening and interesting as certain things that he did not tell them. What he told them, in addition to much that has already been narrated, was that Burr and Wilkinson had been in consultation, at New Orleans and at Saint Louis, about some plan that Burr intimated he was considering; that letters had passed between them after-

ward; that Wilkinson, receiving one such communication when on the Natchitoches River with his forces, whither he had gone to watch a body of Spanish troops marching about Texas, obtained from it a first intimation of the true significance of Burr's plans; that upon receipt of it he had sent Snell himself back to Washington with a letter informing the President.



LUTHER MARTIN

The letter from Burr to Wilkinson, written in July, was full of misstatements that could not have been otherwise than intentional. He assured the general that all was in readiness; that troops had been enlisted; that England would furnish the naval force; that Commodore Truxtun was going to Jamaica to coöperate with the British admiral at that point; that about 500 men would be ready to start from the falls of the Ohio on November 15; that they would reach Natchez about December 5, and that he expected Wilkinson to meet him there. Wilkinson did not believe what the letter told him, and sent information to Jefferson, stating that an expedition was forming on the Ohio and Mississippi that was directed against Vera Cruz, but disclaiming knowledge who was at the head of it.

What Snell did not tell the council of the cabinet was quite as extended as what he did tell them. He did not tell that Wilkinson and Burr had come to a complete understanding over the working out of the plans; that Wilkinson was to be commander of the armies of the new confederation;

that he was to use his American troops for the furtherance of the scheme; that he turned informer at the last only because he mistrusted Burr and feared for the final outcome of the conspiracy. Neither did Snell tell that he himself, sent as a confidential agent by President Jefferson, was then and had been one of the conspirators, and that he too had come back into the fold only when he assured himself that Burr would not succeed in the undertaking. Snell came so far from telling this part of the episode that he continued to rise in the esteem of James Madison throughout the colloquy, emerging from it as a hero and an honest patriot,—a circumstance that must have been sufficiently amusing to Snell, who was not without a sense of humor.

The cabinet was not slow to act with this last accumulation of evidence in their hands. A proclamation was issued, declaring that certain persons were engaged in an illegal conspiracy against Spain, instructing all civil and military officials to seize and hold persons and property concerned in the plot, and calling on the governors of Ohio and Kentucky, and on Andrew Jackson, for help in intercepting the conspirators. The name of Burr was not specifically mentioned in the proclamation.

When the proclamation reached Ohio the governor seized some of the boats then building at Marietta, and Blennerhasset fled down the river with a few armed followers. Burr himself was on his way to Nashville, where he found it necessary to explain matters to Andrew Jackson. This he did so skillfully that although the proclamation signed by the President reached Nashville when Burr was still there, Jackson suffered him to leave without hindrance.

Meanwhile, Wilkinson, having determined which side it would be most wholesome for him to take in the affair, was busying himself to make abortive the plans he had until recently fostered and abetted. He prepared the forts along

THE "CLERMONT" AT ALBANY, FROM THE REPLICA MADE FOR THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION IN 1909

the Mississippi, alarmed New Orleans, organized militia there, placed an embargo on the port to hold sailors at home for purposes of defense, seized Bollmann, Swartwout, and Ogden, three conspirators, smuggled Bollmann and Swartwout north by sea, defied the courts that endeavored to liberate Ogden on habeas corpus, and placed the city virtually under martial law.

Burr, leaving Nashville in some haste after the arrival of the proclamation, joined Blennerhasset at the mouth of the Cumberland, and the two floated down the river toward the South, accompanied by 200 men in thirteen flat-boats. That was the expedition that was intended to sever the Western States from the Union, overrun Spanish territory, and establish a new nation on the face of the earth, with Burr at its head.

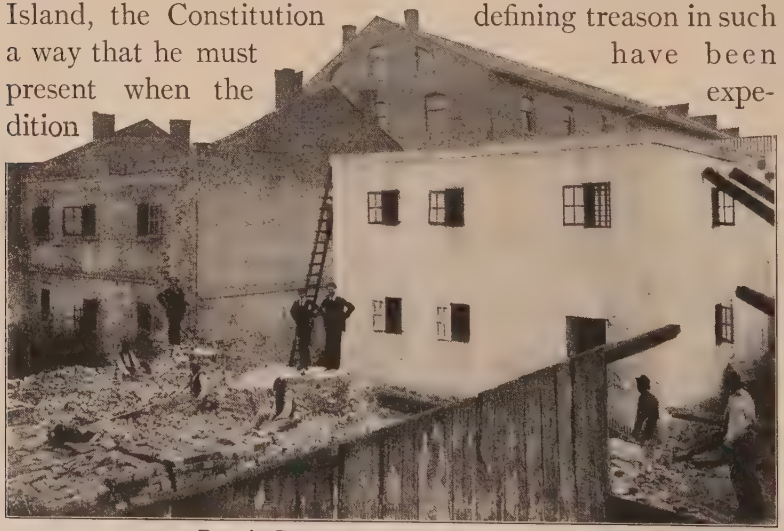
Reaching Natchez, Burr, inquiring for news, was given a copy of the New Orleans *Moniteur* containing his letter of July to Wilkinson. Wilkinson had published it to justify his arrest of Bollmann on a charge of treason. The game was up. Burr fled across the river, presently surrendering to Cowles Mead, secretary and acting governor of Mississippi. Through technicalities the charges fell flat, but he was still held on his recognizance. Alarmed for his safety, he fled into hiding in the woods, whence he presently went toward the Spanish frontiers, disguised as a boatman. The disguise was penetrated, however, and on February 19 he was arrested by Lieutenant Gaines of Fort Stoddart, a few miles from his destination, and safety.

Followed the trial of Burr and his fellow-conspirators for treason. In the beginning, the senate suspended the right of habeas corpus in certain cases for three months. The house refusing to pass the bill, the cases against Bollmann, Swartwout, and Ogden were dismissed. Burr was brought to Richmond and placed on trial before Chief Jus-

tice Marshall. Never was there such a trial. From all over the country came men, great and small, to testify or to listen. The public was frantic in its championship of Burr; each day, in his apartments in the penitentiary, he held levees which put the most brilliant assemblages of the President to shame. It was a holiday in Richmond — a spectacle.

Luther Martin was chief counsel for Burr. The legal talent on the two sides of the case comprised the most famous men of the time: Edmund Randolph, Charles Lee, William Wirt. The fight was keen and bitter. Jefferson was subpœnaed, but refused to appear. His wrath against Burr, and the prisoner's reception at the hands of the people, led him into indiscretions. He begged that Luther Martin, the "Federal Bulldog," might be charged with misprision of treason because of his manner of conducting the case.

Burr escaped punishment on a point raised and skillfully insisted upon by his attorneys,— the point that he could not be charged with any overt act of treason because he was not present when the expedition set out from Blennerhasset's Island, the Constitution defining treason in such a way that he must have been present when the expedition



Burr's Prison in Richmond, Virginia

set out to have rendered himself a party to the treason. The reason satisfied Justice Marshall; he ruled out the evidence against Burr as irrelevant; the case went to the jury, and Burr was acquitted.

DANNER'S HOTEL, NEW YORK, IN WHICH BURR DIED

Although he was acquitted, Burr was ruined and discredited. For four years he traveled through Europe, wearing out his welcome in the capitals there. When the storm he brewed had blown over, he returned to America and practiced law in New York, a rather obscure man with few friends and fewer enemies, until 1836, when he died. Some happiness, however, came into his last years, through his marriage with Madam Jumel, who long survived him. With the exception of Benedict Arnold, there is no man in American history about whom more vicious things have been said. He does not fully merit the obloquy posterity has placed on him. He was a man purely selfish in his ambitions, without ideals or reverence; with no high regard for the things that are held worthy in this world; a man whose genius was too strong for the restraints which his abortive conscience placed upon it, a victim of his own unmorality.

Blennerhasset, wrecked in the adventure, died in miserable poverty in Europe. Swartwout lived to be made collector of the port of New York, where he stole a million from the government by way of expressing his appreciation

of being considered honest. Dayton and Ogden sank into the whirlpool of excitement, and were seen no more. Bollmann found London congenial. The minor conspirators readjusted themselves, and were forgotten.

Two men rose high on the tide of this event. One of them was Wilkinson, whose betrayal of Burr found him

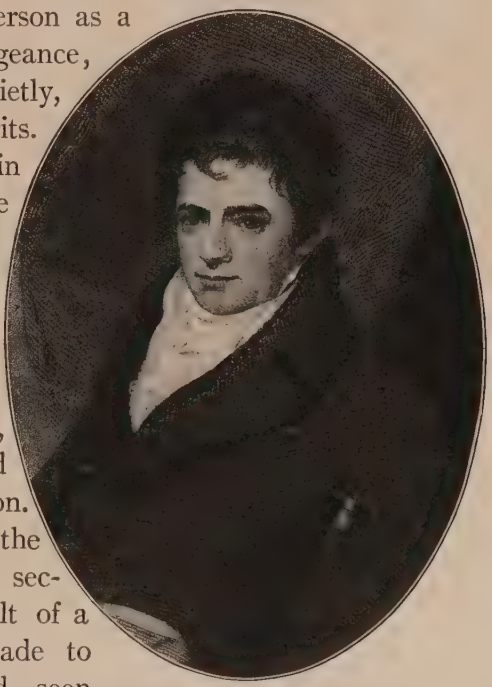
THE TOMB OF AARON BURR, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, AT PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

much favor with Jefferson. He was tried before a packed court-martial and cleared of all stain by a coat of whitewash, after a fashion still alive, and forever after continued to pose as an honest man, leaving behind him on his death three volumes of memoirs to bear out his pretensions, which are as false as any ever written by man.

The other who benefited largely was Nicholas Snell. The whole affair was one to his liking, and he made the most of it. There was nothing he had ever done or said or written that could be produced against him. Only Burr and Wil-

kinson knew how closely he was involved in the workings of the plot. Wilkinson did not care to divulge the secret, and Burr kept silence, being convinced to the last that Snell was friendly toward him and was exercising his peculiar talents in his behalf.

Perhaps he was; but he so contrived that he appeared in the eyes of Thomas Jefferson as a spirit of truth and holy vengeance, howbeit he worked rather quietly, after the manner of spirits. There was little he could do in the case; there was little he cared to do, beyond making it appear that he was doing much. How well he succeeded may be inferred from what follows.

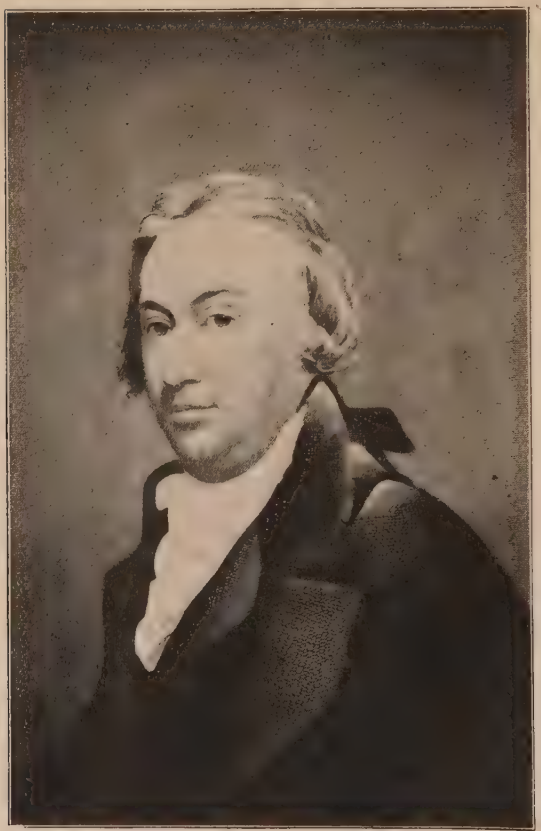


ROBERT FULTON (*From the portrait by Benjamin West*)

One night late in August, 1807, Nicholas Snell entered the office of James Madison. The ostensible reason for the interview was to inform the secretary of state of the result of a journey Snell had just made to New York, where he had seen Robert Fulton's *Clermont* begin her voyage of 150 miles to Albany, accomplishing the feat in thirty-two hours. Robert R. Livingston had long been interested in steam navigation, and had himself built a steamboat on the Hudson, which would not work. But when Jefferson sent him as minister to France in 1801, he met Fulton, who was trying to interest Napoleon in his new device. Livingston understood the value of the invention far better than the First Consul, and persuaded the inventor

to return to his native land. Together the partners had just now won a monopoly of the right to use steamboats in New York waters for twenty years, and had begun a new era in the world's development.

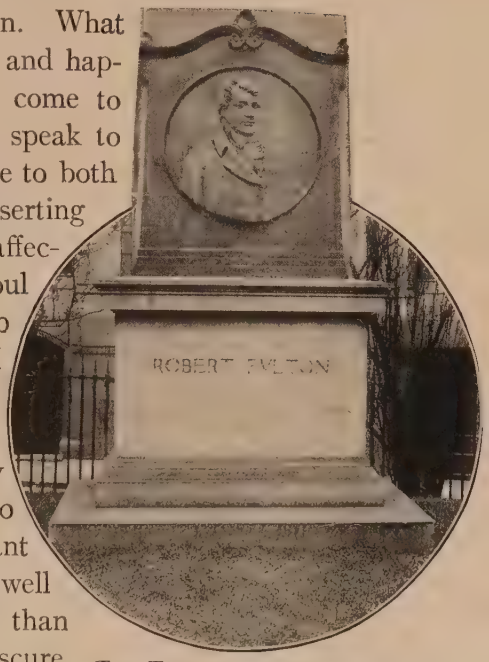
After some dicussion of this notable event, Snell asked permission to bring forward a personal matter, and when it was granted, went on to speak, with some embarrassment. "I approach the subject I have come to talk to you about with great reluctance and hesitation," he said, fumbling his hat and looking at the rug to corroborate his testimony. "I realize the delicacy that surrounds it under the best of circumstances, and I realize the disadvantages under which I labor. I am a man somewhat spent in years, Mr. Madison, and one who, through not giving his own interests sufficient attention, has not reached any position of importance in the world."



ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON

Mr. Madison hastened to reassure him, Snell pausing to afford him the chance.

"Thank you, Mr. Madison. What you say gives me great courage and happiness. I shall be brief, and come to the point, sir. What I wish to speak to you about is a point that is close to both of us. I may make bold in asserting that it is close to me, but if an affectionate heart and a devoted soul are enough, then I am entitled to the privilege. Mr. Madison, I am in love with your ward, with Miss Ruth. I know what you will say. You will object to my position in life, to my years, to my standing in society. I grant you that your ground will be well taken. I am poor; I am older than she by many years: I am obscure. But if strength and purity of affection weigh at all, if past services can be permitted to recommend me, I shall ask for your indulgence; I shall ask you to let me make my addresses to your ward."



The Tomb of Robert Fulton in Trinity Churchyard, New York

James Madison was silent for a moment. He drummed his fingers on the table; he cleared his throat; he looked into the far corners of the room. "You have proved yourself worthy of my consideration, sir, and hers," he answered, presently. "I shall not say that I would not have been better pleased if this, ah—situation had not developed. I do not mean that I withhold from you any of my respect or regard. On the contrary, it gives me anxiety lest your merits fail to meet with their deserved favor from my ward. She is young, you must remember, and youth will have its romance. Have you any assurance of success, Mr. Snell?"

"Sir," replied Mr. Snell, "I have no assurance whatever:

nor would I seek any before I spoke of the matter with you. On that point I am willing to run the risk of all who play a game for heavy stakes, and if my suit can have your approval I shall be satisfied to have made the trial, whatever the results may be."

"Mr. Snell," rejoined the secretary, rising and extending his hand to the other, "you have my complete permission, and I wish you every success; but you will understand, of course, that I can go no further."

"Sir," Snell answered, "if I cannot win the heart and hand of Ruth on such merits as I may be able to present to her consideration, I should consider myself unworthy, and would not have her love on any other basis." With which noble sentiment Snell concluded the dialogue, and left the room to seek Ruth.

THE OLDEST STEAMBOAT IN THE WORLD IN COMMISSION, NOW RUNNING FROM TROY, NEW YORK

CHAPTER IV

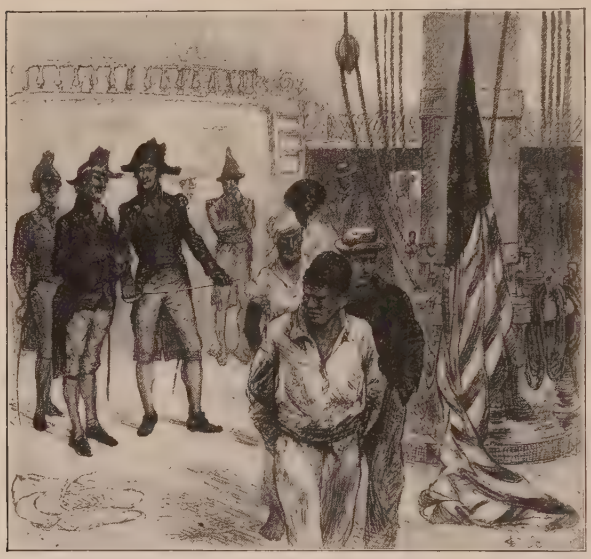
RUTH LEARNS ARITHMETIC

ALTHOUGH Ruth Gardner taught herself to think of Richard Morris as nothing more than a dream of childhood too long clung to, and smoothed him out of her heart when the year went by without a word from him, she did not by that process reduce herself to a condition of mind that was receptive to the advances of Nicholas Snell. In the beginning she was rather amused at his stupidity in paying court to her; presently she was annoyed at his audacity; in the end she was angered by his persistency.

This she told him on a day when it seemed best to do so, laying some stress on his age and worldly condition in the process, and making other points against him that were wholly irrelevant to her reasons for disliking him. Snell, deeply hurt, accepted the blow humbly and forgivingly. Believing that was the end of it, Ruth dismissed him from her mind as completely as she had from her presence.

Snell gave every sign of having abandoned his vaulting ambition, and of having cured himself of whatever infatuation might once have disturbed the bachelor tenor of his ways. But he did not permit his failure with Ruth to interfere with his progress with James Madison, her guardian. Madison, elected to succeed Jefferson in 1808, did not forget or fail him. Snell found himself comfortably billeted during the first term, with freedom to come and go at the White House, and with opportunity to learn many things in the day's work with which he had no concern. In 1812, when Madison was elected for the second time, he obtained at his own request an appointment in the navy department.

Many things had happened in the few years in which Snell was making such material progress, events of grave historical consequence to this country. From the beginning of our nationality, England had bullied us in a commercial way, fighting in trade when she could no longer fight in open war. Her behavior toward us was, for the most part, incidental to her general policy of helping herself to the world's business by hurting her neighbors and rivals in it; although toward us there was a seasoning of chagrin and anger. Her Orders in Council placed prohibitive restrictions on American vessels trading with English possessions; there were rules and regulations about flags and bottoms that hurt in more ways than one; there was every device and practice which a shrewd race could think of to keep England up, and America down.



Impressing American Seamen from the "Chesapeake"

The most unbearable practice of England from a moral point of view, although not the one that caused the greatest indignation among merchants and statesmen, was the right of search, claimed and maintained by England through many weary, bitter years. England held that any man who had ever been a subject of the English Crown was always a

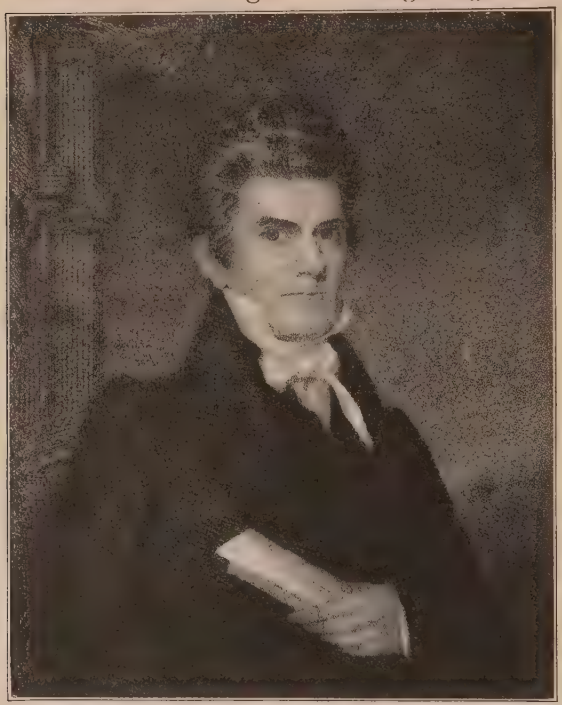
subject, and therefore liable to service in the British navy. Urging this principle of international law, her war-ships habitually overhauled American merchantmen and searched the crews for Englishmen. It was a notorious fact that the question of nationality was secondary to the need for more men on the searching vessel, and to the ablebodiedness of seamen under scrutiny.

The most flagrant and intolerable instance of the exercise of this asserted right was the *Leopard-Chesapeake* affair. In June, 1807, the frigate *Chesapeake*, setting sail for the Mediterranean to relieve the *Constitution*, was overhauled by the *Leopard*, whose officers insisted on searching the crew for English deserters. Commodore Barron, commanding the *Chesapeake*, would not suffer it; whereupon the *Leopard* opened fire. The *Chesapeake* was not ready for a fight; her decks were lumbered with stores, ammunition, and heavy guns that had not yet been mounted, and powder, balls, and matches, were in inextricable confusion. It was twenty minutes before a gun could be fired in response; that one was fired by using a live coal brought from the galley in the naked hands of Lieutenant William Henry Allen; and was fired just in time. The next moment the flag came down and the *Chesapeake*, with two masts gone, with two men killed and several wounded, surrendered to a British ship-

The Birthplace of Henry Clay, Hanover County, Virginia

of-war. The *Leopard's* officers came aboard, took off four men, and went their way, leaving the *Chesapeake* to limp back into Hampton Roads with pumps working and water rising in her hold.

Still there was no war. Jefferson, taking up the weapons with which England was fighting, induced Congress to lay an embargo, by which he thought to cripple England and bring her to terms. The second edge of the weapon cut deeper than the first; our merchant marine has never entirely recovered from the blow struck at it in the Long Embargo. In New England, towns that had been thriving and full of business died away until grass grew in their streets, and useless ships rotted at moss-covered wharves.

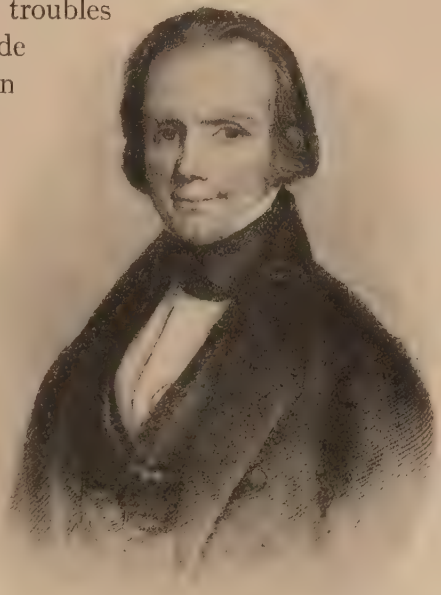


JOHN C. CALHOUN (*From the drawing by J. B. Longacre*)

So it went, England bullying the United States, and our statesmen playing futile tricks in Congress by way of resenting it. Nor was England alone in abusing our infant nation. France under Napoleon did the best she could with her more limited naval resources. When all Europe was involved by Napoleon in war, these two nations preyed per-

sistently and with a beautiful consistency on American commerce, devising such intricate rules for neutral carriers that few American vessels escaped both powers.

Madison, elected into this tangle, took up the task of straightening it out. The British minister at the time was David M. Erskine, who, being young and anxious to achieve a reputation for smoothing away troubles between America and England, made proposals and promises to Madison upon the strength of which the President annulled the embargo. A thousand ships at once sailed away and the country became wild with enthusiasm for the new President.



Henry Clay

But Canning, prime minister of England, repudiated Erskine's promises and recalled the young man, which brought President Madison down out of the sky. Vessels that had set sail were permitted to finish their voyages; but beyond that, the old conditions were restored.

There followed a period in which the United States tried to play off against each other England and France; but England and France, finding themselves preoccupied and the conditions surrounding American commerce materially beneficial to themselves, omitted the important detail of playing the game as outlined by the United States. Napoleon, in need of funds, made a pretense of playing the game, and invited American ships into French ports by a proclamation abrogating some of the former restrictions he had

laid against them. As soon as he considered that there were enough Americans in port to make it worth while, he announced that he had not meant what he said, and confiscated the vessels,—cargoes, captains, and all. Madison grieved over this, and deplored the event to the country, but does not seem to have done much more. Probably there was not a family in the United States that had not some claim arising from the French spoliation, that still comes up at odd times to stir golden hopes among the younger generation.

Madison, throughout his first term and for years before, as secretary of state, had held to the opinion that, if there must be war with either country, it should be with France. But in the year 1811 events began so to shape themselves as to make it seem necessary for him to change his opinion, or compromise with it. The first of these was a fight between the United States frigate *President* and the British sloop-of-war *Little Belt*, one of the fleet that was blockading our coasts to enforce the decrees and Orders of Council. A second, and more consequential, was the election of Henry Clay to the speakership of the house. Clay, young, ambitious, born to lead, and full of fire, began to insist on a war with England. He found many of a kindred spirit, and among them John C. Calhoun. These were the "War Hawks" who brought on war.

The first step toward it was taken before the adjournment of the house in 1811, when Congress renewed an act of non-intercourse with Great Britain, which had been suspended when there was promise of peace. In 1812 they passed a law establishing another embargo for ninety days; six weeks later war was declared against England. Madison advocated both these measures in messages to Congress, but it must not be forgotten that the war party was growing stronger every day, that the year was the year of a presiden-

Chicago in 1830: Old Fort Dearborn

tial election, and that Madison had a natural desire to succeed himself. He was renominated in the interval between the embargo and the declaration of war. If the cable had been laid under the Atlantic at that time, there would have been no war; for two days before hostilities were declared, on June 16, England revoked the Orders in Council, which was the principal cause of the rupture.

It was not a popular conflict, in spite of the war cry, "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights!" The Federal party was opposed to it from the beginning; the New England States, where the party still enjoyed a sporadic existence, refused to support the government, going to lengths that led to the edge of secession, of which more hereafter. It was not a popular war in the White House, perhaps; it was contrary to the President's judgment, if not to his will. Dolly Madison, a Quaker by birth, was secretly unhappy, though she made a brave show and helped her husband through the heavy times with courage and fidelity. Ruth at first was quite forlorn, feeling the disapproval directed against her guardian.

The weight of the conflict was early brought home to the household in Washington. The cry from the first was "On to Canada!" There were those who believed, probably sincerely, that Canada could be overrun and conquered in a campaign. Henry Clay said he could do it with two Kentucky regiments; but Henry Clay did not go to the front. Early in 1812, before the war had been declared in fact, General William Hull set out for Detroit with 2000 men, with a plan to march against Malden and Fort Amherstburg. Advancing across the river from Detroit and investing Malden, Hull met with unexpected opposition from Major-General Isaac Brock. Learning presently that Tecumseh was slicing into his communications between Maumee and Detroit, Hull returned to the post, where he was followed

by Brock, who, August 8, 1812, prevailed upon him to surrender without firing a shot, though behind fortifications.

The surrender laid Hull open to savage criticism. Subsequently he was tried on charges of treason, cowardice, and incompetency. On the two last charges he was convicted and sentenced to be shot, but President Madison pardoned him. The news of the surrender gave the enemies of the administration an opportunity to complain of which they fully availed themselves. Hull, however, has been vindicated by modern military critics.

General Sir Isaac Brock

The outcry made against the President and his advisers bore on no one more heavily than on Ruth Gardner, whose sensitive nature was hurt by every blow directed against her guardian. She took upon herself a responsibility that in no wise belonged either to her or to James Madison, and grew more unhappy each day as complaints and criticisms against the conduct of the war, and the war itself, accumulated.

Early in September she was strolling through the grounds of the White House, more depressed and worried than usual, when Michael Forbeson joined her. Forbeson was a young man who had come to Washington within the year to act as a clerk in the war office, an appointment for which he was indebted to Nicholas Snell. Through the same source, he had obtained an introduction to the family in the White House, and had at once become devoted to Ruth; in which devotion, it might be mentioned, he was by no means alone.

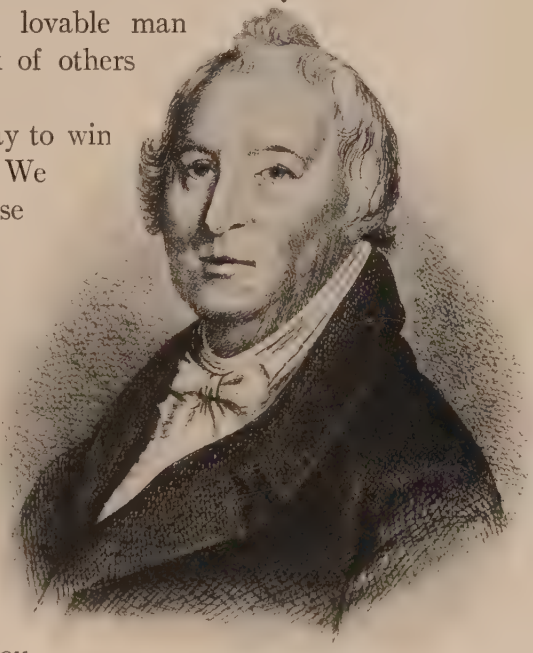
"You seem very low to-day, Miss Ruth," he said, gayly, falling into pace with her stroll.

"Oh, the news from the West has quite disconcerted me," she answered. "'T would be bad enough for our arms to suffer defeat if the blame were not all laid to my uncle. Knowing what a sweet and lovable man he is, I cannot bear to think of others attacking him as they do."

"Come, that is not the way to win wars," Forbeson reproved. "We are only beginning. A reverse or two at first will only serve to make us fight the harder for victory the next time. And as for the President, think what fame and fortune will be his when success comes at last."

Ruth shook her head by way of answer.

"By Jove!" cried Forbeson, "I would rather a dozen Hulls surrendered than that you should be so cast down."



General William Hull

She turned to him a smile. "That is not very patriotic, Mr. Forbeson. I do not understand."

"Well, then, since I must be bold in the matter, I will tell you that your one smile is worth more to me than a dozen triumphs of our arms, and not because I love my country the less, either."

Ruth withdrew her glances in sudden confusion, no longer in doubt about his meaning.

"Am I forgiven, then, and acquitted of a charge of lack of patriotism?" Forbeson went on.

Ruth laughed for answer.

"And am I forgiven because I wish above all things else in this world to see you smiling and happy?"

"Is it a sin to wish to see me smile?" she parried.

"How you women do twist things!" laughed Forbeson. "To be sure, it would be a sin to wish to see you sad; but by the same token it might be a bold fault to tell you otherwise, as I have just told you."

"I hope I shall not be so severe," said the girl.

"With all my heart I hope that," rejoined Forbeson fervently, grasping her arm for a passing instant.

Ruth, fluttered and pleased, led the talk away with feminine skill. They came presently to the White House door, where Ruth bade him farewell, and entered, restored in spirits for the moment, and at least glad for what he had said to her. He was full of such speeches, but never had she been so pleasurably affected by his subtle declarations of affection as now. He had come upon her in a mood when

HULL'S SURRENDER TO BROCK AT DETROIT (*From the drawing by H. L. Stephens*)

she hungered so deeply that her thoughts had been running away with her, back to that childish love she had known years ago, and which she thought she had put away.

She passed down the wide hall of the White House, all afloat with the sensations he had aroused, half afraid to seek Dolly Madison and find shelter from her thoughts. She had no more than got within the door, when the Presi-

DETROIT AT AN EARLY DAY (*From an engraving*)

dent's wife rushed to her, aglow with joy, and clasped her in her arms.

"My child! My child!" cried Mrs. Madison. "Wonderful news! Great news! What think you it is? We have taken a ship! We have dragged the flag of England from the seas!"

Ruth could do no more than ask a startled question.

"Captain Isaac Hull, nephew to the poor man at Detroit, has taken a British frigate, the *Guerrière*, with the *Constitution*. Oh, child, think what it means to us, and to my husband!"

By little the story came out, how Hull, going to sea in search of a prize, had fallen in with the *Guerrière* and

utterly overwhelmed the enemy; how he had come back to Boston in triumph; how the country had gone mad with joy, and many other things dear to a woman who tells a story.

"And just think of the poor men who were on the British ship for so long, and were released at last," went on Mrs. Madison, inconsequentially. "How glad they must be, and how we rejoice for them!"

"What men, auntie?"

"Why, have n't I told you? There were some American sailors aboard the British ship, men who were impressed and made to fight against their country. Think of what they must have suffered, child! But now they are back, and will even up the score, I warrant you."

A sudden and strange intuition burst into the brain of Ruth, a mad thought that set her trembling. "Who were they?" she asked, half whispering.

"Who were they?" repeated Mrs. Madison, without considering the strangeness of the question. "Here are their names." She took a paper from the table and read three or four names first, and then "Richard Morris, for many years an impressed sailor, thrown into chains for refusing duty in the fight —" and passed on to the next.

Now Ruth understood the years of silence. She was whirled back through many years to those early days, and the love that had been born then had a new birth, filling her heart, making her forgetful of all else.

"See how you have rumpled my hair, auntie," she said, carelessly. "I must go and set it to rights."

"But, child, you are weeping!" exclaimed Mrs. Madison, heeding her closely for the first time.

"It is only to think how glad the President will be."

"Sweet child," purred Mrs. Madison, kissing her cheek. "Run along now, and arrange your hair, if you must."

CHAPTER V

RUTH GROWS SUSPICIOUS

NICHOLAS SNELL looked up from the clutter of papers on his desk in the navy department into the countenance of Michael Forbeson, which had lost its expression of debonair frankness. "So you think you are not going through with it?" he said, with half a sneer.

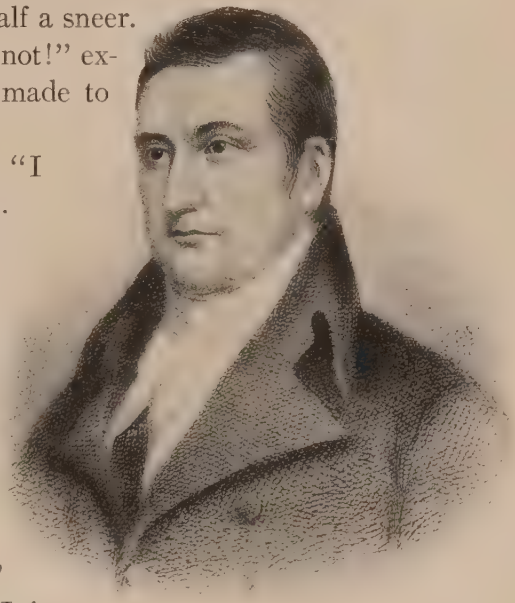
"I tell you for sure that I am not!" exclaimed the other. "I am not made to be a spy."

Snell shrugged his shoulders. "I have seen better myself," he said. "But now that you are one, you might as well make the most of it; for when you once begin the game it is hard to stop."

"But I am going to stop, I tell you again."

"Why?" Snell stretched out in his chair until his head rested on the back of it.

"I 'll tell you why, then," replied Forbeson, impulsively. "It 's the girl that 's made the change in me. I came here first with a clear conscience, believing all was fair in war, and I have done my work so that there is no complaint. But it has come to such a pass with me now that I can scarcely look into her face without crying out my shame to her and going down on my knees, asking her forgiveness."



MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY DEARBORN

Snell shrugged his shoulders again. "Mike," he said, "do you know you are likely to lose your neck from losing your heart like this?"

"And how about yourself?" Forbeson rejoined.

"Do you suppose that you would be believed if you told them I was with you in this? Do you suppose I would leave

Fort Dearborn, Chicago

a place for any story from you? Do not forget that I have the ear of the President, and have it first."

"You would not betray me like that, sure!" cried Forbeson, more in anger and contempt than in fear.

Snell rose from his seat and placed his hands on the other's shoulders. "Mike," he said, "I would do nothing that you would not compel me to do. Now let us talk better sense for a moment. Here you are, safe and sound, doing a good work. It will not last long. The war will soon be over, and then you can return to England with the girl and high honors from a grateful government, and she will be none the worse for it; because it will come out so in the end whether you play your part or not. Only, unless you do, you shall not have Ruth."

"But I mislike it much," mumbled Forbeson, wavering.

"It is not a pleasant task," Snell returned. "War is not pleasant, but all is fair in war, as it is in love, too, if you remember."

"But I don't want you to believe that it is your threats that keep me to it!"

"Threats! I make no threats. I only point out a few plain truths, which you have wisdom to understand and be guided by. So let us not play the fool again, Michael. Swallow your conscience for the time. You can make it up to the girl after it is all over."

Bas-Relief from the Tablet Marking the Site of Old Fort Dearborn, Chicago

Forbeson, shaking his head and complaining against fate, left Snell to his papers. Alone once more, the attaché of the navy department struck the side of his nose thrice with an extended finger, winking with each blow, and turned to his task.

A clerk came in, bearing a bundle of mail, tied in red tape. "Here is the ship's mail, sir," he said, laying it down.

"All right. That is what I want." The clerk turned to go. "You understand the purpose of this, Brown?" Snell called after him. "We have suspicions that make it

well to investigate all the mail that comes to Washington from our ships-of-war, and you must arrange so that none gets by us."

"I have notified proper parties at every port, sir."

"That is right, And, Brown, it would be just as well for you not to speak of this, for we do not want to put any

The Battle of Queenston Heights

one on his guard by letting him know what precautions we are taking. We shall land some of them yet, the damned traitorous scoundrels. And one thing more, Brown. This fellow Morris, Midshipman Richard Morris. You saw to it that he was shipped away in the *United States?*"

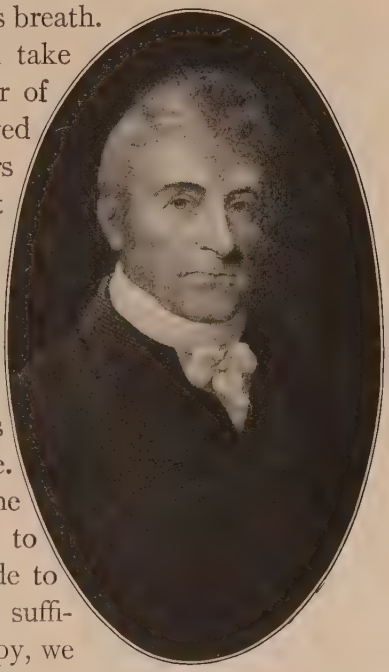
"That was done, sir."

"Good. You see, Brown, this fellow's presence would be very embarrassing to certain high parties in Washington, and we must arrange to keep him at sea. I am sorry that I cannot tell you more about it, for it is an interesting story. Be certain to bring me privately every report you have that mentions his name, and keep close watch that he does not

THE "ESSEX" CAPTURING THE BRITISH SHIP "ALERT" (*From the drawing by Captain Hoff*)

get ashore. We will order him from one place to another for a time, until the present affair in which he is involved blows over. That is all."

Alone once more, Snell unbound the packet of letters, and ran through them, examining each address carefully. "Aha!" he said, presently, under his breath. "Here we have it. Now we shall take a look at this, to see what manner of letter the fellow writes. 'My beloved Ruth,' he says. 'At last, after years of trouble and anxiety, I find it possible to write you once more, to tell you I am alive and well.' Good. Now let me see." He read on, in silence, grinning sardonically from time to time. When he had finished, he tore the letter into small pieces and threw them into the fireplace. "So much for Middy Morris," he said, grinning again as he returned to his desk. "Now, when she is made to believe her laddy is dead, and falls sufficiently in love with our friend the spy, we will teach her what it is to flout Nick Snell."



General Stephen Van Rensselaer (*From a minature by C. Fraser*)

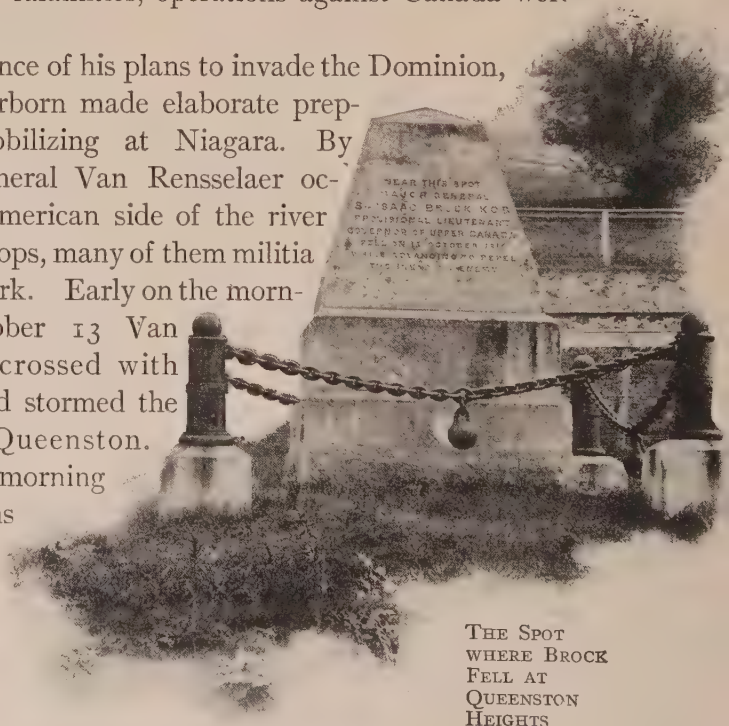
For a time in the fall of 1812 the spirits of the war party ran high, and the opponents of the war found little comfort. There was not only the victory of the *Constitution* over the *Guerrière*; another engagement at sea had resulted in a victory for the Americans. On August 13, six days before the *Constitution-Guerrière* fight, the frigate *Essex* fell in with and captured the British sloop *Alert* and reduced her to a wreck in eight minutes. In celebrating this achievement, the Americans lost sight of the fact that the *Essex* heavily

outweighed her opponent. At that, the event was worthy of enthusiasm, for the victory was more decisive than the disparity in force alone would warrant.

SITE OF THE REDAN BATTERY AT QUEENSTON HEIGHTS

Meanwhile, affairs on land were not prospering. Detroit was gone; Michilimackinac had fallen into British hands; the garrison of Fort Dearborn, Chicago, together with a number of refugee inhabitants, had been murdered by the Indians, who operated with the British against the place. In addition to these calamities, operations against Canada were languishing.

In pursuance of his plans to invade the Dominion, General Dearborn made elaborate preparations, mobilizing at Niagara. By October, General Van Rensselaer occupied the American side of the river with 6000 troops, many of them militia from New York. Early on the morning of October 13 Van Rensselaer crossed with 1500 men and stormed the heights of Queenston. Later in the morning the Canadians returned to



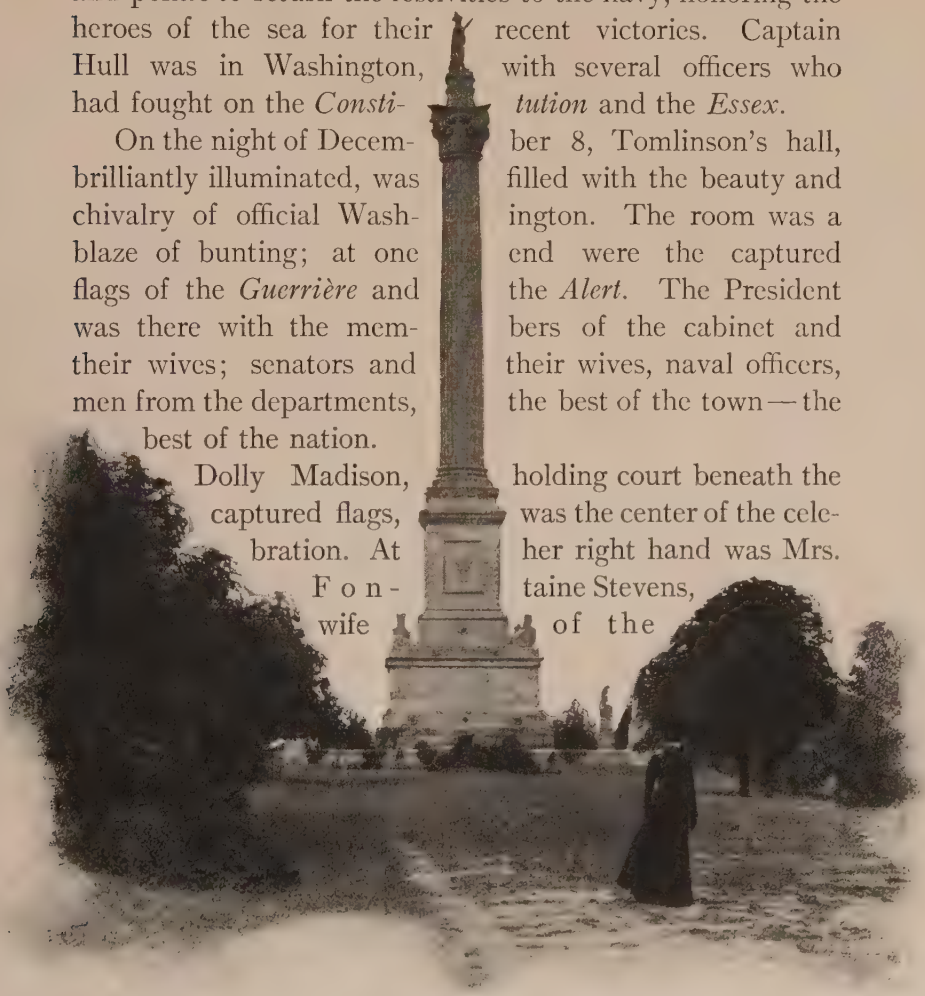
THE SPOT WHERE BROCK FELL AT QUEENSTON HEIGHTS

the attack, led by General Brock at the head of reinforcements. In the crisis the militia from New York refused to cross into Canada, taking advantage of a law under which they were not obliged to go outside the State. Because of their failure to coöperate, the advance guard occupying Queenston Heights was captured. General Brock was killed in the fight, to become a hero in the annals of the Dominion.

In December Captain Stewart, commanding the *Constellation* lying in the river before Washington, having given a ball to high officials in the government, it was deemed suitable and politic to return the festivities to the navy, honoring the heroes of the sea for their recent victories. Captain Hull was in Washington, with several officers who had fought on the *Constitution* and the *Essex*.

On the night of December 8, Tomlinson's hall, brilliantly illuminated, was filled with the beauty and chivalry of official Washington. The room was a blaze of bunting; at one end were the captured flags of the *Guerrière* and the *Alert*. The President was there with the members of the cabinet and their wives; senators and their wives, naval officers, men from the departments, the best of the town — the best of the nation.

Dolly Madison, holding court beneath the captured flags, was the center of the celebration. At her right hand was Mrs. Fontaine Stevens, wife of the



Sir Isaac Brock's Monument at Queenston Heights

senator from Massachusetts, who, because he had adopted the war policy, had lost his seat in the last election and would not come back next spring. Near them was Representative Thwaite, submitting to the prosecution of the war, of which he had disapproved,—he was there because Leonora was there.

There was greater joy to-night than had been contemplated; for rumor told of another victory at sea; of another British ship captured by American salts. No one could tell how, or where, or by what vessel; there was nothing more than an excited tale. Many said it was the *United States* that had done it, and that the vanquished ship was the *Macedonian*, but no one could fully verify the story.

Ruth Gardner, doing her best to be gay and interested, stood in the midst of a group of admirers, laughing and making eyes at them in a hollow, heavy way. The music struck up. Michael Forbeson led her on to the floor. "You are not well to-night, Miss Ruth," he said, tenderly.

"Do I dance so poorly?"

"On my word, you dance like a lily alive on its stem in a May morning; but the sun is not shining as it should in May."

"If there were nothing but sunshine, the lily would soon wither away, Mr. Forbeson."

"If I did not pluck it first," he whispered. "Then it might grow in my heart forever and a day."

She was saved from making any response by a commotion that arose at the bottom of the hall; the sound of loud voices, half shouting; a bustle of men and women surrounding one who made his way up the hall, toward Mrs. Madison, where she stood beneath the captured flags. They both looked that way, abandoning the dialogue.

"Come, let us see what this is," said Forbeson, making way toward the same point, dragging Ruth after him.

With a cry, a half-dozen men lifted to their shoulders the one in their center. He was a young officer of the navy. About his shoulders was a drapery of colors. At sight of him, and what he had wrapped about him, the company went wild with joy.

"Who is it?" cried Ruth, striving to get a glimpse of him through the press.

"Lieutenant Hamilton, son of the secretary of the navy," some one answered.

"What has he wrapped about him?"

" 'Fore God, 't is another flag!" cried Forbeson.

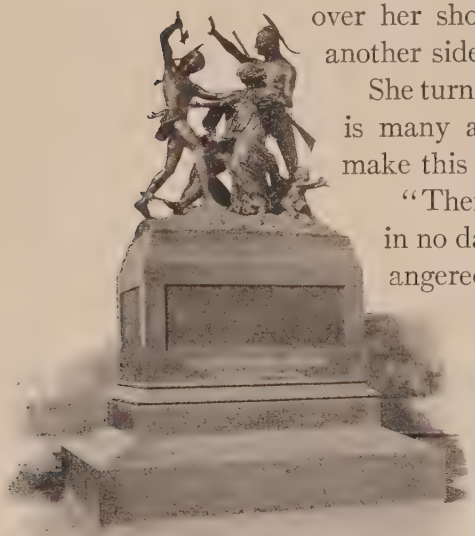
"The *Macedonian's!*" another at his elbow added. "She was taken by the *United States* off Madeira, and has just come to port."

The elegant gathering was turned into a tumult as the news was bruited about. Come there to celebrate two victories, and informed of a third, the people could not contain their joy. They laughed, they wept, they embraced one another. And when Lieutenant Hamilton, struggling from the shoulders of the men who carried him, made his

THE FORT DEARBORN MASSACRE

way through the crowd and placed the flag at the feet of Dolly Madison, there was such an uproar that those who had not learned what it was all about were filled with panic.

In the confusion, Ruth's hand slipped from Forbeson's arm, and she lost track of him. Quivering with excitement, she was striving to come closer to her aunt when a low voice over her shoulder gave her pause. "There is another side to this," said the voice.



Black Partridge Saving Mrs. Helm in the Fort Dearborn Massacre
(*From the monument in Chicago*)

She turned; it was Nicholas Snell. "There is many a poor devil who gave his life to make this holiday for us," he went on.

"There is many a devil, perhaps, who is in no danger of giving his," Ruth retorted, angered, and despising the man for his croaking manner, and for all that had gone before.

"Among them," pursued Snell, paying no heed to the innuendo in her speech, "among them, as I learn by the reports that reached the office just before I left, is an excellent friend of ours, of the name of Richard Morris."

Vague, fragmentary suspicions of Snell that had floated like broken clouds in Ruth's mind for a long time flew together in an instant. "I shall ask to see the reports, Mr. Snell," she said, looking him fully in the eye.

"I shall be happy to show them to you, Miss Gardner," he returned, meeting her gaze without a flutter. "Come to the office at your leisure, and you shall see them."

"I will go now," she said.

"Shall I ask your aunt to provide an escort?"

"No," returned the girl, "I will go alone."

CHAPTER VI

RUTH SETS A TASK

IT was not difficult, in the excitement of the moment, for Ruth to pass unobserved from the hall in the company of Snell. She delayed long enough only to get her bonnet and wrap. The two were soon walking through the dismal streets of the city toward the navy office.

He led her down the passage, turning in through a doorway near the feeble candle. The room in which they stood was the office of the secretary of the navy. It, too, was dimly lighted. One belated clerk was bending over a report which did not appear to be having an exhilarating effect upon his spirits.

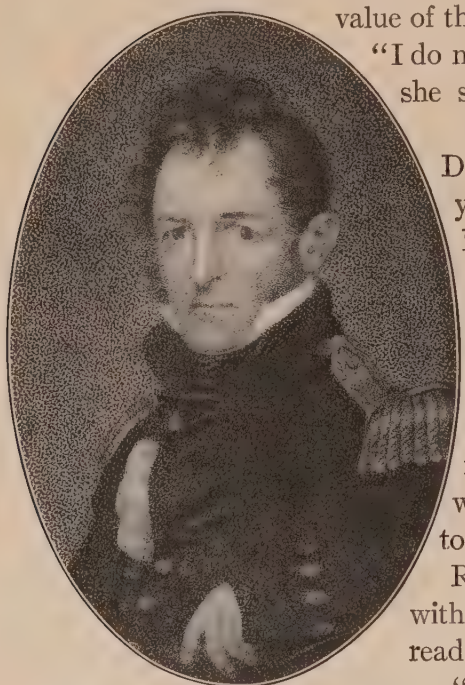
They passed through the secretary's office into an inner room. Another candle was burning here. Snell communicated the flame to several more, which he placed on a table in the center of the room. "If you will sit down, I will get the reports," he said.

JACOB JONES (*From Peale's portrait*)

Ruth took a chair, thanking him. He left the room, returning after some delay with a bundle of papers. "Brown was just working over these, getting them in shape for Mr. Hamilton," Snell explained. "Of course," he added, bethinking himself, "it is understood that I am showing you these reports in confidence, and because you seem interested to learn all you can of this Richard Morris; and not to vindi-

cate my veracity, your opinion of which is of no consequence to me? You will do me the grace to concede that much, Miss Gardner."

Ruth was abashed for the first time, wondering whether she might not have done this man an injustice. Such is the value of the dangerous art of getting angry.



DAVID PORTER (*From Wood's portrait*)

"I do not mean to be unfair, Mr. Snell," she said.

"Here is the report from Captain Decatur. You may read it all, if you care to. The only mention he makes of Morris is here, where he says: 'I have the honor of especially commending the brave conduct of Midshipman Richard Morris throughout the engagement, and to suggest his name for promotion, if he survives the wounds he received while tending to his duties during battle.' "

Ruth took the paper and read with quivering lip. She read, and read again.

"Here is another report, signed by the surgeon, giving a list of those who died following the engagement and were buried at sea," said Snell, after a great fumbling and searching among the bundle of papers he had. "Will you look at it? That is all that concerns you, I believe, the others being official reports of other officers covering various departments of the service. You are welcome to look them over, if you choose."

She did not answer; she was reading down through the list. As she read, her eyes closed, as though to shut out what she saw. She handed the paper back to Snell without

speaking. She arose; her eyes, wide and dry, were distraught with grief. "Can you take me back?" she said. "I am sorry that I doubted you."

"On the whole, I am rather glad," Snell made answer, replacing on her shoulders the cloak

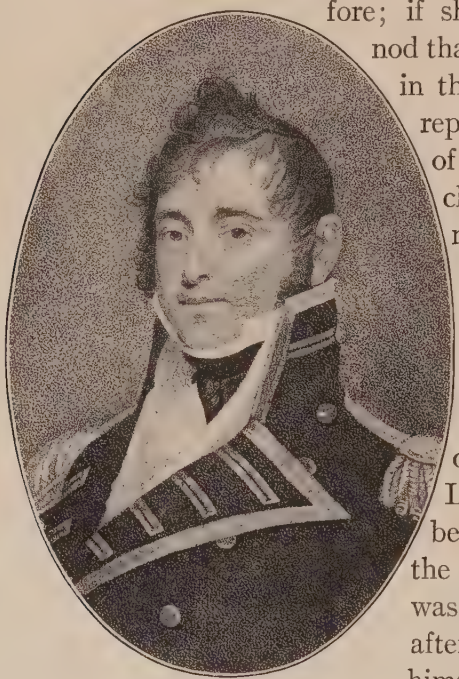
THE BIRTHPLACE OF
JAMES FENIMORE COOPER
BURLINGTON, NEW JERSEY

THE BIRTHPLACE OF JAMES LAWRENCE

that had fallen when she arose. "It settles an issue that seems to have been between us, and leaves us both, I apprehend, free to go about our affairs without crossing each other's paths again."

Ruth did not return to the ball, but went directly to the White House, where through the long night that followed she fought her fight with the last grief, and won, solacing herself with the thought that at least he had died bravely.

If Ruth had detected, when she read the surgeon's report of those buried at sea, that the ink of it was scarcely dry, although it purported to have been penned a week before; if she had seen the wink and the nod that Snell bestowed upon the clerk in the office when he returned the reports; if she had caught a glimpse of the grin on the face of the clerk,—much of this story would not have been written.



JAMES LAWRENCE (*From Stuart's portrait*)

Some days later Ruth, meeting Lieutenant Hamilton, had courage to ask concerning the part her childhood's lover had in the fight, hinting at a touch of kin to explain her inquiry. Lieutenant Hamilton could not be sure what had happened on the part of the ship where Morris was stationed, though he had heard afterward that the fellow acquitted himself nobly. Morris was much cut up, he said, and he was not

THE "CHESAPEAKE" AND "SHANNON" (*From an old print*)

surprised when Ruth told him that the poor lad was dead, although he had not remembered that.

In time, and with a rapidity that was surprising to herself, Ruth grew to think of Richard as if he had been dead ever since he passed out of her life, on the eve of his de-

THE DEATH OF JAMES LAWRENCE (*From the painting by Chappell*)

parture in search of his father. The letters that had passed between them after that she overlooked; he was once more the young lad who kissed her farewell, and went to his death.

Thinking thus of her sweetheart, it was not strange that she should turn her face toward Michael Forbeson with a smile and a free heart; it is not to be rebuked that she was able to contemplate him as a lover without disloyalty toward the one who was gone. Forbeson's devotion to her was such that it was foolish and vain to ignore the probability that he

would become her avowed lover in time, and a short time at that. Ruth did not anticipate the event; she did not plan how she should receive his protestations of affection; she only knew that she was not sorry that this brisk, happy, bright, frank-faced young fellow found in her something to care for.

As the year wore away, there came news of more victories by sea. On October 15 the sloop-of-war *Wasp*, Captain Jacob Jones, encountered the British brig *Frolic*, convoying a fleet of merchantmen from Honduras to England, in the midst of a Hatteras gale. Each vessel was small, being of about 450 tons, and each was thrown about by the sea until the muzzles of the guns rolled under; but the fight went on. When, at the end of forty minutes, Lieutenant James Biddle boarded the enemy, he found not one man unwounded on deck, and only one officer.

The Tomb of Lawrence, Trinity Churchyard, New York

The *Constitution*, Captain David Porter, cruising along the coast of South America, fell in with the British frigate *Java* off Brazil. After two hours of fighting, the British surrendered, having lost 230 men. In February the sloop *Hornet*, Captain James Lawrence, destroyed the British brig *Peacock*, sending her to the bottom before her men could be taken off.

These victories of the sea, picturesque and inspiriting as they were, had no other than a moral effect on the belligerents. The loss of a few ships and sailors did not prevent England from blockading the American coast, and was without result on her policy or the conduct of the war. But

On the Battlefield of Tippecanoe at the Dedication of the Monument

their moral influence must not be underestimated. In all her recent wars, England had not lost as many vessels in single engagements as she had already lost to this upstart nation with a navy made out of bundles of pine boards. Britannia, mistress of the seas, was insulted, outraged, by a handful of Yankee skippers and sailors. The thing was insufferable.

In the depth of her chagrin, England was solaced by one success. Captain Philip Broke, commanding the *Shannon*, brought home victory, and was made a baronet for it. He captured the frigate *Chesapeake* off Boston harbor on June 1, 1813. The *Chesapeake* was a new vessel, hardly in commission, with a crew drawn in part from the farms about Boston, many of whom did not know a marlinspike from the main truck. She was commanded by Captain Lawrence, late of the *Hornet*. Broke challenging him, he went out, unprepared as he was, and lost. He paid his life forfeit to his courage; but his dying words were soon to float over a victorious fleet on an inland sea, "Don't give up the ship!"

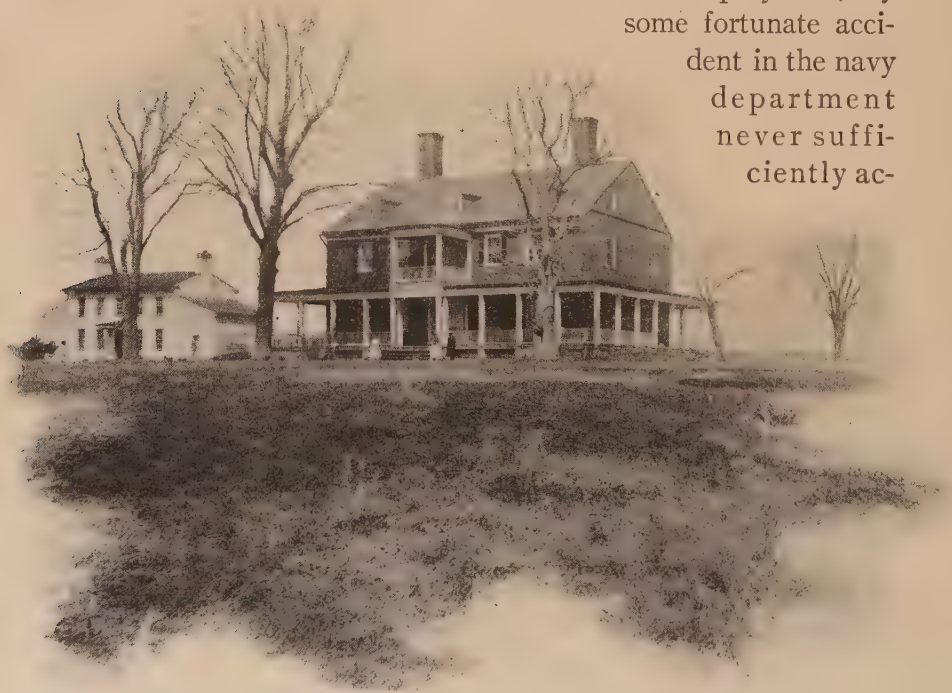
Land operations against Canada were resumed in the West early in the year. General William Henry Harrison, succeeding General Hull, set out to recover Detroit. He was an experienced Indian fighter, having wiped out the Prophet and his band at the battle of Tippecanoe two years before. The Prophet and his brother Tecumseh, inspired by the same dream that led Pontiac along the war-path, planned to reunite the Indian tribes of the West against the encroaching whites. The conspiracy was destroyed by Harrison; but Tecumseh had his revenge in January, when he commanded the Indians in a force of British and Indians that attacked Harrison's advance on the River Raisin and annihilated it. Only a few escaped to bear the news; the wounded and prisoners were massacred by the Indians.

This disaster proved to the administration the futility

of any endeavor to invade Upper Canada without first obtaining control of the lakes. Preparations were made at once to put fleets in Ontario and Erie. Commodore Chauncey, in Ontario, gathered together a number of craft which so preponderated over the enemy's vessels that the Americans were able to make a successful expedition against York, now Toronto, the capital of Canada West, which place they captured and burned, wantonly, much as their own capital was burned later in the war.

Lake Erie was of great strategic importance, commanding, as it did, an entrance to the other lakes, and holding control over the Northwest Territory, which, after the disaster at the River Raisin, there was danger of our losing. General Harrison could do nothing until assured that his communications, which were exposed to Lake Erie, were secure. The British had a fleet of six vessels on the lake, commanded by Captain Barclay, who had fought with Nelson.

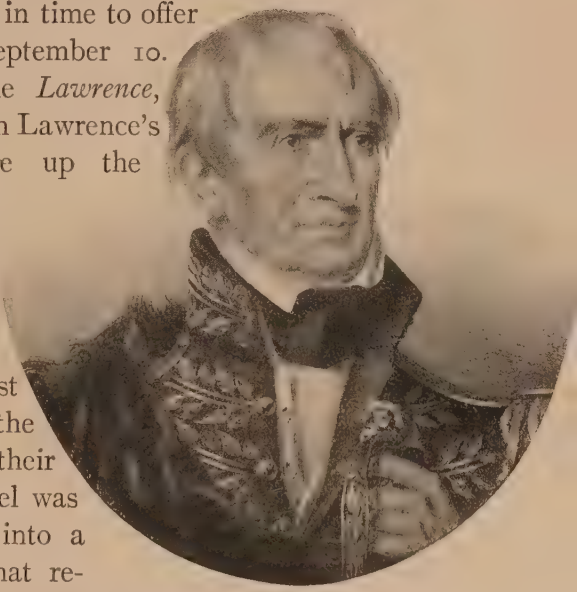
Into this situation was projected, by some fortunate accident in the navy department never sufficiently ac-



The Birthplace of William Henry Harrison, Berkeley, Virginia

counted for, a dynamic force in the person of Oliver Hazard Perry, a naval officer only twenty-eight years old, and without previous experience in actual fighting. Perry turned the virgin forest into a fleet of vessels, and conjured men and arms out of the wilderness, in time to offer battle to the enemy on September 10.

His flag-ship, called the *Lawrence*, bore at her masthead Captain Lawrence's dying words, "Don't give up the ship." There were nine vessels in the American fleet, smaller than the English ships, and throwing less metal.



General William Henry Harrison

Engaging the two heaviest vessels of the enemy with the *Lawrence*, he endured their combined fire until his vessel was a wreck, when he leapt into a boat with eight men, all that remained of his crew, and rowed to the *Niagara*. Marshaling his ships, he led them in a charge that broke through the enemy's ranks and scattered them, not one of the six escaping capture.

This is the message that Perry sent to General Harrison. "We have met the enemy and they are ours. Two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop. Yours, with great respect and esteem." O. H. Perry

The victory cleared the way for Harrison, who promptly crossed into Canada and defeated Proctor and Tecumseh in the battle of the Thames. Tecumseh was killed in the fight, and the power of the Indian allies broken. Detroit was soon recovered, and the Northwest Territory was secured once more to the United States.

The campaign of this year against Lower Canada was ridiculous and disgraceful. James Wilkinson, sometime pensioner of Spain, sometime conspirator with Aaron Burr, and always incompetent, had been placed in charge of an army that was to move down the Saint Lawrence to Mon-

THE ROCK ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF TIPPECANOE FROM WHICH THE PROPHET SANG OF AMERICAN DEFEAT

treal, where he was to be met by a force under General Wade Hampton, a Southern gentleman of ability and character. General Wilkinson marched his men until a detachment of 2000 militia encountered 800 Canadians at Chrystler's Farm and were miserably whipped. He sat down to wait. Meanwhile, Hampton had obeyed orders by marching from Plattsburg to Chateaugay, expecting to be joined by Wilkinson. Waiting there as long as it was safe, he turned about and marched back to Plattsburg. Hampton resigned in the spring; Wilkinson asked for and received a court-martial, including a coat of whitewash.

President Madison was not completely disheartened,

but made great preparations to bring the next campaign to a better ending. He appointed two brand-new major-generals, George Izard and Jacob Brown, and several new brigadiers, among them Scott, Macomb, and Gaines. In the selection of these men he followed a procedure unique in his administration; he rewarded merit and recognized demonstrated ability. Not to be too thorough in his house-cleaning, he appointed John Armstrong of New York to succeed Eustis as secretary of war, Eustis having resigned in December. At the same time, Paul Hamilton left the navy department, and was followed by William Jones of Philadelphia, who, being a ship-owner, was of some value in a technical way. One change that should not be omitted from mention was the selection of Fontaine Stevens, former senator from Massachusetts, for a position in the war department.

Ruth, who sympathized with the President's policies as a ward should, and who had grown somewhat used to war, partook of the hope that filled the Chief Magistrate, viewing the future with calm assurance and faith that was

TECUMSEH'S TRAIL ALONG THE WABASH RIVER

consoling to herself and him, if nothing more. All this time, as has been intimated, Forbeson was pressing his suit and coming closer to the critical moment, from which he seemed deterred only by a mysterious influence which Ruth could not guess, and which piqued her. She had come to look

Burial Place of the Soldiers who Fell at the Battle of Tippecanoe, Indiana

forward wistfully to his declaration, if for no other reason than because it was delayed.

At last the moment came. They were walking in the White House grounds in the early spring evening. The leaves were peeping from their buds, the moon was in the sky, and all was fitting. He told her of his love passionately, in many words, to which she listened with averted gaze and a soft flush of exhilarating excitement.

"My hero," she said, when he paused, "the man I shall love, must be a brave man, and not one who stays safe at home when others fight for their country."

"You ask that as proof of my love?" he asked, presently.

"No; I should not like to put it that way. I do not want you to go to the front. I should be unhappy if you ran any risk; and yet I have a fancy, which may be foolish, that I could not love a man as I would want to love him, if he stayed here while others fought."

There was another silence as they walked beneath the moon among the bursting trees. "If I go, and come back?" he resumed. "You will love me then, Ruth?"

"I —I shall give you my answer when you come back," she murmured.

"And if I do not come back?" he suggested, resorting to an ancient and honorable device.

She laid a fluttering hand on his sleeve. "Do not speak of that," she whispered.

He lifted the hand to his lips. "I will go," he said, with a struggle, "I shall start to-morrow."

There was silence between them again. "You will say farewell to me?" he whispered, bending above her shoulder.

She averted her face. "You will come back," she said; and left him.

The Death of Tecumseh at the Battle of the Thames, Ontario

CHAPTER VII

LETTERS FROM A HERO

IN the morning there came a note from Forbeson, bidding Ruth farewell. He should not see her again, he said, until he had proved himself worthy of her love. If the proof demanded the last sacrifice, and he never saw her again, he would be content, provided he could feel that he died secure in her regard. He hoped, in such an event, she would not reproach herself, for she was right in making this demand.

NAPOLEON IN 1814

Reading the note, Ruth felt for the first time the full significance of the test she had set, and would have been glad to relent. Her woman's nature preventing any expression of such weakening, she was compelled to let him go, hoping for better fortune than that he

had so skillfully suggested might be his, justifying herself as being party to a patriotic sacrifice. Although Ruth was a heroine, she was also a woman.

JOSEPHINE, EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH

The summer was a gloomy one in Washington. In two years of fighting, nothing had been gained. Blows had been given and taken at Detroit; the American fleets had control of the Great Lakes; picturesque victory had come sailing up out of the seas, and a marauding force had burned York, the capital of Canada West. Beyond Perry's victory in Lake Erie, which had given control of that waterway to the Americans, not the least advantage had been gained, the sea victories themselves being barren of other result than a sporadic enthusiasm among Americans and an abiding resentment in England. Canada was intact, and likely to remain so; Lake Erie was of no offensive value that could be put into practice; the British navy was as powerful at sea as ever.

BIRTHPLACE OF JOSEPHINE, ISLAND OF MARTINIQUE

While nothing had been gained, much had been lost, and still more threatened. The English navy, unaffected by the trifling losses that had been inflicted on it through sea duels, was blockading the entire coast of America, from Maine to New Orleans. Squadrons lay off every port; shipping was throttled; even American war-ships lay helpless at their berths, unable to get to sea. Eastport and Nantucket had been captured by the English; eastern Maine was overrun and proclaimed English territory; Admiral Cochrane was laying waste the shores of the Chesapeake; the Delaware was sealed against commerce; the capital itself was threatened with capture and destruction. Napoleon, overwhelmed at last by weight of the numbers he had raised against himself, had abdicated the French throne and been sent to Elba. Devotion to the republican principle had fired France with an enthusiasm that went far toward conquering the world. The dynasties of Europe saw their power

Napoleon's Farewell to Josephine, 1809

waning, and coalition after coalition sought to restore kingly prestige. Unfortunately Napoleon, led away by his vaulting ambitions, played right into the hands of his inveterate and implacable foes, and to this his downfall may be directly traced. He divorced his empress, Josephine, that he might wed the Grand Duchess Maria Louisa of Austria, seeking alliance with a great imperial house in order to fix the Napoleonic dynasty upon France. It resulted only in another and successful coalition against him, in which Austria was the chief mover under British instigation. Freed of this dread that had kept her occupied for a score of years, England was able to turn her attention to her troubles in America, and in early summer sent ships and soldiers to the scene of war,—old veterans who had fought against the best regulars of the Little Corporal.

With all this to assail him from without, President Madison was further disconcerted by a lack of harmony within the nation. New England, angered by the loss of its shipping, alarmed by the invasion of Maine, was anxious for peace at any price. An extreme wing of the Federalist party was muttering about secession and independent peace with England. Farmers in Vermont and New York were sending supplies to British invading armies, and denying them to the Americans; militia-men were refusing to pass beyond the limits of the States in which they had organized, or were being prohibited from doing so by the States themselves; soldiers were scarce, and scared; finances were at the lowest ebb; patriotism seemed submerged beneath party feeling and private interest.

The one hope of the President lay in the operations about Niagara. At last he had men in charge in whom it was sane to repose hope. Brown, Izard, Scott, Macomb, and Gaines, were men of ability and integrity. The plan was to invade Canada—a plan that had failed miserably heretofore

because of the manner of men employed in carrying it out. Brown was to cross at Niagara; Izard to move up Lake Champlain, through Plattsburg, and so to Montreal.

Michael Forbeson, commissioned lieutenant by virtue of his influence at the capital, left Washington to join General Brown's army early in June. Ruth had a note from

Napoleon's Farewell at Fontainebleau

him when he arrived, telling how Brown had marched from Sackett's Harbor to Niagara, where he found 3500 men under Scott, well drilled and ready for war, and intimating that he expected soon to see fighting. Late in August she heard again, this time more fully.

"My Treasure," the letter ran, "if I may make so bold as to call you so. Treasure you are, at least; but whether mine or not perhaps the next few days will tell; for we are on the very brink of battle unless all signs fail. Orders are issued for a march to-morrow morning, which will be July 3. I do not know where we are going, except that we are

going to fight. The scheme of the war is to march against Chippewa and Yorktown Heights when the fleet is ready on Lake Ontario; but that will not be until late July, so that this movement will not be a part of the larger movement. For my part, I think it is undertaken against Fort Erie, on the north side of Lake Erie, and that it is as much for the purpose of keeping our troops in good mettle as any other one thing to be gained by it.

Napoleon Signing His Abdication, August 11, 1814

"I am in Brigadier-General Scott's brigade, and a fine body of troops it is, if I do say so who should not. They are well trained and in good order, thanks to the energy of General Scott, and are willing to fight, for the most part,— which is something not entirely usual in these northern armies, it would seem. For my part, I am ready for what the future holds, and I would not have you think otherwise; but I find myself dreading to die here, so far away from you, and that for one reason which I can by no means tell you. I should have told you before I left, but that I was too great a coward. But this thing I ask of you, Ruth darling: whatever whispers you may hear of me should I

die to-morrow, believe not, but hold to the faith that you have in me, believing always that I died loving you, and honorably. I can only hint at what I would tell you; but I conjure you to do as I ask, or my soul will surely ride on the griddles of hell. . . .

"July 7.—My beloved, I take my pen once more to tell you that I have been through two fights, and believe that it is intended I shall live, now that I have come through the second one. I had no chance to send this to you when I wrote the first of it, for which I am glad, because now I can add this much to it.

"I was right when I conjectured that we should move against Fort Erie. We took the place with very little of a struggle, although, God knows, there was noise enough for a time to make me afraid. But now I have been baptized, and battle cannot frighten me more; which I say in all modesty, and for which I can take no credit, for it is my thinking of you that has made it so.

"Now I will tell you the story of the fight we fought. We took Fort Erie, as I have said, on the third of July, and on the next day we started, with Scott's brigade in advance, toward the enemy at Chippewa. The British were well scattered in the beginning, but were concentrating all this time on the news of our advancing against Fort Erie.

"So that we should not fall upon them at Chippewa too quickly, they had torn up and destroyed many bridges on the way, and this country being rough, with many rivers and ravines, we were delayed by their operations so that we did not come to the Chippewa until near night, though the distance was no more than sixteen miles. Finding the enemy strong in front, General Scott withdrew his men to Street's Creek, a mile in the rear, where he waited for Porter and Ripley to come up with the other brigades.

"The next day General Brown, deciding to bridge the

THE BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE (*From the painting by Chappell*)

river above the British position and attack them, sent General Porter with some Indians and volunteers through the woods toward the river. There they ran into a body of British that made them turn and flee. The fugitives came into our camp in the midst of a jubilee that General Scott had got ready to celebrate the nation's birthday—a great feast, and somewhat to drink, but little of food. By great good fortune the eating was done, and the troops had formed in line, ready to cross the creek, where there was to be a review.

"The fugitives, running into our camp, cried out that the British army was crossing to attack. This General Scott did not believe, but marched forward to cross the bridge over Street's Creek, as he had first intended. I was not far from the head of the column. When we came to the bridge there burst out upon us from the other side a blast of artillery that shook us on our feet, and swept death against the head of the column. Men fell groaning about me; shot screamed over my head; the air was split into fragments with the roaring of the guns.

"I saw my men looking at one another with whitening faces, and knew they felt sick at the stomach, just as I did. Would you believe that I found it hard to keep on my feet at all? Nevertheless, thinking of you and what I must do to earn your regard, I waved my sword above my head with a great sweep, as brave to all appearances as the bravest, and shouted to them to come on. And come they did, like noble lads.

"Then we did a thing that, I am told, is very hard to do, and hard enough we found it, I 'll be bound. We formed in line of battle on the far side of the stream, where was an open space, with the fire of the enemy always upon us. Company after company, passing the bridge, wheeled into its place, as though on parade, men dropping from the ranks the

while like sick flies, not at all like parade, until all was in order, and we were told to charge. For this manœuver we have only General Scott to thank, for he had so drilled the men that they moved like one machine.

"The enemy was in force; that we could see. General Riall had no mind to wait to be routed out, but was coming to chastise us, taking the advantage of the first blow. Although he perceived that the British were in full force, and outnumbered him, General Scott did not delay or hesitate, but went at once into the fight, determined that what we lacked in numbers we should make up in aggression. At the same moment that we moved forward, the enemy charged also; so that we came at each other across the fields like two great snarling, crawling, spitting beasts. I shall not soon forget the din, though I forgot it at the time and forgot that death was behind the sound of it. Men fell all about me; some with a sob, and some with a curse, and one with a laugh, which, God help me, will go to my grave in my ears. It had in it all the horrors of war.

MAJOR-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT (*From the portrait by Charles Ingham*)

"I went at the head of my troops, who were advancing and firing at intervals. I found myself walking more slowly as we came nearer, and wondering when this thing was going to stop, this crawling together of two hating, snarling, snapping, roaring dragons. I was well at the end of the line, on the left flank. Looking across our front, I could see it sagging. I wondered whether it was going to break. In the

moment I saw that the enemy sagged too in the middle, and was reassured.

"We were very close now, so close that I could make out the faces of the enemy when the smoke gave me a sight of them, and could have known a friend among them, if there had been one; which, thank God, there was not. That is a horrible thing, to look into the eyes of the man you are killing, and see the look of death come into them to peer out at you; to see a face wrinkle and writhe in torment, and to know that behind the torment lay your own bullet, and behind the bullet your will to kill.

"But I am afraid we had not such thoughts at the time, for we had no more than come to such a position against them when our men, with a yell, rushed upon them, bayonets fixed, and fell into a mêlée with them that was for all the world like a Donnybrook fair, but more bloody. There was clubbing and swearing and sweating, and grapplings by the throat; but the difference was that here flashed cold steel, which is a thing never seen in a fair fight among the Irish. But Irish though I am, I found myself using the steel, and felt it pricking its way through —but this is a thing you will not like to read about. It is enough to say that the enemy shortly broke and fled, we having touched them upon the other flank in the same manner. Two days later we drove them from their camp on the Chippewa, following as far as Queenston, where we now hold a strong position. We are waiting for Chauncey to be ready with his fleet, for without that we can do little more. At the same time, the British are being daily augmented, many old soldiers arriving from the Napoleonic wars, which are now brought to a close. I never before thought I should be sorry to see the wretch conquered; now I wish it might have been done at another time.

"In our fight with the English at Chippewa we lost 297

men killed and wounded, while they lost 515, a discrepancy due largely to the better marksmanship of our soldiers. And now, my beloved, farewell for a space. There is like to be other fighting. I have arranged with a friend, Captain Scoggin, to send you any word that I may be prevented from sending myself. I hope you will join me in praying God that he will have no need to bear a message to you.

"Yours in the proof,

"MICHAEL FORBESON, Lieutenant, U. S. A."

Three weeks passed; the battle of Lundy's Lane had been fought, and no news from the front for Ruth! At last came a letter, but the sight of it sent a shudder through her, for it was in another hand than his. She opened it with a dead feeling of guilt upon her, and looked at it in a vacant way, dreading to read. The first words reassured her somewhat, though before she laid it down again her worst apprehensions were aroused for the safety of the man whom she now accepted as her lover.

"You will perhaps be startled at first to have a letter from me written in another hand," the letter read, after a salutation more formal than those that had opened his previous epistles, "so I hasten to assure you that it is nothing more than a ball through my shoulder that feels for the better part of the time like a hot ramrod, and makes it impossible for me to use my fingers. My old friend Captain Scoggin is writing this for me, seated at the side of my cot in Fort Erie; for they have put me to bed for a space. You may think it strange for me to be calling him my old friend, when I never laid eyes on him until this summer; but when two men go through such thick places as we two have been through within the fortnight, 't is like they will be thick friends from thenceforth.

"We have had stirring times here since I last wrote you

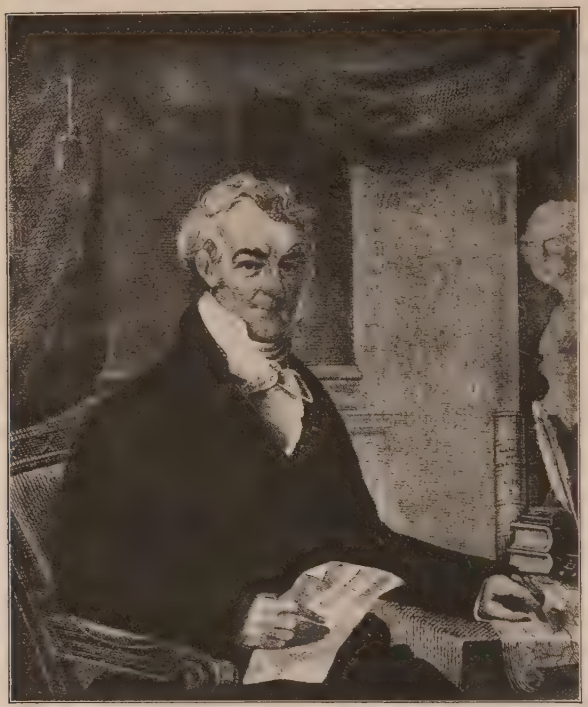
from Queenston. It seemed for a while that the whole of the British Empire was like to pour hot shot down the backs of our necks, but we have more than stood them off in the long run, for all that we are back here at Fort Erie, where we began. In that argument it must not be overlooked that the British are also back where they began, and in sore straits too, from all we hear of them.

JACOB BROWN (*From the portrait by J. W. Jarvis*)

"For two weeks we lay at Queenston, General Brown unready to move until Commodore Chauncey should be prepared with the fleet on Lake Ontario. He had had experience of military manœuvers without the aid of the fleet on the year before, had Brown, and he was loath to move too soon. Meanwhile the British army was daily growing stronger, notably by the addition of General Drummond and some regiments that had had their eye teeth cut on the sabers of Napoleon's cavalry, and knew more than to run from gunfire, as we were afterward to learn.

"On July twenty-fifth General Brown, made nervous by

the increase in the enemy's strength and the continued absence of the fleet, fell back upon our old position of Chippewa. Hearing that a force was coming up the American side of the river, he sent General Scott with his brigade along the Canadian bank to threaten the rear of the advancing column, and turn them back. I was with the troops, of course, being still in the brigade—with the rank, by the way, of major now, a circumstance that I would not mention from vanity unless I hoped it might lead you to show me the greater favor as being, perhaps, some evidence of my having furnished the proof you asked of me.



William Eustis, Secretary of War (*From the portrait by J. N. Daniels*)

"It was five in the afternoon when we set out, my regiment being in the van. We had not gone far when there came to us word that the enemy was in camp below the falls, not far ahead of us. This was surprising news to General Scott, who had no word of any force in his front; but he was not the sort of man to hesitate, and we went to seek for trouble.

Presently we saw the enemy in force. We learned later that it was General Riall, with a force that had followed Brown when he retired from Queenston.

"When we were still approaching and at a distance, the British troops began to move off. 'Run them down!' cried General Scott, riding to the head of the line. 'Do not let them slink away like cowards!' So we were after them, pellmell down the hill and up the other side of the valley, when we ran plump into the foe, who had stood after all, General Drummond having come up and countermanded the orders for a retreat issued by General Riall.

"There, on that hill near Lundy's Lane that evening, you would have thought the world was in a frying-pan. Never have I heard such a sputtering of gun-fire in my life, and never do I wish to do so again. We held on to the shelf of the hill like terriers, growling away the while, with the foe giving us back as good, until we both ceased, from sheer exhaustion, with nothing acccomplished on either hand but many sudden deaths. And there we lay, in the hushful evening, with the twilight dying out of the sky, and the whole world thinking of nothing but peace and sleep; for it was late when we began the slaughter, and by now was full nine o'clock.

"By degrees, as we lay there, the pot began to boil again. Little pops of firing came from here and there in the line, lighting up the dusk and echoing across the somber hills. Presently, on the left, the noise became more portentous, until at last we knew the battle was on again. Fresh troops had come up, and were going in. Then there happened something which I shall liken to the tearing of a strip of cloth, so that you may have a better understanding. Away on the left, where the trouble was renewing itself, started a rattle of musketry in volley, a solid crash of noise, which came along the line in an even progress, making me think

as it came to our regiment and passed off of that which I have mentioned —the tearing of heavy cloth. Brrrp! it went by, and the battle was on again.

"I was with the regiment, watching and directing the disposition of the companies from time to time, when there came an order to advance upon the hill, the enemy having been routed from his guns by a charge on his right, and being in retreat all along the front. When we started for the crest I must say that it did not seem to me that they were leaving with any startling alacrity, and it was then that I felt the shot that has wounded me; but by the time we arrived at the top of the hill, where the foe had been a moment before, we found the ground deserted. They had disappeared.

"Now it seemed to me that the day was over, and I was thinking of looking about me for a surgeon to attend to my wound, which was thumping and hot, when there came crashing out of the woods before us a whole army of British, rushing right up to us, as though the day had just begun. We gave them what they came for, and sent them stumbling back; but it was a horrid thing on both sides. Men fell like blades before a reaper; I saw three strike together in falling, and roll in one silent heap. It was pitch dark by now, but in the flare of the guns we could see the buttons on the red coats, and could see the eyes glaring at us from out the heads of the enemy. That, as I have told you, I do not like. And I am afraid, too, that I have too tender a heart for a true soldier.

"Twice more the British came at us in the same way, striving more particularly to reach us on the left, where were the guns we had driven them from. Twice more we sent them reeling down the dark slope up which they had come; but the thing was not to be endured. Of our army not more than 700 remained in position. Brown and Scott were both wounded. At midnight General Brown led the army back

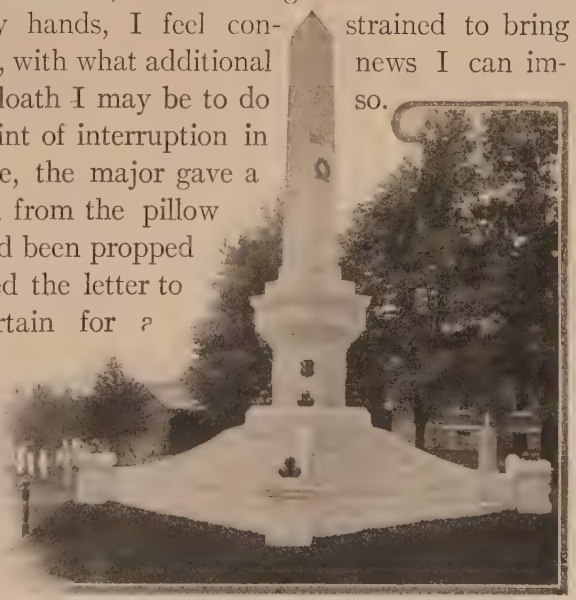
into their old camp, two miles away, in good order; but when we sent back for the guns that had been captured, the British were found in possession of the hill, from which we had driven them with such heavy cost, and nothing was gained.

"From there we returned to Fort Erie, General Ripley having taken command because of the wounds from which both General Brown and General Scott suffered,—"

Reading to this point, Ruth gave a little cry, and covered her eyes with the back of her hand; for the letter came to a full stop, and was continued by the amanuensis, writing for himself. Steadying herself, she read on, expecting to learn the worst that could be told her.

"Dear Madam," it continued, "I should be very unwilling to cause you any unnecessary alarm, but my dear friend Major Forbeson having exacted from me a promise that I would communicate with you in case it became impossible for him to do so, and he having taken his narrative this far in my hands, I feel constrained to bring it to the present, with what additional news I can impart, however loath I may be to do so.

"At the point of interruption in the letter above, the major gave a gasp and rolled from the pillow on which he had been propped while he dictated the letter to me. I was certain for a moment that he was dead; but discovering presently that he had no more than swooned, I



Soldiers' Monument on the Battlefield of Lundy's Lane, Ontario

sent for a surgeon, who came at once and worked over him as he would a brother. He was rewarded presently by restoring our friend to consciousness; or, at least, to a more active state of body; but the new condition was that of fever. He has been lying in his fever now for two days, in which I have postponed completing and forwarding the letter, thinking perhaps I might have more definite word to impart to you at any time. I shall delay no longer, for it is a matter of complete uncertainty when he will come to any change. Meanwhile, I can assure you that he has considerable comforts and all the care he could receive anywhere, and that for the present there need be no occasion for too grave apprehension of the final outcome of his illness. I shall inform you at once of any change that is decisive. I would strongly advise against your coming here, if the thought has occurred to you, for the trip would be an ordeal, and you could hardly be received in the fort as you should be. Moreover, by the time you arrived the thing will be decided, one way or another. Rest assured that everything will be done possible for our friend.

"Hoping to be the bearer of better news soon, I beg to remain, with great respect,

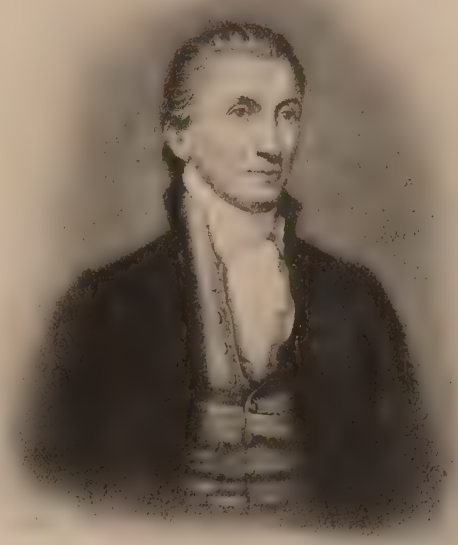
"Your humble servant to command,

"Andrew Scoggin, Captain, U. S. A."

CHAPTER VIII

RETALIATION

RUTH GARDNER, depressed and heavy spirited, wandered absently down Pennsylvania Avenue toward the White House, returning from a visit to Leonora Stevens, to whom she had gone with that human instinct which compels the stricken to seek companionship. She had hoped to get away from herself for a time, to obtain some peace of mind in the unhappiness and uneasiness that had possessed her since the receipt of Michael's latest letter. She had been disappointed; she had only witnessed a quarrel between Leonora and Simon Thwaite.



JAMES MONROE (*From Vanderlyn's portrait*)

Walking up Pennsylvania Avenue in an absent mood, Ruth was presently aware of a commotion on the street — excited groups gathering at corners; men rushing to and fro; messengers dashing past; women standing about in their aprons, and hatless; children clinging to their skirts, open-eyed, speechless.

"What is the excitement?" she inquired of a woman who stood with a child in her arms at the edge of a group.

"Where have you been that you have not heard?" returned the woman. "The British are coming. There is a fleet of fifty sail at the mouth of the Potomac."

Ruth did not stop to hear more, but hastened toward the White House. In the grounds she met General William H. Winder, lately appointed by the President to command the defenses of Washington. He had a wild, distracted look. Ruth hailed him.

"What is the news I hear?" she asked. "Is it true that the British are coming?"

He looked vacantly at her for a moment before he replied. "Oh, I do not know!" he cried. "I cannot tell; we know nothing. There is a report that a great fleet is sailing up the Potomac. Yes, I presume they will come this way. I have been to see your father."

"You mean the President?" Ruth corrected.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Madison. We must prepare some defense. If they had waited, if they had not come so soon, we should have been ready for them. I was about to begin an elaborate system of defense,—forts, and ditches, and what not."

RELICS OF THE BRIDGE AT THE FOOT OF PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHINGTON, BURNED BY THE BRITISH

"Perhaps, if you send them word, they will wait until you can do this," said Ruth, bitterly. She knew the man's incompetency; that he had been up and down the country for two months since he was appointed, looking for sites for fortifications, without settling upon one; that he had organized no defense of any sort; that there were barely 500 regulars and only a few marines to protect the city against the veterans of Wellington's army whom the English were sending over. Knowing this, she was resentful.

THE BATTLEFIELD AT BLADENSBURG, MARYLAND

Winder took her suggestion with some surprise, and seemed to be considering the feasibility of it for a moment. In the end he shook his head sadly, and hurried on, muttering to himself again as he went, and waving the cluttered papers through the air. Ruth, watching him for a moment with a half-pitying contempt, entered the White House and sought out Dolly Madison.

There was probably no calmer soul in Washington that night and through the next few days than Dolly Madison. The President was frightened, though he made a brave show of courage, even to his wife. The cabinet was alarmed and uncertain what to do. General Winder sat in his office in the midst of orders and suggestions and advice, rumpling his hair, sighing, and falling into more and more hopeless confusion. The people of the city went through the streets,

dragging their valuables to places of safety, preparing for flight, remembering what had befallen Havre de Grace. Panic was rampant; but Dolly Madison was quiet, imparting a calm courage to those about her.

The next day came word that the British general Ross had landed at Benedict, on Chesapeake Bay. The news

THE BRITISH IN THE STREETS OF WASHINGTON (*From an old print*)

threw the city and the government into worse disorder. The President sent out requisitions for the militia of the surrounding States; men of Washington rushed to arms; General Winder, with James Monroe, who had fought in the Revolution, and still had military aspirations, went out to the Wood Yard, down the river, to rendezvous the troops. They could see the British marching to Upper Marlboro, serene and undisturbed through the August woods, as if they were soldiers on a holiday.

General Winder, rumpling his hair, was approached by men from Washington, organized into militia, who asked to be allowed to prepare a defense. Pleased with the fancy,

Winder, with the British already at the doors of the city, went to work to fortify, throwing up some breastworks with a ditch or two at Bladensburg. Bladensburg is at the head of the East Branch, on the road from Upper Marlboro, where the enemy were, to Washington, and the site of the only crossing at that time, except the long bridge at the mouth of the Branch, near the navy yard.

SMOOT HOUSE, WHERE DOLLY MADISON RESTED OVER-NIGHT

Convinced that this was the place where a battle would be fought, Winder withdrew from the Wood Yard on Monday to Old Fields, four miles in the rear and on the road to Bladensburg. Here he was met at midnight by the President, and by Jones, secretary of the navy, Armstrong, secretary of war, and Rush, the attorney-general. Tuesday he rode about all the morning, and concluded from observation that Ross would not march that day. Believing this, he set out for Bladensburg to see how things were going forward there. He had not been gone an hour before Ross appeared before the American lines. Battle was formed on both sides, and would have been joined, if the defender of Washington, inadvertently sent for, had not returned in time to order a retreat.

The retreat was Winder's masterpiece in blundering. He fell back on the navy yard at the mouth of East Branch, which was unapproachable to the enemy, being naturally

defended by the width of the stream and the length of the bridge across, and further defended by the guns of vessels at the yards and 500 marines under Barney. This manœuver left unwatched the road around the head of the stream, through Bladensburg.

Meanwhile, in the village of Washington, dismay and panic walked hand in hand. Banks sent their specie out of town; citizens loaded carts and wagons with valuables and sent them into the country; many buried their silver and jewels. In the White House, Dolly Madison and Ruth waited for news from the front, the President having gone away on Monday to join General Winder.

Two notes had come from Madison to his wife, written in pencil. One told her to be ready to leave the city; that the enemy was stronger than was supposed; that it might happen they would reach the capital with the intention of destroying it. Great bustle followed. Dolly Madison packed the cabinet papers in trunks and sent them off in a carriage, which they completely filled.

Now sounds of distant cannon reached the White House. It was the beginning of the farce at Bladensburg; the farce that was called a defence of a capital city. Ross, marching from Upper Marlboro upon the rabble that had gathered there with muskets and enthusiasm, sent a brigade across the bridge. The Americans, in line on the crest of a green hill, fired, holding the advance of the enemy, until others came up. Whereupon the advancing foe sent some Congreve rockets sputtering into the ranks that had been on the hill, but the ranks were no longer there,—they were scattered along the road toward Georgetown in an order determined by the respective speeds of the components' members. Well in advance was President Madison, with his secretaries about him. A moment before the rockets were fired he had said to Monroe: "It would now be

RUTHVEN LODGE, WHERE DOLLY MADISON IS BELIEVED TO HAVE STAYED DURING THE BRITISH OCCUPATION OF WASHINGTON

proper for us to retire to the rear, leaving the military movements to military men," meaning, perhaps, the British.

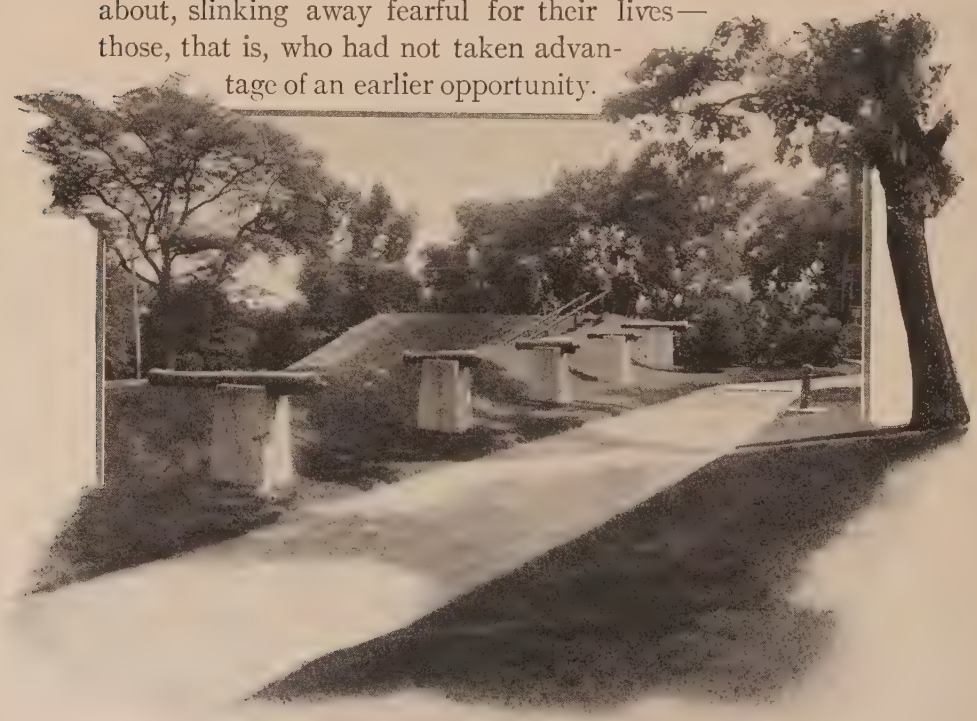
One stand was made against the invaders. The sailors and marines under Barney, who had obtained from General Winder a reluctant permission to join the fight, came up from the navy yard after their friends were on their way to Georgetown, unlimbered some field pieces they had got hold of, and opened up on the English troops. Three times they repulsed a direct assault, but were finally dislodged by a flank movement through a ravine.

Dolly Madison and Ruth, in the White House, heard the firing, and waited for news from the field. At 3 o'clock two messengers came, covered with dust, to tell them to fly, but Dolly Madison would not go until her husband had returned. Some one brought a wagon, which they filled with silver plate, urns, and valuables of bulk. Early that day George Washington Parke Custis had come to the White House, anxious about the portrait of George Washington, painted by Stuart, which hung in the dining-room. At the last moment, Mrs. Madison had a servant knock the frame from the wall, there being no time to unscrew it, take out the canvas, and roll it up. This was piled into the wagon with the rest and carted to Georgetown. That done, the coach was ordered up and they drove off.

The noise of battle had ceased. They knew the conflict had ended and how, because they saw frightened men hurrying along the way, "groups of military, wandering in all directions, as if there were lack of arms or spirit to fight for their own firesides," as Mrs. Madison described them afterward. The party had driven only a short distance when Mrs. Madison, who had been silent for a time, said to the coachman: "Drive back to the White House." Drive back she would, in spite of the whole British army, which more than one told her was on the heels of her husband.

But there was some distance between his heels and the head of their column. He was found at the White House, where he had stopped for a few minutes, making arrangements to meet his wife on the morrow. Thence he went through the grounds to the river, where he took boat for Virginia, accompanied by the secretary of state and the attorney-general. Dolly Madison, accompanying him to the river, watched him until he was out of sight across the waters in the gathering dusk. The head of the nation had fled from the enemy in his capital. "Poor James! Poor James!" she sighed, throwing her arms about Ruth, who stood near her, "I fear he was never meant to be a soldier!"

There followed a wild night in the city of Washington. The invaders, finding no further opposition, marched leisurely to the edge of the town. Soon the streets were filled with knots of redcoats, boisterous, rough worded, making mirth in the enemy's capital. Citizens cowered about, slinking away fearful for their lives—those, that is, who had not taken advantage of an earlier opportunity.



THE OLD CANNON IN BALTIMORE TO-DAY

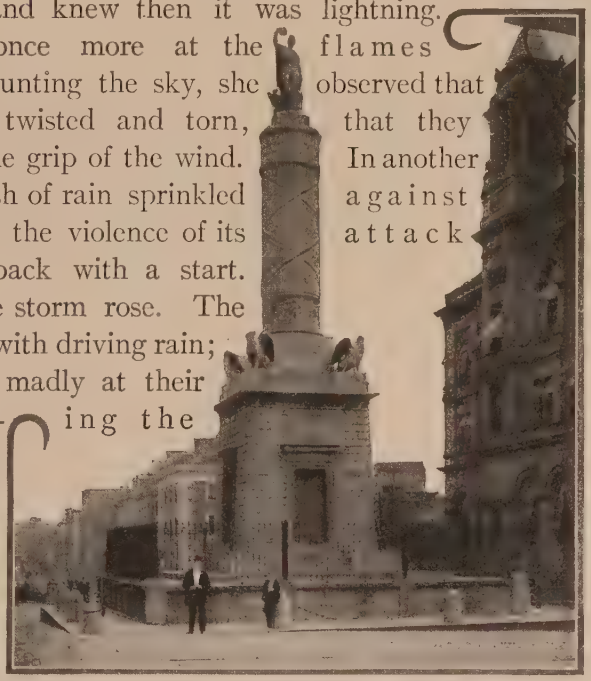
Ruth Gardner, gazing through the window of the house where they had taken refuge, saw a sudden lurid light lift into the sky; saw bellying smoke; saw tongues of fire lap across it, from the direction of Washington. She looked again and saw, outlined in the glare, the capitol! The British were burning it.

Another flaring glare illuminated the night. The White House was in flames! Another and another were seen, and men asked. "Are the British giving the whole city to the flames?"

Ruth, watching with a heavy heart, saw a flash of light split the sky, and heard a mighty rumbling roar. She started, wondering what might be the cause, believing some arsenal or ship had been blown up. As she wondered, the flash and crash came again. She saw that it was a white light, and knew then it was lightning.

Looking once more at the flames that were mounting the sky, she observed that they looked twisted and torn, that they writhed in the grip of the wind. In another moment a dash of rain sprinkled against the pane, by the violence of its attack sending her back with a start.

Swiftly the storm rose. The air was filled with driving rain; trees tugged madly at their roots, thrashing the night sky with their branches. The noise became terrific. Sand, rain, leaves, and branches



The Battle Monument at Baltimore, Erected in 1815

of trees beat against the house and the window. Overhead the wind howled as though it would vent its anger on the invading army; the house creaked and groaned. Through it all the lightning traced its fretwork, thunder bellowing behind.

All night long the light in the city leapt red-tongued under the lash of the wind; all night, but growing fainter and fainter as the dawn came, and with it peace was in the air. Then, with dun clouds hanging above the capital, and the earth disheveled all about, Dolly Madison set out to search the woods of Virginia for the President of the United States.

THE RUINED CAPITOL IN 1815

CHAPTER IX

RUTH REACHES A DECISION

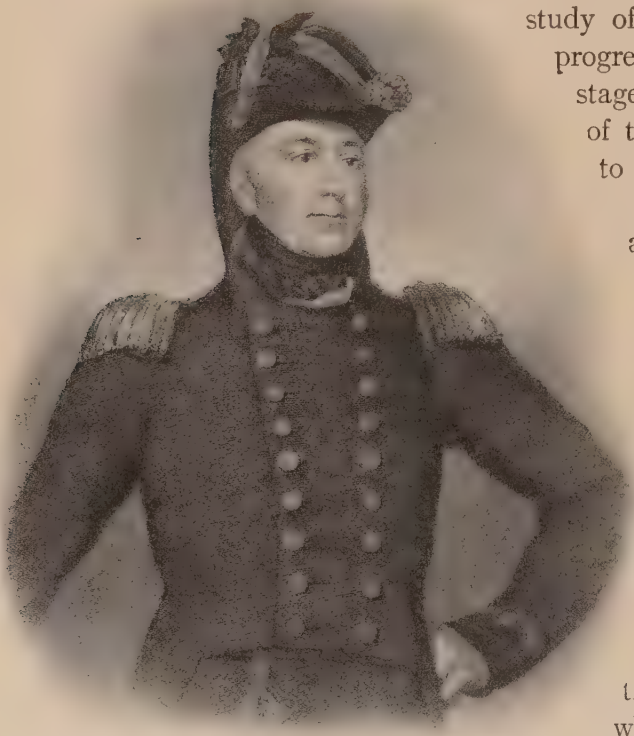
NICHOLAS SNELL, sauntering along Pennsylvania Avenue toward the house where the President had taken up his residence since the burning of the White House, was in high spirits. It mattered little to him that the capital of the country had been sacked, that the chief of the nation

THE OLD PATENT OFFICE AT WASHINGTON (*From a pen drawing*)

was a fugitive in a hut in the woods, that the nation was gnashing its teeth in angry shame. His own little plans and plots were going forward nicely, and life was therefore satisfactory.

In the first place, Richard Morris had been disposed of. What had been at first the result of an idle whim of malice against Ruth Gardner, had grown to be a fixed policy. In every port where a war vessel was likely to touch, were sealed orders to the commander of whatever vessel Morris happened to be on at the time, giving instructions that Morris be turned back to sea again on a new chase, and be not

permitted to come to Washington; which, in itself, was sufficiently diverting to a man with Snell's sense of humor. At the same time, the letters that Morris wrote to Ruth from time to time never got any further than Snell, by virtue of which arrangement Ruth had no intimation that he was still alive, and Snell was able to amuse himself with a psychological study of the young lover's progress through successive stages of doubt, because of the failure of replies to his letters.



THE RIGHT HONORABLE SIR GEORGE COCKBURN
(*From the portrait by Jean Jacques Halls*)

Furthermore, Michael Forbeson, according to the latest reports from the war department, was likely to die. If he did not prove so accommodating, there was always the secret of his past employment in Washington that could be thrown in the way. On the whole, Snell was not certain that he would not be better pleased if Forbeson recovered and came back to Washington to be denounced and probably hanged.

Whatever it was, he was in high mood as he sauntered up the avenue in the direction of the house at Eighteenth Street and New York Avenue, where the President and his

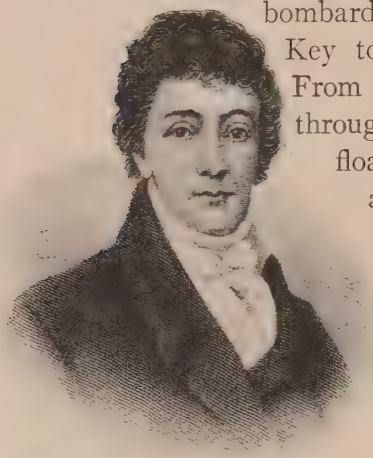
wife had their residence now with Mrs. Madison's sister. Washington had recovered mentally and morally from the irruption of Ross and Cockburn, if it had not physically. The British, alarmed by a second storm on the night following the destruction of the public buildings, took to their

THE DEATH OF GENERAL ROSS AT BALTIMORE (*From the painting by Chappell*)

boats. The President and his wife, restored to each other in the wilds of Virginia, returned with the secretaries, generals, and heads of government. Armstrong, having resigned the war portfolio under the savage criticisms hurled against him, was succeeded by Monroe, who also retained control of the state department, where there was little to be done at the present time. The departments found shelter in odd places. Congress convened soon after in the old patent office, where it considered the state of the defenses of Washington in ample solemnity.

Ross and Cockburn, leaving Washington in its ashes,

turned their attention to Baltimore, where they were stopped outside the city — largely by Fort McHenry, which withstood a severe bombardment from the entire fleet. It was this bombardment that inspired Francis Scott Key to write "The Star-Spangled Banner." From a British war vessel he watched through the gray dawn to see which flag floated over the ramparts of Fort McHenry, and then wrote the words that have immortalized his name. In the land engagement General Ross was killed.



FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

The period immediately following this unfortunate episode in the national capital was a time of successes. The British, marching against Fort Erie, had been repulsed, leaving the American forces with a firm foothold on Canadian territory for a distance inland of about half a mile. Better than that, and of more material consequence than any one victory of the war, was the affair on Lake Champlain. Many times had the waters of that ancient

FORT MCHENRY, BALTIMORE

lake run red with war; many times had death been hurtled across her shimmering surfaces; but never had there been such a contest as on this day in September, 1814, when Thomas Macdonough crushed Admiral Downie, wholly unaware of the obvious circumstance that he had been badly beaten.

THOMAS MACDONOUGH (*From the portrait by J. W. Jarvis*)

General Izard, at Plattsburg with 4000 men, was ordered to Sackett's Harbor, to proceed thence and join Brown at Fort Erie. He had little more than set out on the march when Prevost, who had been on the Sorel with 11,000 regulars, many of them from the armies of Wellington, started for Plattsburg on the way into New York, with much the same purpose that had been in the mind of Burgoyne thirty-seven years before. At the same time the fleet, under Commodore Downie, consisting of one vessel of thirty-seven guns brought from the sea in pieces and assembled on the lake, three other vessels of size, and twelve galleys, sailed down the lake to engage Macdonough.

It was vital to this plan of invasion that the English should have control of the lake. Prevost knew this; Downie knew it; everybody knew it. But no one knew it better than Master-Commandant Macdonough, who with remarkable agility and ingenuity gathered together a poor little

MACDONOUGH'S VICTORY ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN, FOUGHT IN PLATTSBURG

fleet of schooners, sloops, and galleys, with which to oppose the enemy.

Prevost, marching over the hills in front of Plattsburg, and discovering the little fleet drawn up across the bay, sat down to wait for Downie. Downie, coming presently in the *Confiance*, thirty-seven guns, accompanied by the *Chubb*, the *Linnet*, the *Finch*, and the galleys, found that Macdonough had played a trick on him. At one side of the bay before Plattsburg is Cumberland Head, at the other, Crab

Island. Macdonough had formed his line from the shoals inside the head of the island. If Downie were to extend his line fully, he must either draw up outside the head, where he would be out of range, or inside so close to the Americans that their short guns would be in speaking dis-

Y SEPTEMBER 11, 1814 (*From the painting by J. O. Davidson*)

tance. Downie did the latter, engaging the *Saratoga*, Macdonough's flag-ship, with the *Confiance*.

This was the order of battle. At the north end of the line, under the head, was the *Eagle;* next, the *Saratoga;* then the *Ticonderoga*, and the *Preble*. The galleys were scattered in between. Downie sent the *Chubb* and the *Linnet* to double the north end of the line, above the *Eagle*, which they could not do, because of lack of water over the shoals. He himself in the *Confiance* engaging the *Saratoga*,

the *Finch* attacked the *Ticonderoga*, and the galleys took up the attention of the *Preble*.

Early the *Chubb*, badly crippled, got adrift and floated down between the two lines. As she approached the *Saratoga*, Macdonough himself aimed a gun at her, which compelled her to strike. The *Linnet* making it too hot for the *Eagle*, that vessel let slip her anchors and came down be-

PLATTSBURG BY MOONLIGHT IN WINTER, FROM CUMBERLAND BAY

tween the *Saratoga* and the *Ticonderoga*, where she had the advantage of bringing her fresh port batteries into play. At the same time she left the *Saratoga* exposed to a raking fire from the *Linnet*.

Now the fortunes of the day were at a low ebb. The *Confiance* poured terrific broadsides into the *Saratoga;* the *Linnet* raked her. The *Preble*, driven by the swarm of galleys to seclusion, left the *Ticonderoga* to fight them off; which she did, as though they had been mosquitoes. At this time the crowning disaster visited the *Saratoga;* the last gun on her engaged side was made useless by the breaking of the navel bolt. The fleet apparently was defeated; the lake lost.

Macdonough, however, did not think so. He had fore-

seen such an emergency, and was ready for it. There were kedges out, broad on the bows. He tripped his bower anchor, let go his stream over the stern, and warped her about, bringing the unharmed port battery in bearing. Both the *Linnet* and the *Confiance* raked when he did so; but now he was ready for them. Springing to their guns with new spirit, the Americans poured in such broadsides that the

The Mouth of the Savannah River, Cumberland Bay, the Scene of the Fighting at Plattsburg

enemy was instantly discomfited. The *Confiance*, attempting the same manœuver, hung up head on to the *Saratoga*, which raked her with every gun. In a short time she struck. Fifteen minutes later the *Linnet* gave up. The *Finch* had surrendered before, having been disabled by the *Ticonderoga*, and drifted on Crab Island.

While this was going forward on the water, Prevost assaulted the American lines, defended by the invalids whom Izard had left behind, and some volunteers. Driven off, and learning the fate of Downie, the British commander turned back toward Canada, and New York was saved.

This news Nicholas Snell was bearing to President Madison as he sauntered up Pennsylvania Avenue and went

out along Eighteenth Street. Arriving at the house he was admitted by old French Louis, for many years a servant of the Madisons. "We have good news, Louis," he said. "The British have been whipped on Lake Champlain, and Prevost turned back from New York."

"Your news is not so great as the news that came of the killing of that villain Ross who destroyed our city. *Sacre!*" Louis's eyes glared at the retrospect.

Snell, arriving opposite the door that led into a room half library and half living-room, was arrested by a familiar voice. Listening, he made sure that it was the voice of Michael Forbeson, and that Ruth answered him from time to time. "I will wait here," he said to Louis, who had stopped for him. "I will call on the President directly."

In the open door between the library and the hall was a hanging, pulled close across the space. Snell, standing for a moment behind this, peeped into the room before he entered. Ruth stood by the window, looking out into the street. Forbeson, in the uniform of a major, with one arm in a sling, stood close to her, his tone and attitude pleading. Snell could not hear what he was saying. With a well-feigned pretense of its being accidental, he entered the room.

There was a moment's tableau, the two in the window gazing at Snell, and he staring at Forbeson. "So you have come back," he said, evenly, at last.

"D 'ye think it is my ghost?" retorted Forbeson, annoyed by the intrusion.

"I merely thought that, affairs having taken a certain turn, you would not consider it best to return," Snell ventured.

"If you mean that I have any fear of what you can do, I 'll tell you I have none; and if I had there is that which would draw me through great dangers back to this place."

An expression of surprise passed over the face of the interloper. He gazed from the wounded major to the girl,

THE "OCTAGON" HOUSE, OCCUPIED BY PRESIDENT MADISON AFTER THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WHITE HOUSE IN 1814

and back again, puzzling. "Am I to understand, then —?" he was beginning, when Forbeson cut him short.

"You are to understand that what I told you before has come true."

"Your bravado will suffice little enough in this instance. I am afraid, Mr. Forbeson—"

"Major Forbeson, Mr. Snell. Major Forbeson," remarked the possessor of that title.

"Miss Gardner, the affection that I bear our friend makes painful the duty that circumstance has thrust upon me," Snell resumed.

Said Ruth, quietly: "Perhaps, if it is your duty, I should be able to recognize it as such."

Snell realized that he had overdone the part. "Pardon me," he said. "I only thought to soften the blow. It has come to my knowledge, Miss Gardner, that this man, who intimates that he is your lover and is not rebuked in the intimation, has been in Washington as a spy for two years."

Snell was amazed at the effect this had upon his auditors. Major Forbeson, so far from being disconcerted, was in a state bordering on jubilation, and gazed into the face of Ruth with a look of triumph, while she returned Snell's gaze wholly unperturbed or surprised.

"The major has been telling me," she said, softly.

"No doubt he has endeavored to prepare your mind for this in some way," he said. "Might I ask you what he has told you, so that I can point out the particulars wherein he may have attempted deceit?"

"He has told me, I think, the truth, and the whole truth," returned Ruth. "He told me that he came to Washington when hostilities threatened between England and the United States, directed to you, and that you obtained a position in the army department for him, so that he could obtain information of value to his country.

"I am sorry to learn it of him; but I am at least glad to learn it from his own lips. He at least had the plea in his behalf that he was working for his country and against the enemy, instead of being a traitor within the defenses of his own land. And he has made amends that nearly cancel the fault. I believe God has forgiven him; I know that I have."

Resting-Place on the Isle Saint Michel of the Soldiers and Marines Killed at Plattsburg Bay

Snell inclined his head in a respectful bow to Ruth. "Miss Gardner," he said, "this is not the first time that I have subjected myself to insult from you in the pursuit of my duty; but it shall be the last. If you prefer the word of this self-confessed spy above mine, I shall submit."

"You can hang me, if you will; but mark my word, you will hang as high!" cried Forbeson angrily.

Snell, offering no reply, turned his back and left the room. Forbeson, extending his arm, approached Ruth, pleading with lips and eyes. "You love me, girl," he whispered.

"I know you love me. Tell me so then, and tell me that all is forgiven, and that our lives are all ahead of us."

Ruth restrained his approach with a little gesture. "I think I have no need to tell you that I forgive you. But I am not ready yet to tell you that I will be your wife. Go away, Michael, until the war ends, and then return. You will find me as I am, and ready to give you the answer you desire."

He bowed his head. "I will go, Ruth," he said. "But for Heaven's love," he went on, passionately, "give me just one kiss to keep me alive until I can come back!"

"Can you not understand?" she said, denying him. "Not until the war is ended." She held out her hand.

He raised the hand to his lips, kissing it, and left, hiding his face that she might not see the moisture in his eyes.

THE BATTLE OF PLATTSBURG BAY *(From the painting by Chappell)*

CHAPTER X

A MESSAGE

NEW ORLEANS lay drowsing after its noonday meal. Excepting for a negro here and there, or a stray dog sidling along on some canine quest, the streets were deserted. On the levee, which was the center of activity in this Gulf port, there was no closer resemblance to life at present than

NEW ORLEANS

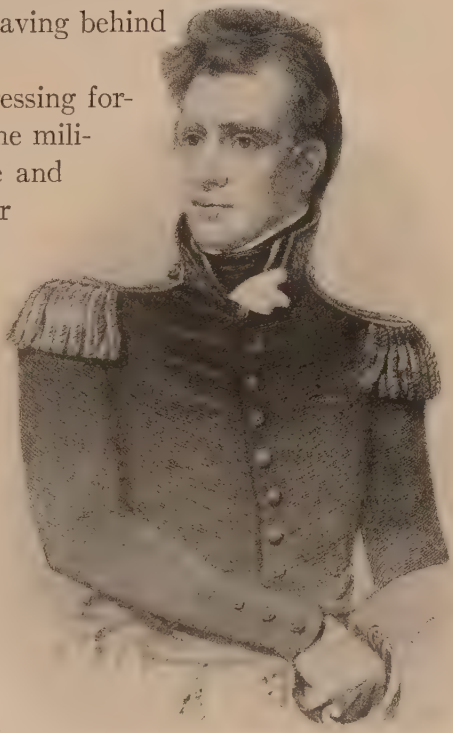
that presented by sprawling negroes asleep, and boats slumbering in the slack tide, against the wharves. There was no sound but an infrequent footfall on the flags of the pavement; the slamming of a door as citizens entered their houses, belated in their siestas; the crying of children; the sound of animals feeding in their stalls. The New Orleans world had gone into a doze.

Into the midst of this scene of silence, from the south there came a man, hurried, disheveled, excited. He

breathed heavily; he had been running. Mud was on his boots; his coat was torn by brambles. Breathing heavily, his heels hitting the hard pavement of the streets, he hastened through the narrow ways, leaving behind him a little stir among citizens.

To them he paid no heed, pressing forward without slackening toward the military headquarters. Here was life and wakefulness; his knock at the door was answered before the echo of it had died out of the street — answered by a tall, slender, graceful man of middle age, with grey hair and the face of a poet who has seen sorrow. "Is the general within?" cried the traveler, catching his breath.

The other made no answer by word, but led the visitor into the house, and to a room that served sometimes as library. Now it was the headquarters of a man of war, strewn about with maps, papers, and reports; guns were lying across chairs; a sword in its scabbard was resting on the end of the table. At the other end, coatless, intent on a chart laid out before him, sat a spare man, with long, thin face and a shock of thin hair bursting above a thin forehead. As he looked up at the visitor he stretched a thin arm across the map and laid a thin finger at the point where he left off.



General Andrew Jackson (*From Vanderlyn's portrait in the City Hall, New York*)

"General Jackson!" cried the stranger, whose recovered breath contributed more to his excitement than to his facility of speech. "General Jackson! *Mon Dieu*, the British are

upon us! They came this morning to my house, when the mists still hid them, and laid hold of me and my people. I broke away from them, and ran to tell you."

General Jackson looked at the man sharply for an instant. "Who are you, and where are the British that you saw?" he demanded.

"I am Major Villère, General, and I live two leagues below, on this side of the river, next the levee. The British

Jackson at Pensacola

are there at my place now, unless they have already started for the city."

Jackson leapt to his feet. "Sound the alarm!" he cried. "Ring the bells! Send criers through the streets! Beat the drums! Rally in the Place d'Armes!" The one who had ushered Major Villère into the room moved toward the door to carry out the orders. Jackson, striding to his sword, cried after him, "Pass the order, Stevens, and return to me at once."

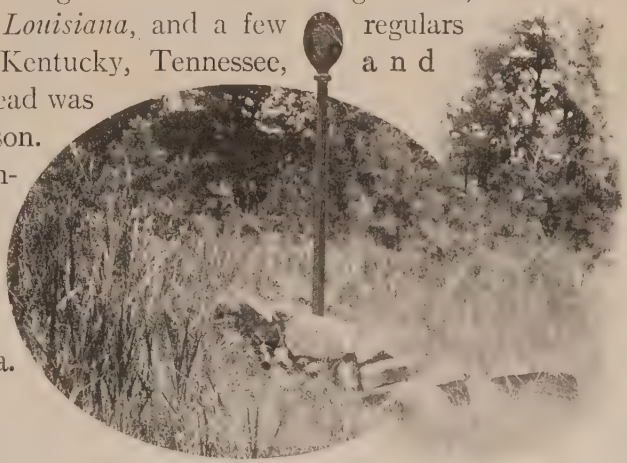
The other was back in a moment. Jackson, buckling on his sword, turned to the major. "Major," he said, "will you be kind enough to conduct Captain Sylvester Stevens,

toward your home, so that he may reconnoiter the enemy's position and strength."

The two set out without delay. They had no more than reached the pavement when the great bell in the cathedral boomed out on the hush of the midday sleep and reverberated through the hollow streets. Stroke on stroke it bellowed forth; now a drum, and another, took up the tongue, rolling heavily; a gun was fired, and another. People came tumbling out of their houses to see what the din was about, and rushed back for their guns and powder-horns when they learned that the British had landed on the river-bank.

It was not wholly surprising to citizens of New Orleans that the English were coming. Word had reached the city that a fleet of vessels was off the coast of Louisiana; and there could be no other than an English fleet in those waters. It was the force under Sir Edward Pakenham, brother-in-law and lieutenant to Wellington, 11,000 strong; regulars, and veterans of the campaign in the Peninsula, convoyed in a fleet of fifty sail and a thousand guns, the strongest force that England had sent overseas for many a year. The aim of the expedition was to lay hold of the Mississippi and break the Western States from the Union; or, at least, strike a crippling blow at the western expansion of the United States.

Opposed to the invading force were two river gunboats, the *Carolina* and the *Louisiana*, and a few regulars and volunteers from Kentucky, Tennessee, and Louisiana. At their head was General Andrew Jackson. He had come to Nashville, then on to the frontier, to practice law, just as he reached manhood, arriving from North Carolina.



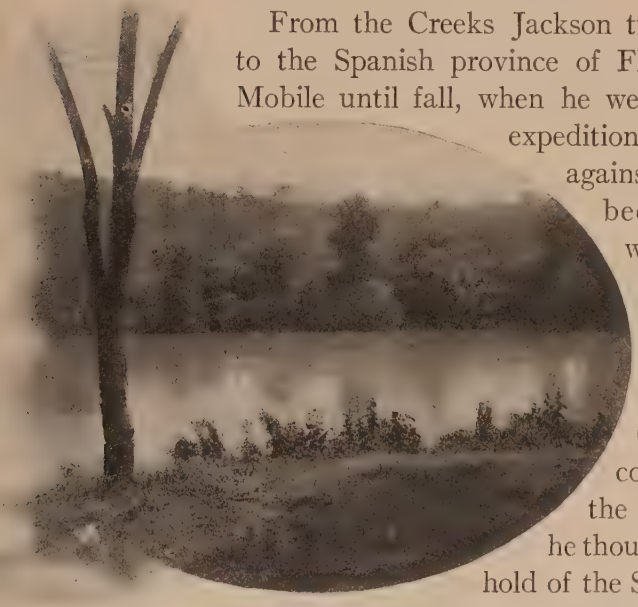
Monument on Spot of Jackson's Birth

His father, an Irish immigrant, had died before Andrew's birth and his mother and elder brother had succumbed to the hardships of the Revolutionary War, in which he, though a mere lad, had borne a man's part. Soon after his arrival in Tennessee he married Mrs. Rachel Robards, daughter of Colonel John Donelson, believing with her that she had legally divorced her former husband. Technicalities prevented the actual granting of the divorce until two years later, however, whereupon Jackson had the marriage ceremony repeated. Malignant personal attacks, based upon wilful perversion of these facts, brought Jackson into many duels, in one of which his life was saved by the locket containing his wife's picture, which he carried over his heart.

COUNCIL OAK; WEATHERFORD'S HEADQUARTERS WHEN CHIEF OF THE CREEK NATION IN 1814

In the new State of Tennessee Jackson soon rose to positions of eminence. He assisted in framing its constitution, and became successively its representative in Congress, its senator, and a justice of its supreme court. When the second war with England was declared, Jackson, as major-general of the State militia, raised a force of 2500 sharpshooters, but was unable to have them accepted by the federal authorities. The massacre at Fort Mimms on August 30, 1813, in which 260 whites were slain, gave him his chance. News of it came to him while confined with a wound received in a duel with Thomas H. Benton. He arose from his bed, and six weeks later was hunting the maurading Indians through Georgia, David Crockett and Sam Houston serving under him. He reached the Hickory Ground, at

the confluence of the Coosa and Tallapoosa Rivers, the seat of the warlike Creeks, defeating them at the battle of the Horse-Shoe on the way. There he dictated a treaty of peace on August 9, 1814, whereby they surrendered most of their lands and withdrew to the West.



View near the Toe of Horse-Shoe Bend on the Tallapoosa

From the Creeks Jackson turned his attention to the Spanish province of Florida, lingering in Mobile until fall, when he went on a successful expedition against Pensacola, against which he had been forbidden. It was well known all this time that the British were intending to send a force against the Gulf; but Jackson could not abandon the opportunity which he thought offered of laying hold of the Spanish possessions. Returning in December to New Orleans, in charge of the department of Mobile and New Orleans, he found that city in a state of unpreparedness equal to that which existed in the capital when Ross and Cockburn came to burn it. Nor can it be said that he improved matters much, until news came that the British fleet had actually arrived, had destroyed six small gunboats in Lake Borgne, and was now at the head of the lake.

Then he acted. He sent for his scattered army, part of which, under Coffee, was marching to Baton Rouge, and part chasing Indians in Alabama. He made requisitions on the surrounding States; issued a proclamation stating

that the district must and would be defended; that the citizens who were not with the cause must be against it, and that every man who did not appear with a gun in his hands ready to dispute every inch of ground with the British would be dealt with accordingly. When the legislature hesitated to suspend the writ of habeas corpus, he proclaimed the city under martial law.

There came to him Jean and Pierre Lafitte, with their pirates from the lake of Barataria; bold, wild fellows, who had a grudge against England, and who sought this chance to play even with their foe, and make their peace with the American government. There also came General Coffee, with his troops, and General Carroll, with a Tennessee brigade that had long been promised, then Creoles and Frenchmen from the environs, to the defense of the city; so that when the bells rang out on the day when Major Villère brought the alarm, which was December 23, 1814, there were men and arms to turn out in response.

Sylvester Stevens had been with Jackson from the first call to arms after the massacre at Fort Mimms. Since his visit to Washington with a message from Lewis and Clark he had traveled far,

The Hickory Ground

going with Zebulon Montgomery Pike to the Rocky Mountains. He had been on the Western plains once by himself, and was preparing to go again when news came of the Creek uprising. So he went with Jackson through the Horse-Shoe and Hickory Ground, fighting the fight of the white against the red, the civilized against the savage, until it was won.

He had been at Mobile and Pensacola, and had marched with Jackson through the swamps to New Orleans, loving

THE MASSACRE AT FORT MIMMS (*From the painting by Chappell*)

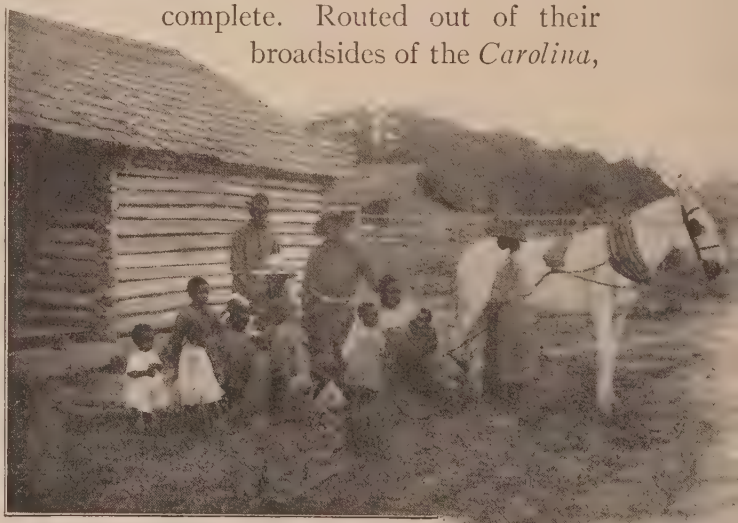
him, believing in him, ready to die for him or with him. Now he was making his cautious way down the Mississippi toward the plantation of Major Villère to learn what his chief wished to know.

Half an hour after the alarm, the regulars were on the march; in two hours the Tennesseeans were posted behind the Rodriguez canal; by sundown Jackson, with 2100 men and two guns, was on his way toward the British camp.

Sylvester returned with word that the British advance was occupying the Villère plantation next the river, and Jackson's plans were made. He had sworn that though the British might land on our shores they should not sleep. Accordingly, the *Carolina* was to sail down and shell the camp; General Coffee, marching through the cypress swamps, was to attack when the firing began, swinging in on the English left, while he himself, marching down the levee, attacked the right and front.

Dusk came, and with it a sudden mist, such as springs from the ground in that country with little changes in temperature. Sylvester, floundering in the cypress swamps, feeling his way through the mist, and picking out the path for Coffee's troops, heard the firing from the gunboat on the river. "The enemy will be in that direction," said General Coffee, pointing to the right and a little ahead. "Will you lead the advance?"

Sylvester did not answer, but plunged at once in the direction he had indicated, followed by the soldiers, glad to get out of the woods, glad to meet the British. The surprise was complete. Routed out of their camp by the broadsides of the *Carolina*, assailed on both flanks by Americans that came up out of the mist like wraiths, except that they shouted and fired guns, the British sol-



PLANTATION SCENE NEAR THE HICKORY GROUND

diers were thrown into confusion. Grouped about their officers, they fought bravely, but hopelessly. It became a mêlée. Knives, fists, rifle-butts, played their part, always with the advantage to the Americans. Stubbornly the invaders fell back, finding refuge at last behind an old levee 300 yards from the river, where they stood, and were reinforced.

It was a slight victory, materially; but morally it was decisive. The English, surprised by the resistance offered, reconsidered their plan to advance at once, and waited until Pakenham should come up with reinforcements. This was the work of two days, because of the difficulties of landing troops from the fleet. Pakenham would not advance until the two schooners in the river could be destroyed, which occupied two more days, the sailors being obliged to drag guns across the swamps for the work.

The respite was turned to good advantage by Jackson. On the day when Major Villère came to town with news that the British advance had reached his place, there was not a sod turned for the defense of New Orleans, not a trench, not a breastwork. On the day when Pakenham, having destroyed the boats in the river, began his advance, there stretched across his path a parapet thrown up beyond a dry canal, that was formidable and practically unassailable with the force he had with him.

There was another delay, while sailors dragged cannon into place across the heavy ground. By January 1 Pakenham had thirty guns mounted in eight batteries. Jackson's line of defense ran along the inner edge of the Rodriguez canal, in a straight line from the levee to the cypress swamp. In the open it was a rough earthwork, parapet high; in the woods it was built of two rows of logs, with earth between. At the right, on the levee, was a redoubt, manned by regulars, a company of the New Orleans Rifles, sailors from the

Carolina, a battalion of Creoles, with Lafitte's pirates. Then came a battalion of free negroes; more sailors with a thirty-two pounder; some Santo Dominicans; more regulars; some French soldiers under an old gunner of Napoleon's; a long line of Tennesseeans in brown homespun hunting-shirts, their long rifles slung in their crotched elbows; more sailors and regulars; John Adair and his Kentuckians, and, at the left, knee-deep in the cypress swamp, Coffee's Tennesseeans, with whom was Sylvester — a strange and motley crowd, magnificent marksmen, Indian fighters, men who would hold their fire until it did execution.

The morning of January 1 came on foggy, but by 8 o'clock the mists cleared away, and Pakenham began with his guns to batter the earthworks. The Americans replied with a spirit and skill that silenced the British cannon before noon. Once more the batteries opened on the rude work, and once more they were silenced. Pakenham, annoyed at lack of success, sat down to wait for the rest of his troops.

On January 8 Pakenham, with 12,000 British regulars, trained in the Peninsula, stood before the works of the Americans, behind which were a long, thin, Indian fighter and 6000 marksmen. Across the river another column moved against the defenses, an auxiliary operation, necessary, but not important.

Sylvester Stevens, standing with the water about his knees, nursing his long rifle, peering between the trees of the swamp, saw the red ranks of the British forming in the distance, and knew that the day had come. Drawing a deep breath, casting his eyes into the blue to clear their sight, he waited, patting the cheek of his rifle-butt. Up and down the line beside him, standing to their knees in the cool ooze of the swamp, others waited, patting their guns. The day had come.

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS *(From the painting by O. M. Carter)*

A sharp firing to the left, and a company of West Indians, mauled and mutilated, hastened back through the woods, seeking protection in the distance. With shouting and firing on the right, a column swept over an outwork, only to be held in check by biting fire from the earthworks.

Four hundred yards in front of him, in a dry ditch, Sylvester could see the British forming in solid column. Some one at his elbow was cursing. Sylvester cast a glance at him. "It 's murder for them to come on like that," said the man. "Why don't they scatter?"

"Because," returned Sylvester, with the trace of a sarcastic smile about the corners of his mouth, "they are veterans of many campaigns, and it is nothing to them to run over a few backwoodsmen."

A rocket whizzed into the air; it was the signal for the main advance. A hundred rockets whistled over the breastworks; solid shot chopped through the trees; the foe came on, in solid column, shouting and waving their caps. In the ranks behind the breastworks was silence, save for a whisper that ran down the line.

"Hold your fire, and aim at their belts," was the whisper.

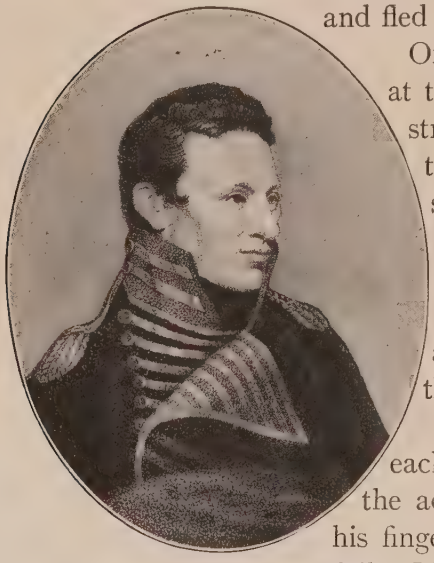
The air above was filled with shrieking missiles. Sylvester, gazing up through the trees at the blue sky, saw them swarming past, dark, like wisps of smoke.

A rifle cracked close at hand; then another, and another. Sylvester looked again at the advancing foe; he could see the faces of the men, their eyes, their mouths, their moustaches. He raised his gun, singled out a soldier, drew the sight into a narrowing circle on the belt of the poor wretch, steadied, pulled, saw him wither and go down.

The head of the column was melting away; the breastworks leapt with flames; smoke scurried across the waters of the swamp, wreathing itself about the trees.

He loaded and fired, again and again, swiftly, his hands

moving like the parts of a machine. The brave fellows came forward to their slaughter; their column was like the point of an icicle, broken off and thrust against a hot stove. It melted, that was all,—disappeared, vanished within the zone of that terrible fire. It wavered, crumpled, buckled, and fled back to the dry ditch.



General Zebulon Montgomery Pike

Once more it came on. Pakenham, at the head of it, waving his hat, was struck with a cannon ball, and thrown back along the ground, a shapeless mass, flopping like a crow shot out of mid-air. General Gibbs, taking his place, staggered, went limp, and became a still heap at the feet of his soldiers. Still they came on.

Sylvester, picking out his man each time he fired, ran his eye over the advancing line with loaded rifle in his fingers, selecting the next who should fall. Moving at the side of the column he saw an officer, and raised his gun. Running his eye through the sights, he observed the officer turn pale and tremble, as if through fear. He held his finger from the trigger; but as if he watched him, the man, with a look of swift dismay, grasped his side, wheeled in his tracks, and fell. His rifle went unshot; for before he chose out another to die, the foe fled once more, and he was too much of a soldier to shoot a fleeing man.

All along the line the British were withdrawing. Great heaps and windrows of dead lay in the January sun. Sylvester, watching the retreating enemy, climbed over the breastworks, and moved to the spot where the officer had fallen whom he had been about to kill. He could not have

told what subtle impulse drove him thither. He went without a question.

The man lay on his side, resting his head on his arm, thrown at length above him. His eyes were closed. There was the pallor of death on his countenance, but by a quiver of his lids Sylvester knew that he yet lived. He touched him gently on the shoulder. "Will you drink?" he asked, holding a canteen of water toward him.

The man parted his parched lips, and sought to raise his head to drink. Sylvester helped him.

"Thanks. Thanks," whispered the man. "I am dying. God! I knew this was my last day."

"You may not be hurt so badly as you think," Sylvester said encouragingly.

"It 's bad. It 's bad," the man returned, closing his eyes in the pain of speaking. "My whole insides are cut loose. I am bleeding badly."

Sylvester saw that it was true, and held his peace.

"We are routed?" asked the dying man.

"I think you are defeated, sir," replied Sylvester, gently.

The man opened his eyes wide, of a sudden. "Who are you?" he asked.

"An American soldier."

"Of course, of course. My head is turning. Hold me. I have something to say, before I die. Lift my head." Sylvester did as he was bid. "I have been but a poor wretch, and have made another person wretched," gasped the man, with effort. "Ask her to forgive me. I have tried my best, which was ill enough. If I had known how I should fail, before God I would have leapt into the sea before I would have asked her to be my wife, for I loved her. I did not know it. She never told me, but I guessed. There was another whom she loved. He lived in her heart

always. Find her, and tell her that I knew it at last, and forgave her."

"Where shall I find her?"

"Seek her through the world. Find her, for the good of my soul."

"Her name? Your name, sir?" He was going fast; Sylvester had to rouse him to answer.

"Margaret Erskine is her name. I am — dying."

There was no more.

SUNRISE FROM THE SUMMIT OF PIKE'S PEAK

CHAPTER XI

SIMON THWAITE LEAVES TOWN

JAMES MADISON, President of the United States, was in the doldrums. Affairs of state were going altogether wrong, and he could not set them right. The campaign of the last year against Canada, although it had obtained some equivocal victories for the army, was a failure, leading to nothing. American fleets controlled the lakes, but their advantage could be turned only to defense. There was not energy enough in the country to project an army into Canada, neither in men, money, nor morals. The ranks had been depleted by expirations and desertions; enlistments could not be procured; citizens would not fight; talk of conscription stirred up incendiary opposition. The finances were in a hopeless state; there was no money, no credit. Congress voted bonds, but they could not be sold. Whatever support the war had received seemed

JAMES MADISON *(From a drawing by James Longacre made at Montpelier in 1833 when Madison was in his eighty-third year)*

slowly slipping away from beneath the administration. The war party was uncertain and divided; Congress hesitated and procrastinated, hoping for peace, of which rumors began to circulate. But peace was not in prospect.

In this juncture of affairs one of the great climaxes in the life of the nation, one that threatened the integrity of the Union as seriously as any through which the country had passed, gathered head and burst in New England. The Federalists of one school, always bitter against the war, became so impatient of the hardships it worked on New England commerce, so hopeless of any termination of it, so incensed against the stupid and stubborn prolongation of the hopeless struggle, that they took steps to relieve themselves of the burden thrust on their unwilling shoulders by Madison and the Republican party.

On October 16, 1814, the legislature of Massachusetts, responsive to memorials sent in from various towns, appointed twelve delegates to meet with delegates from other New England States at Hartford and confer upon the subject of their public grievances. A memorial was drawn up and sent to the legislatures of Connecticut and Rhode Island, which in turn appointed delegates. On December 15, accordingly, a convention met at Hartford composed of twelve men from Massachusetts, seven from Connecticut, four from Rhode Island, three unofficial delegates from New Hampshire, and one from Vermont.

Their deliberations were kept profoundly secret. When finally published, in 1833, there were suspicions that the report was not a full and complete record of the transactions behind the closed doors of the Hartford Convention, which were believed at the time to have been exceedingly radical, if they could not have been characterized as acutely treasonable. It was understood that the members of the convention meditated a severance of the New England States from

THE OLD CAPITOL BUILDING IN WHICH THE HARTFORD CONVENTION MET AT HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

the Union, and perhaps a coalition with England, in case the government could not be prevailed upon to stop the war.

What the convention immediately made known at the close of its session, January 15, 1815, was a report which had an embarrassing similarity to certain resolutions once drawn up by James Madison and passed by the legislature of Virginia, and embraced deliberate copies of those resolutions to the effect that "in cases of deliberate, dangerous, and palpable infractions of the Constitution, affecting the sovereignty of a State and the liberties of a people, it is not only the right but the duty of such a State to interpose its authority for their protection, in the manner best calculated to secure that end."

A committee from the convention, bearing a series of resolutions, was now in Washington to present the proposed amendments to Congress and to ask that they be submitted to the States for ratification. Behind their journey to the capital was a vote of the convention that, if nothing came of the resolutions, the delegates should meet again to take further steps that might seem best — a covert threat of secession.

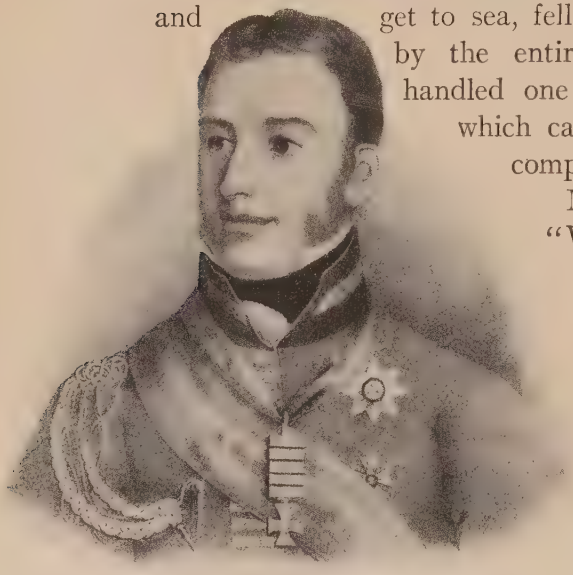
James Madison, knowing that the committee were in Washington, and with what purpose, knowing the contents of their pockets and the vote behind them, knowing the temper of New England; feeling the country sliding from beneath his feet; conscious that he was not able to interest the people further in any other aspect of the war than its close, was sitting in his office, alone, forlorn, disheartened, on a day in February, 1815.

Presently French Louis came knocking at the door, with word that Mr. Fontaine Stevens, of Massachusetts, was without, and would like to see the President. Stevens was bidden to step in, and came, softly, as one who would not disturb grief. The President looked at him, eagerly. "What news?" he asked, motioning him to be seated.

Fontaine shook his head. "You have heard, doubtless, of the loss of the *President?*"

Mr. Madison bowed his head. "I have heard merely a report that she was taken. Has it been verified? Do you know the circumstances?"

"I am afraid it is true," Fontaine replied. "Captain Decatur, in an attempt to run the blockade out of New York and get to sea, fell in with and was chased by the entire British squadron. He handled one of them, the *Endymion*, which came up first, but the others compelled him to strike."



Major-General Sir Edward Pakenham

Madison made no response. "What news of this other matter?" he asked presently.

"No news. The commissioners are here, sounding members of Congress, and seem to be preparing to present their demands for constitutional amendments."

Madison looked at Fontaine anxiously. "The greater part of the people in that quarter have been brought by their leaders, aided by their priests, under a delusion scarcely exceeded by that recorded in the period of witchcraft," he said, earnestly. "The leaders themselves, becoming daily more desperate in the use they make of it, are hastening the nation toward destruction, toward dissolution. If they are not brought to a just sense of the enormity of their behavior, it will mean strife within this country beside which the hardships and tragedies of our present conflict will diminish to

infinitesimal proportions. What can have entered the atmosphere of New Englanders, who once were so spontaneous in patriotism, to prepare their brains for this delusion?"

"Mr. Madison," returned Fontaine, with an impulse to defend his State of Massachusetts, "you take too serious a view of this matter, I opine; for while the leaders are manifestly bent on desperate measures, there is grave question whether the people can be prevailed upon to follow them. I might mention to you, for your consideration and comfort, that Massachusetts contributed more volunteers to last year's campaigns in Canada than any other State; and that New England sent twice as many men to the front as the Southern States."

The President made an impatient gesture of disagreement. "The people of Massachusetts have never been with me," he said. "They have refused to subscribe to the bonds we have been compelled to issue, although they have sent their specie into Canada to purchase Dominion paper. They have entered into secret understandings with the enemy, carried on illicit commerce, supplied the fleet that was blockading their ports, sold subsistence to the invading armies while refusing to sell to the government; in fact, they have presistently conducted themselves in a manner that, on the part of a neutral nation, would have involved them in war with us."

"I grant you that the merchants, whose trade has suffered, and the Federalist leaders, who see political gain in opposing the administration, have been unfriendly; but I still deny that the people of New England are as a body popularly opposed to you and the conduct of the war. At least, they have not been."

"But they are now," continued Madison. "When will they go before Congress?" he asked, presently, dismissing the discussion.

"The commissioners? I cannot tell you."

"We should have word soon from the peace commissioners at Ghent," mused the President. "These rumors are unsettling; Congress and the country will do nothing until the question is decided, one way or another."

"The *Harpy*, a privateer recently arrived in port, brings new rumors," observed Fontaine.

"But we have had no word from Ghent for more than a hundred days, which is a bad sign," rejoined Madison.

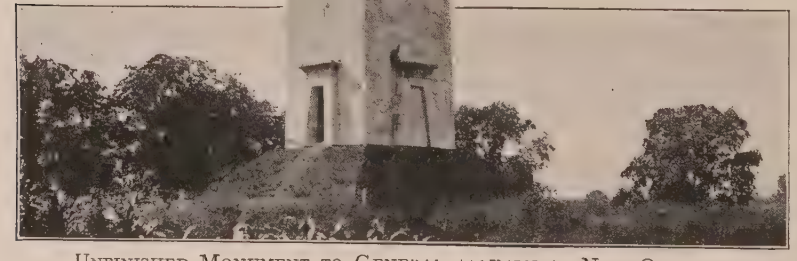
A knock at the door. French Louis again. "A rough, dirty fellow stands outside, sir, asking admittance, and telling me that he comes from New Orleans and General Jackson. He calls himself Stevens, sir, and a captain."

"Conduct him here, Louis."

In brief space Sylvester Stevens, tattered, tired, justifying French Louis's description of him completely, entered the room, bearing dispatches. Madison could not wait to open them. "What word?" he cried.

"General Jackson has defeated the British army in a decisive engagement. They have retreated, broken, and are taking to their boats. New Orleans is freed of any danger from invasion. The reports I hand you will furnish you details."

"What?" cried Madison, springing to his feet. "We have won a fight?" It was an unconscious confession of the despair that was in him. "God be praised!"



Unfinished Monument to General Jackson at New Orleans

"Mr. Madison," observed Fontaine, reaching to shake his hand as he was leaving the room, "perhaps our problem is solved by this bit of news. Who shall say? They will hardly wish to bring their plans to an issue with the public in the frame of mind this victory will induce."

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS *(Engraved by H. B. Hall from the painting by W. Momberger)*

Nodding his head in brisk acquiescence, the President left the room. Fontaine turned to the courier. "Your name was announced as Stevens?" he said, affably. "Was it correctly understood?"

"My name is Sylvester Stevens, sir."

"It is possible we are kin. I am Fontaine Stevens, one time of Virginia, although I have been a citizen of Massachusetts since the close of the Revolution."

Reaching back through their ancestry, they traced their blood to a common source and shook hands upon it, although Sylvester did not seem to be so greatly impressed as the other with the coincidence of their meeting, or the

ceremony with which his newly discovered cousin celebrated it. Perhaps that is because he had been out of doors so much that family distinctions had faded beneath the broader significance of humanity.

Word of the victory spread quickly. Sylvester had not been with the President half an hour, rehearsing the scenes

The Live Oak Trees Under which Pakenham Died

of the fight to him, before the city was a turbulent mob of merrymakers. In Congress strong men wept, beating each other inanely on the back; Federalists relented, and joined in the rejoicing; citizens in the streets danced and capered and sang songs; bells rang; drums beat; cannon boomed; small boys marched in procession along the streets, stampeding through the ruins of the burned buildings, kicking up a British dust of ashes, as though they kicked the King instead.

But the scene then was a mild-mannered mumming to the riot of joy that broke loose a week later, when word came

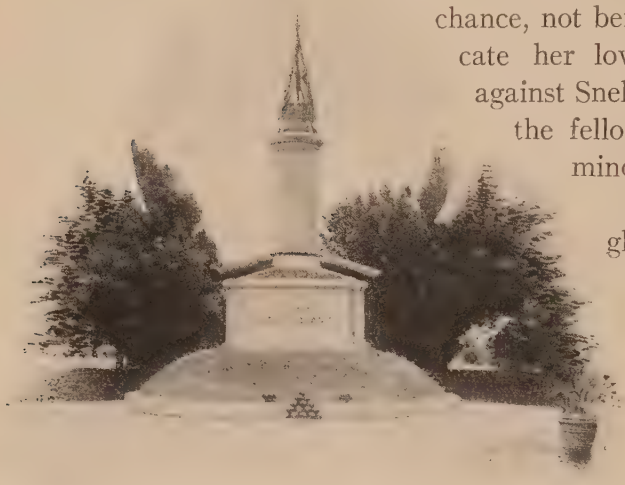
that peace was finally made, and a treaty signed. This time it was no idle, dubious rumor, but official information, borne by one of the secretaries of the commission of peace, Henry Carroll. Never was such unbounded rejoicing, such mad celebration. The depressed spirits of the people, relieved of their burdens, flew into the clouds. There were bonfires, parades, shouting, backslappings, jokes, foolishness, tears, laughter without end; French Louis was drunk for a week, as a matter of record.

The wine which he imbibed was part of a supply produced for consumption by the President himself, and his intoxication was therefore official. He was not alone in drinking it, although there is no evidence that he was not alone in his benefit by it. There was much jollification at the President's house on the day the news arrived. Mr. Madison found it not at all difficult to smile; Dolly Madison was beaming; Ruth, standing near, felt her heart fluttering a little, just a little, with the thought that now Michael would soon be on his way to claim her answer.— and her lips.

In the press of visitors, hastening, thrusting others aside without due regard for the proprieties, although he had no wine, came Fontaine Stevens. He might have been thought to have been with Louis, for his face was flushed and his eyes were large. Reaching the President, he pulled him about by the elbow to have him attend to what he said. "We have won!" he cried. "The commissioners have left town, slipping out like whipped dogs," a simile he permitted himself, perhaps, in memory of Simon Thwaite.

Ruth, overhearing the speech of Fontaine, overheard also a subdued chuckle that had a familiar sound. Glancing about, she perceived Nicholas Snell standing close beside her. Since the scene in which he had endeavored to discredit Michael with her, she had barely seen him. Learning

what she did from Michael, she had felt constrained to warn the President against him; but when her guardian demanded proof she gave the matter over to chance, not being willing to implicate her lover by quoting him against Snell, and had dismissed the fellow entirely from her mind.



The Spot where Jackson and His Staff Stood at the Battle of New Orleans, now in the Chalmette National Cemetery

He spoke, as she glanced at him, apparently to the empty air about him. "Friend Stevens would not be so glad the dogs have gone," he said, "if he knew that one of them took his lovely Leonora with him." Whereupon he laughed again; and Ruth could not repress a smile.

CHAPTER XII

THE MESSAGE DELIVERED

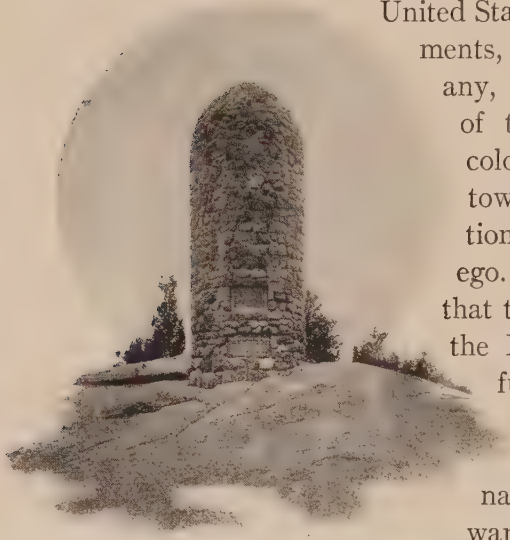
THE treaty of peace had been signed by the commissioners at Ghent on December 24, 1814, more than two weeks before the battle of New Orleans. Negotiations had been under way, indirectly, through the intervention

GHENT (*From the painting by F. Nash*)

of Russia, since the beginning of the war. There were hitches, misunderstandings, equivocations, for more than a year, resulting finally in the sending of five peace commissioners to Ghent to meet with three commissioners from England. Representing the United States were John Quincy Adams, Albert Gallatin, Henry Clay, James A. Bayard, and Jonathan Russell. After much bickering, the terms of a treaty had been hit upon. All questions between the countries were restored by it to the state in

which they had been before the war. England conceded nothing; not a word was said about impressment, trade, or the fisheries. But it was peace, and as such was welcomed in America.

But though the war had gained no material advantage, it proved to be of unknown value to the country. It left the United States free from foreign entanglements, and free from the danger of any, now that Napoleon was out of the way. It terminated the colonial attitude of Americans toward Europe; it gave the nation a sense of individuality, an ego. The people had learned that their hope lay in the West, not the East; that their wealth and future must be wrested from the land, rather than brought across the sea. American nationality dates from the second war with England.



THE CAIRN AT QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS, MARKING THE SPOT WHERE ABIGAIL ADAMS AND JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, THEN A BOY OF EIGHT, WATCHED THE BURNING OF CHARLESTOWN BY THE BRITISH IN 1775

The cost was not too high. Not more than 30,000 men had been lost in the two years of fighting, — a number small in comparison with the losses in several single battles in the Civil War. In money, the cost was about $200,000,000. The effects of war were felt most severely in the high cost of commodities, such as groceries and iron, and the low price of staples, for which producers could find little or no market during the war.

In May, five months after the close of the war, the frigate *Constitution* entered New York harbor with news of a fight in January with two British vessels, the *Levant* and the

Cyane, in which she had captured them both. She had been in port no more than five days, when a fleet of fifteen ships, under Stephen Decatur, was sent to the Mediterranean to chastise the Dey of Algiers, who had been seizing American vessels during the war with England, on the pretense that the United States had been derelict in making the annual tribute.

NAPOLEON IN 1815

But that war the country soon forgot. Hungry for peace, the people hastened to resume the purposes of peace without fear of interruption from the barbarians, and prosperity came swiftly.

To Ruth peace brought mingled sensations of gladness and sadness. She rejoiced that the burden and opprobrium of the war had been removed from her guardian's shoulders; she was glad, impersonally, that there was to be no more fighting; but she was not wholly happy at the thought of Michael Forbeson. She had had word from him, sent from Canada, telling her that he was on his way to England to prepare a place there for her, and that he would return in the autumn to demand her answer — and her lips.

The little inconsistency involved in preparing a home before he had her answer was purely Celtic, and rather delightful. At the same time, she felt that it committed her more than her own words had already done. She knew, now that she contemplated marriage, that she did not wholly love him, as she should; that she never could love him, because of that other love which still lay in her soul's deep

places. Still, she had given her word, and she would abide by it.

October came, and with it Michael. He found Ruth sitting before the hearth in the President's house, an open book in her lap, unaware for a moment of his presence. "Ruth, my girl!" he cried, "have you no eyes or ears for your lover?"

She started from her chair with an exclamation of surprise. "Michael," she said, "when did you come?"

"You do not think I have been here long, do you? Not many days, at least." She looked at him, confused, unable to think. He raised her hand to his breast. "Ruth," he said, "have you no lips for your lover?"

She smiled, as he thought with a constraint of timidity or modesty; but it was with a wistful sadness which few hearts can know. With lowered lids, she held up her lips to him, and he kissed her.

"And have you no answer for me?"

"Is not that an answer?"

"You might at least do me the favor of telling me that you love me."

"Do you think I kiss where I do not love?"

"No, Ruth; but you must confess 't is somewhat of a cold reception that you give me, returning after many months of exile. I have forsworn my country, turned double-edged traitor, fought against my flag, thrust my neck in the noose, and would have stopped at nothing else that might have been asked of me, all for the love of you. And, on my life, I think you scarce love me after all, Ruth." Forbeson was half jocose, yet half in earnest.

She looked up at him seriously. "If you think I do not love you, you will make me unhappy, and be unhappy yourself. You must always believe that I do, for my sake, and your own; you must especially believe it now. Perhaps,

NAPOLEON AT WATERLOO

Michael, I do not love you as I should, and as I would wish to. I want you to understand; I want you to know before you ask me for my answer. I admire you, I esteem you, I have full faith in you, I am happy with you. You mean very much to me, and I love you as much as I could love any man who lives. But my affection for you is overshadowed, and will be overshadowed, by another love — a love of my childhood, of my girlhood. I wanted to tell you this, before I gave you my answer, because you may not want my answer, knowing it."

"And this other love, what befell it?" asked Michael, grown in turn deeply serious. "There is no hope that it may be revived?"

"The man is dead. He died of wounds received in a sea-fight, and was buried at sea. His name was —"

"I care not for his name," interrupted Michael Forbeson, being a man. "And this much I will tell you, Ruth," — he was going on, when she interrupted him.

"I want you to know his name, and more than that, lest Snell try to conjure some mischief to us out of it." With that she told him about Richard Morris briefly, omitting only certain doubts that had come into her mind from time to time during his long silence. At the end Forbeson took her hand and pressed it gently.

"Ruth," said he, "you must think ill of me if you can believe I would wish to withdraw my question for that; at least, on my account. I would do so, and turn you free, for your sake, if I did not think that my love for you would prove enough to make you happy, if you will but give it the chance. And now Ruth, will you give me your answer?"

"My answer is, Michael, that I will go with you as your wife, if you can take me with the dust that is in my heart."

"You give me overmuch. May God give me strength and wisdom to make you a good return."

For a space they were silent, Michael looking deeply into her eyes, without offering to embrace her; she returned the gaze fully, until she could do so no more without throwing her arms about his neck and drawing herself close to his breast, with a sense of protection, of refuge. Presently they grew calm enough to converse about less important matters.

"And whom do you think I have brought with me, to be at our wedding?" he cried presently, holding her at arms' length with a hand on each shoulder.

"I cannot guess, Michael."

"No, but you know, though. A kinswoman of mine, she is, who married a cousin of my own mother; and when I told her where I was coming, and what I was coming for, nothing would do but that she must come too; in which I was not willing to cross her, she having lately lost her husband in the war, and thinking further that you would be joyed to see her."

"I should at least be glad to know who she is," prompted Ruth.

"On my life, did I not tell you?" laughed Michael. "Why, she is one who once was a friend of yours, of the name of Margaret Rutgers—and she stands outside at this moment, waiting for me to have done with my foolishness."

A tumult of emotions rushed through Ruth as she waited for Michael to fetch Margaret. Primarily, and always, she was rejoiced to see her friend again; but over it all lay a little sad uncertainty of what the effect of her presence would be; a little misgiving lest the story she had lived should throw a deeper shadow over the coming event than the one already inevitably resting upon it. In the midst of thinking about herself, there flashed through her mind the thought of others; of Margaret and Sylvester; the sudden comprehension that they would see each other; that now,

NAPOLEON ON BOARD THE BRITISH FRIGATE "BELLEROPHON" ON THE WAY TO SAINT HELENA

perhaps, their way would be made smooth. In that moment there was a new mingling of rejoicing and sorrow. She could be very happy in their happiness, if it were to be, but it made her own lot the more unhappy by contrast. She thought of the distinct parallel between Margaret's story and her own, up to a certain point; of the deep love each had experienced; of their marriage with another, who, in each case, was not a countryman; of the sadness in Margaret's life which, she was certain, would have a counterpart in her own. Then, with a pang, she came to the divergence in the parallel; Margaret's lover was given back to her, but hers was dead. She burst into tears — tears, almost, of angry resentment.

Tender arms were about her. She raised her eyes, and looked into the face of Margaret, sanctified by sacrificial sorrows, beatific, beneficent, and was comforted. If the parallel ran that far, there was compensation!

There was no place there for Michael, as he soon found out, with considerable astonishment and some indignation. But he made the most of it, which was to go away.

Long, low, loving, was the talk between the two women. Ruth told her that Richard was dead, and how he had died. Though neither said the least thing to the point, each understood the heart of the other before they finished. Margaret, knowing Ruth's heart, was silent concerning her approaching marriage.

In course of time Michael was announced, and Margaret rose to go. "There is some one here in Washington whom you used to know," said Ruth, taking her hand to detain her a moment.

"Some one I used to know?" repeated Margaret, not guessing who it was.

"Would you like to see him?" Ruth asked, searching her eyes with a look that told her.

Margaret, trembling, dropped her lids. "Do you think he would care to see me?"

For answer, Ruth kissed her on the brow. There was no further word between them concerning Sylvester, Michael entering at the moment.

It was several days before Margaret and Sylvester met. Then it was by the design of Ruth, who left them alone in the drawing-room at the President's house, whither she had lured them with pretexts. "Ruth tells me that you are a wonderful traveler and explorer," said Margaret, breaking, by a struggle, the intense silence that had followed their being left alone.

Napoleon's Prison at Saint Helena

"Yes," assented Sylvester, thinking of the message he had to deliver. "That is," recovering himself, "I have been much of a wanderer."

"I shall want you to tell me about it, sometime," said Margaret.

"It is nothing, I am afraid, that would interest a woman," returned Sylvester.

"You think you are a judge of what will interest a woman?" laughed Margaret, wholly ill at ease and dissatisfied with herself.

"I only know that it is not particularly interesting to any one." Sylvester was no happier than she.

"That is either very selfish or very modest of you, Mr. Stevens."

Sylvester's eyes ran about the corners of the room; he

was getting farther and farther from the message. "I have had some experiences that might have an interest," he said. "I have been a soldier."

"Ruth has told me."

"I have fought the Indians, and I have fought the English." He looked at her fully, for the first time.

"Where?" she asked, divining something in his gaze.

"At New Orleans," His look held hers.

"My husband, Major Erskine, was killed there," she said, under her breath.

"Yes, leading his men to the charge. He died bravely."

She seemed to feel the untruth of that. For the first time since he had looked at her, her gaze faltered from his eyes. But it returned quickly. "You saw him?" she whispered.

"I was with him when he died, by chance. I went into the field where he lay."

"How did you know it was my husband?" asked Margaret, puzzled.

"I did not, until he told me."

"He told you?"

"Without knowing who I was, or that I knew you. It is not unusual for a man to send a dying message through a stranger. It was only chance that I was one who knew you."

Margaret's eyes fell from Sylvester's face. "Did he send me a message?" she faltered.

Sylvester, rising, passed to the window, where he stood, not looking toward Margaret as he spoke. "I am sorry it is I who must tell you," he said. "It would be far better if it could be a stranger."

"I would rather it were you," breathed Margaret.

Sylvester made no acknowledgment of that. "He said that he had been but a poor wretch, and that he had

made another wretched. 'Ask her to forgive me,' were his words. 'I have tried my best, which was ill enough. If I had known how I should fail, before God I would have leapt into the sea before I would have asked her to be my wife; for I loved her.' " He paused.

"Was there more?" she asked, with voice half choked.

"These are his words. 'I did not know it,' he said. 'She never told me, but I guessed. There was another she loved. He lived in her heart always.' " Sylvester's voice faltered. When he continued, it was barely above a whisper. "'Find her,' he said, 'and tell her that I knew it at the last, and forgave her.' "

NAPOLEON'S BURIAL PLACE AT SAINT HELENA

A silence, broken only by the sobbing of Margaret, sitting with her hands clasped before her face.

"I will send Ruth to you," said Sylvester, stepping toward the door.

"No." Margaret, rising swiftly, laid a hand on his shoulder. "Do not do that." For a moment they stood, fixed, and silent. "Can't you see," she hastened to say, her whole life rushing into the moment, "can't you understand I — I had rather have you stay?"

BOOK IV

ON MANY SEAS

CHAPTER I

UNDER THE ENEMY'S FLAG

AS I have said, I was not in the habit of turning to drink, either lightly for amusement, or as a solace from the weightier vexations of life. When I was once well within the tavern toward which I turned back from my way through the streets of Philadelphia, I was still of two minds whether to have a glass of wine, when I was hailed by name in a voice that was not wholly unfamiliar to me. I turned, and saw sitting there Nicholas Snell.

"You make rather free with names not your own," said I, approaching him, prepared to renew the ancient encounter.

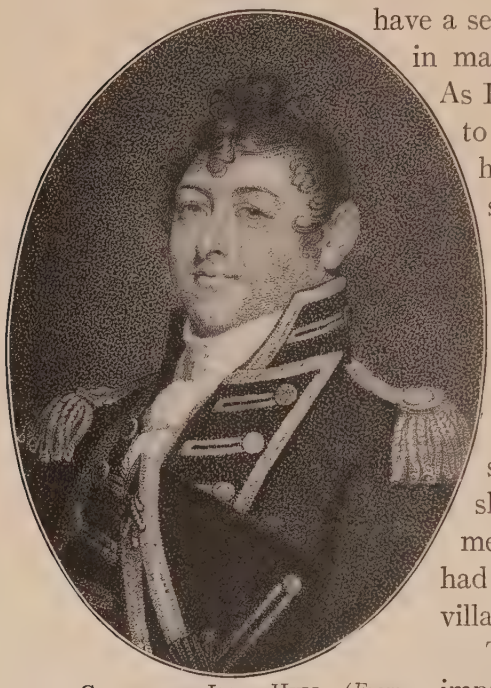
"If I make free with the name Morris, it is not for you to complain, for it is not your name, either, as is well known."

"It is mine for use, and I shall defend it from your rotten tongue!" cried I, beside myself. I stepped toward him, threatening, and would have struck him had he not been too great a coward to rise from his chair.

"Come, Morris, fair words," he said. "I only made a jest of it."

That was too much. I fell upon him, seated as he was, dragged him out upon the floor, and was beating him, when the people about the place came to his rescue; though not without damage given and received in the act. But at last all fell calm, Snell himself seeking peace, and asking forgiveness like a man.

If I had had the wisdom of Solomon I might have seen the guile behind the man's smooth ways; but being no wiser than a sailor, I was soon prevailed upon to have liquor with him. I took neat rum; and nothing would do but I must have a second. Loath to seem lacking in magnanimity, I drank again. As I have said, I was not one used to liquor and its effects, and my head soon began to swim. I staggered to the door, for a breath of air. Then all went black, and I went down on the floor spinning.



COMMODORE ISAAC HULL (*From the portrait by Stuart*)

When I was revived by the feel of fresh air against my cheeks, I found myself at sea, one of the crew of the ship *Nancy Bells*, American merchantman, and knew that I had been impressed through the villainy of Snell.

The ship on which I had been impressed was bound for China. A year passed before we were on the homeward voyage. I had one opportunity in the period to write a letter to Ruth, which I made the most of; but the vessel on which my missive was sent went to the bottom, as we afterward learned. I was forced to console myself with the prospect of solving the mystery and the promise of quitting myself with Snell as soon as we should arrive in port.

But it was not to be. In Valparaiso harbor was a British sloop-of-war, officers from which came aboard us one morning demanding the return of British sailors whom they in-

sisted we had aboard. That morning I was convinced that the behavior of the captain and officers of the *Nancy Bells* toward me was inspired by Snell, and that I was the victim of a conspiracy on the part of the villain; for the officers had no more than come aboard than the captain, pointing me out to them, whispered in their ears, and I was taken from the ship and put in the crew of the British war vessel.

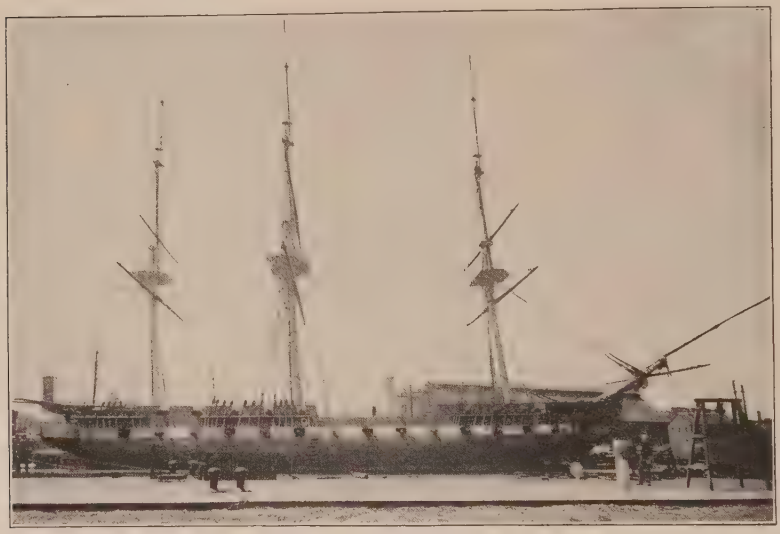
What I endured for the next few years is not fit to be written. From the first I was stubborn and refractory, preferring to die rather than serve on a ship of tyranny. I sometimes wished that they would kill me; it would have been better for me at the time. I was never free from bruises and sprains, caused by the inhuman brutality of the officers above me; and for one period of six months my back was raw from flogging. Yet the worst infliction was their refusal to permit me to write the least line home.

All this time a crisis between England and my own country was approaching. We heard mutterings of it about ship, sometimes from poor fellows who had been taken from American merchantmen, and sometimes from the British crew. In course of time some of the frigates were ordered to American waters to cruise up and down before their ports, searching merchantmen for British sailors. I was on the frigate *Guerrière*, thirty-eight guns, when she was sent to the station off New York. I was on her when she overhauled and boarded the American brig *Spitfire*, from Portland to New York, fifteen miles from the city, and took off one John Deguy, a citizen of America. Is it possible to imagine my feelings on being compelled to serve on an enemy's ship that seized citizens of my own country at their very doorsteps, so to speak?

But the time was coming! The outrage against the *Spitfire* was committed on May 1, 1811. Within a year my country had declared war on England, and I knew that

there would be a chance for me sooner or later; for the *Guerrière*, now under command of Captain James Richard Dacres, was still in American waters.

On July 17, 1812, as we were cruising off the Jersey coast, making a southwesterly course off Barnegat, we spied a sail well ahead, which aroused the curiosity and interest of



THE "CONSTITUTION" AT THE CHARLESTOWN NAVY YARD

Captain Dacres, so that he crowded on sail and made for her. The stranger seemed willing enough, coming up on a south slant of wind with her starboard stun'sails set, and a pretty sight she was!

As we drew together, Captain Dacres made out a fleet of four sail to the northeast, bearing on, which he mistook to be the squadron under Commodore Rodgers, of the American navy. With that belief, when the stranger came close Captain Dacres wore ship and fell in step with her, not caring to engage in the presence of a hostile force. This happened at dusk. All night long we sailed silently side by side, cleared for action, battle lanterns lit, decks sanded, waiting

for the shock. It turned out that she was the *Constitution*, and that the four ships were British. All joined in a pursuit of the American frigate which lasted two days, but by a shrewd Yankee trick Captain Hull saved his vessel for a better fate.

By great good fortune it was my vessel, the *Guerrière*, that fell in with her at last; though the victory was not on the side where it was expected to rest. We had been in Halifax, overhauling, after the chase, and were cruising well to the eastward of that port, when, on August 19, at about 4 bells of the afternoon watch, we saw a sail to the northward, we then being on a southwesterly course.

We had no sooner seen her than she, apparently, saw us, and eased off, to come toward us. Captain Dacres was uncertain what the nature of the stranger was, but presently discovering her to be an American vessel, he said to his crew: "Boys, there is a Yankee cruiser. In forty-five minutes she will be ours; take her in fifteen and it will be four months' pay for you."

From the willingness which each displayed to meet the other, I knew there was going to be a fight. Perhaps there was no one on board, not even the captains of the respective ships, to whom the outcome represented as much as to me.

At 5:45, with the American on our larboard quarter, the firing began. I shall never forget the feeling that ran through me when the deck heaved, and trembled, shivering, into rest again, at the first broadside from the British ship. We were still 200 yards apart, and the damage was not of consequence, on either side. My duty being below, I was forced to go to the cockpit.

I had not been there long before the wounded began to be brought down to us,— men mangled with shot, impaled on great ragged pieces of wood, splintered by the cannon balls striking the wooden sides of the ship; bruised, broken,

bleeding. The din above, the roaring of guns, the crashing of shot against the sides of the vessel, the hurrahs of the fighters, the groans and screams of the wounded, the bustle along the decks, the excitement which seemed to impart itself to the ship, quivering as it was with the shock of her own broadsides, became at last more than I could bear, and I rushed on deck.

I shall never forget the sight that met my eyes. Not forty yards away on our larboard beam, a volcano of cannon fire, was the *Constitution*, discharging broadsides with a swiftness that I had never seen equaled, and with an effect that was appalling, even to me, to whom it was a promise of salvation.

The British sailors, stripped to the waist, grim, determined, fought bravely, loading and firing their guns with steady speed. But this I noticed. Whereas the American sailors whom I had seen fighting spent time in aiming their pieces with care so that they hit something, the British thought that they did all that was needful to win a fight by firing their guns heedlessly, as soon as they were loaded. I overdraw the picture, but it is true in large measure.

As I stood by the mainmast a shot struck the mizzenmast, cutting it down. The mass of wreckage — mast, spars, sails, shrouds — went over the starboard quarter, dragging in the water, and bringing the *Guerrière* up into the wind, despite the rudder and headsails.

Swinging slowly head on to the *Constitution*, the situation of the British frigate was desperate indeed; but there was not a man aboard who flinched from the final moment. As she swung, the Americans, my countrymen, poured in two deadly raking broadsides.

Five minutes after the mizzenmast went over the quarter, the *Guerrière's* bowsprit was above the quarter-deck of the American. I saw the British preparing to board. I watched them like one from another planet, who had no

The Capture of the "Guerrière" by the "Constitution"

part in what was going forward — a curious observer. I saw Captain Dacres, standing on the bulwarks to inspire his men, hit in the back by a musket ball from the American's top; I saw Lieutenant Bush, whom I knew, leap on the rail of the *Constitution* to lead the boarders away, and fall dead, with a bullet through his skull; I saw Lieutenant Morris shot down, with a bullet through his body, and saw him rise again and fight.

I saw, presently, the bowsprit of the *Guerrière* gradually wheeling away from the quarter-deck; I saw it foul on the taffrail; I saw it tug against the forward stays, slackening them; I saw the foremast give a jerk, sway, go by the top, and strike against the mainstays. I felt the mast by which I stood creaking and groaning; I looked about me, and saw it topple into the ocean. The *Guerrière* lay rolling in the trough of the sea, a hopeless wreck; and I was free! Scarce able to stifle a shout in my throat, I leapt again to the task in the cockpit, contrite for having deserted the men.

The *Constitution*, which had drawn off when the last of the masts of the *Guerrière* went down, returned after making repairs to her rigging and was ready to renew the fight. By this time the British frigate, totally dismasted, lay in the trough of the sea, rolling her muzzles under. Further resistance was impossible, and Dacres surrendered, reluctantly enough. "I will not take a sword from one who knows so well how to use it," said Captain Hull, of the *Constitution*, when Dacres went aboard, "but I 'll trouble you for that hat." The two had once made a wager, when in port together, on the outcome of a fight between their vessels, if one should ever come about.

You may be sure I was not long in making my name and condition known to Lieutenant Read, who came off to the *Guerrière* demanding the surrender. He would have taken me aboard the *Constitution* at once but that I desired to be

of what further assistance I could in the cockpit. It was not long before I found myself once more on the deck of an American ship, a free citizen, and a free man.

It was then that I first realized the remarkable results of this sea duel. The *Constitution* was scarcely scarred. She was ready for another fight by the time she returned, at 7

The Harbor of Valparaiso in Olden Days (*From an etching*)

o'clock, to receive the surrender of the enemy. On the other hand, the *Guerrière* was such a wreck, alow and aloft, that no attempt was made to fit her for a voyage back to port. She was blown up on the afternoon of the day following the engagement. The loss on board the *Constitution* was seven killed and seven wounded; the *Guerrière* lost fifteen killed and sixty-three wounded.

As soon as we had taken off all prisoners and blown up the hulk, we made a course for Boston. In the enthusiasm of being once more among friends, I entered the service of the navy again, trusting to Providence to enable me to see

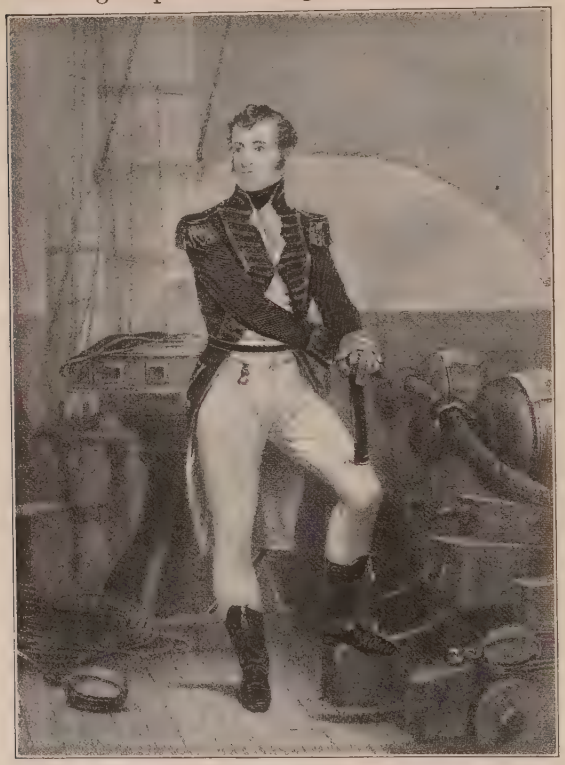
Ruth on my return; a trust I was to rue bitterly before long. There was great jubilation on our return; the country went wild, I myself receiving no little attention, the story of my experiences having been spread on board the *Constitution* by some of my former shipmates who had been in somewhat the same case, and had got ashore; so the tale got into the public prints; but incorrectly, representing me as being in irons at the time of the *Guerrière's* surrender.

At last, with the permission of Captain Hull, I contrived to get away from the town, and made my way with all haste to Philadelphia in search of Ruth. Reaching Philadelphia, I found she had gone from the town for many years. I was in despair until I learned at last that she was with the President's household, in Washington, President Madison being some distant kin. I was on the point of leaving for Washington, when peremptory orders came to me to proceed at once to Boston and join the crew of the frigate *United States*, forty-four guns, as fourth lieutenant. Stopping only to write a hasty word to Ruth, I turned my face toward Boston, sad at heart for having failed to see her, but proud to feel that my services were such that I had been made the object of special orders of a peremptory nature.

We sailed from Boston on October

In the Harbor of Valparaiso To-Day

8, in company with the *President*, forty-four guns, Captain John Rodgers; the *Congress*, thirty-six guns, Captain John Smith, and the brig *Argus*, sixteen guns, Master-Commandant Arthur Sinclair. Four days later the *United States* and the *Argus* parted company with the others, and in a few days our frigate, alone, was headed for the east.



CAPTAIN STEPHEN DECATUR (*From the painting by Chappell*)

I found my circumstance very fortunate on board the *United States*, for she was in command of Stephen Decatur, with whom I had been in the Mediterranean, and who remembering me, exhibited toward me great kindness and affection; but not at the sacrifice of discipline, it should be stated.

This was soon to show in the supreme test — a conflict with an enemy's ship. One day in the same month,— October 25, to be exact,— on a Sunday, we were sailing to the eastward on the port tack, in the vicinity of the Azores. There was a spanking breeze from north-by-west; the sea ran full, a blossoming field of white-flowered waves; the

ocean was like a limpid jewel running solid and swift underfoot. It was after breakfast; the men, as was their custom, were making a holiday of the Sabbath, when the lookout cried "Sail-ho!" from his swinging perch on the royal yard.

The stranger was off the port bow, to windward, and heading toward us under heavy canvas, as though she feared we might make off without meeting her. Nothing was more remote from the intentions of Stephen Decatur. All hands were piped, the ship was cleared for action, the men sent to quarters, and all made snug for a desperate fight.

It is an exhilarating thing to sail across a bounding sea toward an enemy of whom you know nothing more than that he will exert every effort to send you to the bottom in the quickest possible time, or at least to knock you to pieces. How many guns he carries; how heavy they are; how well they will be served; what fortunes will attend,— all are vital factors in the day, but they are matters which the day alone can develop to your knowledge. It is exhilarating, and it is solemn,— especially so with the tubs of sand standing about, and the cockpit hatch wide open.

We could see that the enemy at least did not greatly outweigh us; that she was not a ship-of-the-line. I am not certain that there were not some aboard who would have been glad if she had been. While yet at a great distance, but coming toward us, the enemy opened with three guns. I saw the balls strike the water, ricochet three or four times, and disappear, the distance being too great.

She had little more than fired the first shot when she wore ship, bringing the starboard batteries into bearing and came closer. We had been through some evolutions in the hope of an opportunity to get the weather gauge of her, but, though our men handled the ship in a way that made a lump of pride come into my throat, we could get no advantage over the enemy, a remarkably fleet sailor.

Now she was running on a course almost parallel with ours, in good range of our long twenty-fours on the main deck. We opened on her, firing on the down roll, and aiming to hull her. The men worked the guns with a swiftness that could not have been believed. The ship trembled and quivered from truck to keelson under the continuous recoil of many guns; the sides of the boat were never free from the leaping blast of our batteries, sometimes a dozen firing at once. The smoke, whirling across the waves, rose in a dense cloud between the combatants, obscuring the target.

THE FRIGATE "UNITED STATES"

I was in the first division. One of the gunners, aiming a long twenty-four, was struck in the face with a splinter, which blinded him for the moment. Observing it, I stepped to his place. Through the port I could see the enemy, swinging on the waves, belching fire upon us, alive to the tips of her spars, and fighting like a cat. We rose on a billow. As we poised at the top of it, I lifted the gun to aim at the top of the mizzen-mast, thinking that the roll of the ship would bring the ball downward, and fired. Watching for an effect to my shot, I beheld the mizzentopmast shiver, tremble for a moment, and then plunge down upon the maintop, where it rested,

suspended between the two masts, and jamming the main braces so that the ship could not be worked.

The smoke at this time growing so dense that we could not aim with much success, Captain Decatur ceased firing for a space and drew ahead. In the respite I looked about-

A Picturesque Street in Old Valparaiso

ship to see what damage had been done. Seeing some sailors looking aloft, I followed their gaze, and observed that our mizzentopgallant mast was shot away. I could discover no other damage.

The enemy had not perceived our manœuver until we drew out of the smoke pall ahead and opened a diagonal fire that was little less than murderous. Finding that we were too much for him at long range, he endeavored at this point to come closer, but a shot from us carrying away his fore-brace rendered the sail unmanageable so that it backed away on him, giving us an opportunity to rake,

Backing our mainyards, we lay waiting for him, raking him with deadly broadsides all the while. Presently the

Englishman luffed up, bringing his broadside into bearing. As he luffed, we followed, keeping him at gun's length, slowly and certainly knocking him to pieces. The foretopmast was cut away at the top; the main followed; the lower masts were splintered; only the foresail, badly torn, was left in service.

The enemy was firing feebly now, with one or two guns. As I looked, exulting in the work we had done, there was a shout at my elbow, and in the same instant I was dimly conscious of being hurtled across the deck by a heavy blow in my side. That is the last I remember of the fight. When I recovered my senses, I came back into a world of frightful agony. There was a great gaping gash in the flesh of my chest, where I had been struck by a huge splinter. Three of my ribs were broken by the force of the blow. My life was despaired of; but my vigorous constitution and the especial care bestowed upon me by the ship's surgeon, with whom I had come to be close friends, prevailed over the hurt, and by the time our homeward journey was done I was well, though by no means strong.

The remainder of the fight I tell from hearsay. Not long after the shot that had caused my wound, the enemy ceased firing, and we drew off to make repairs to the rigging. When we presently returned, ready to renew the action, she struck, and we sent aboard to take possession. It was the *Macedonian*, thirty-eight guns, one of the crack frigates of the British navy, that we had overwhelmed, carrying a crew renowned for discipline and efficiency, commanded by Captain Carden. We had hulled her a hundred times, and only two guns remained on her engaged side. Thirty-six of her crew had been killed and thrown into the water; sixty-eight lay moaning in the cockpit and the steerage, the cockpit having proved too cramped to accommodate all we had sent below.

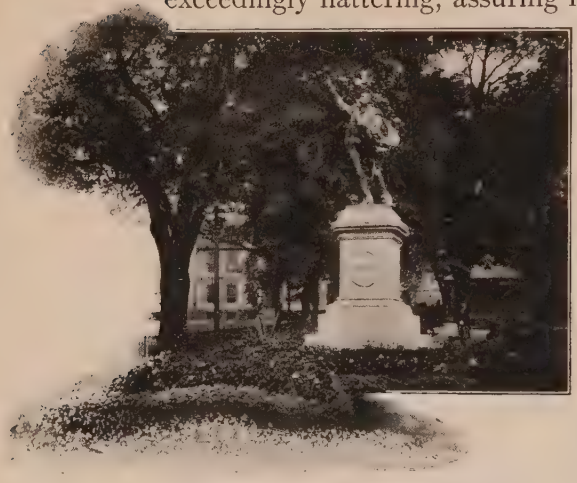
They found some poor Americans aboard her, who had been forced to fight against their flag. Two of them, Jack Card and John Wallis, were killed in the action.

For two weeks we lay by, reaving new rigging, stepping new masts, sending up new spars, bending new sails, plugging shot-holes in her hull, and making her ready for the voyage home. At last we set sail with her, convoying her to Newport, here we left her and went to New London. I would have left the *United States* at Newport and proceeded at once to Washington, but that the state of my health, due to the slow recovery from my wound, made it unwise; so I merely sent a note to Ruth in the packet of mail that was forwarded from the ship, telling her what fortune I had had, and that I would soon see her.

CHAPTER II

THE ENEMY IS OURS

I HAD no more than reached Newport, however, and was still weak and ill, when orders came to me to join Commodore Chauncey's fleet in Lake Ontario. My orders were exceedingly flattering, assuring me that I had been selected for the task assigned me because of my well-known fitness for the work.



THE STATUE TO PERRY AT NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND

I was not all pleased by this. My desire to see my sweetheart again was growing into a keen anxiety, for I had not had the least reply to any of my many communications, although others of the crew and mess were in receipt of mail at New London. I could not understand how it came to pass that I should be without word from her, unless it was that she had forgotten me, or grown into another mind concerning me.

It was a miserable fall and winter that I put in on Lake Ontario. By the time I arrived at Sackett's Harbor, which was the rendezvous for the fleet, ice was forming on the lake, and navigation was closed. We spent the winter in building the twenty-four-gun ship *Madison*, and in waiting to repulse the British, should they attempt to cross the ice and attack us from Kingston, across the foot of the lake.

In March Master-Commandant Oliver Hazard Perry arrived in Sackett's Harbor, on the way to Lake Erie with orders to wrest control of that body of water from the enemy. When he went to the new station I accompanied him, under orders that he had brought from Washington; but, while he brought orders, he had no word or message for me.

The fleet that we left in the making did little on Lake Ontario besides burning York, for which the enemy subsequently retaliated by burning our own capital. However, the presence there of a force of vessels stronger than the British could summon was sufficient to insure American control of the lake.

WINTER ON THE MALL AT NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, SHOWING MANSION AND STATUE OF PERRY

The task on Lake Erie was more serious. By possession the English hoped to be able to subdue the Mississippi and Ohio Valleys, and hedge in the United States with British colonies to the west of them. It was defended by a British squadron of six vessels, fully armed and manned.

Proceeding to Presque Isle, now called Erie, over the ice on a sledge, Master-Commandant Perry set to work constructing ships for the defense of the lake, and by July the brigs *Lawrence* and *Niagara* were launched; they were soon equipped with guns. In the building of these vessels we frequently cut down a tree in the morning and had it in the frame before night — not a very good plan in building a vessel for the water, but necessary in the circumstances.

Our little nucleus of a fleet was added to during the

summer by the arrival of some schooners and like craft that had been blockaded above Buffalo. But now a new difficulty arose. The water in the lake had been falling, and when the vessels were ready for sea there was not enough on the bar to float them. At the same time, the British squadron, under Commander Barclay, was blockading us. Crossing the lake to the Canadian side one day to accept an invitation to dinner, Barclay gave Perry the chance he was waiting for. Before the next morning we were on the lake, having floated the brigs over the bar in the interval.

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY (*From the portrait by J. W. Jarvis*)

We now set out to meet the enemy, who were at Camden, on the Canadian side. After Barclay's refusal to come out, Commandant Perry was intending to run to Camden and attack him at anchor, but before the plans could be carried out Barclay was obliged to put to sea in order to open communications with Long Point, the British base of supplies. On the morning of September 10 we descried his squadron

sailing south, with the wind nearly in the southeast. Without the least hesitation, Perry sailed to meet them.

Our squadron at the time consisted of nine vessels in all, mounting fifty guns, with 1536 pounds of metal. The vessels were manned by 490 men, only 125 of whom were from the regular navy. A fourth of the complement

THE SECOND VIEW OF PERRY'S VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE

were negroes; another fourth raw recruits. Perry himself had never been in an engagement.

Against him were opposed six vessels, mounting sixty-three guns, throwing 852 pounds of metal. Commandant Barclay, in command, was a veteran who had fought with Nelson. The English crews consisted of 502 men and boys.

Never shall I ever forget the behavior of Oliver Perry on that tremendous day. Young, handsome, full of zest, he walked among the men, encouraging them with stout words, filling them all with the fire that burned within his soul. Mounting a gun-train with a blue banner on his arm, he unfolded it to show us what it said: "Don't give up the ship!" in white letters, a foot high. "Boys," he said, "shall I raise this banner?"

"Ay! Ay!" we cried, with a shout; and the flag flew

from the masthead. The view of it was greeted with wild cheers down the entire line of the squadron.

The *Lawrence*, being near the head, engaged first with the *Detroit*. We had little more than engaged, at long range where the enemy had a heavy advantage over us because of heavier guns, when the wind slackened, which not only made it impossible for us to draw closer, but also prevented the rest of the fleet from coming up. The *Caledonia*, immediately behind us, being a dull sailor, had fallen away, bearing the rest of the line back, and leaving the *Lawrence* to fight the entire British squadron, assisted only by the *Ariel* and the *Scorpion*.

I shall not describe the horrid scenes that followed, the deaths, the mutilations. It is sufficient to say that we were reduced from a crew of 103 fit for service at the beginning, to a crew of twenty; that not an officer remained unhurt, save only Perry; that on our engaged side there was only one gun that could be fired. Still the indomitable man who commanded exhorted us to stay by the ship and never give in, himself training and firing the gun that was left to us. For my part, I was too weak and dazed from the effects of a shot that had grazed my head to raise a hand in further defense of the ship; though I concealed my case from the men of the crew.

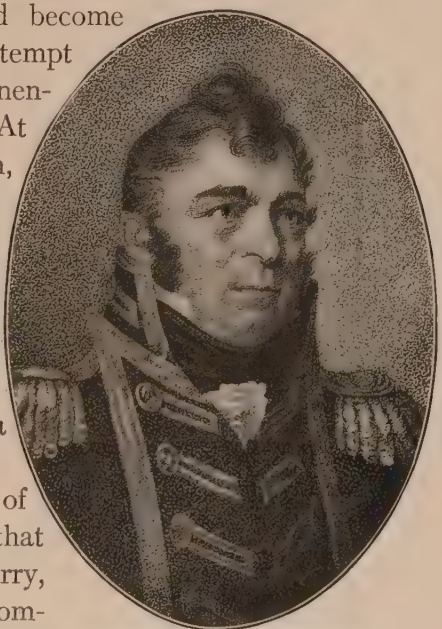
At this crisis Master-Commandant Elliott of the *Niagara*, perceiving the distress of the *Lawrence*, ignored the order to keep the line, which had not been countermanded, passed the *Caledonia*, signaling those behind her to do the same, and came on to the assistance of the flag-ship. Perry at the same time, realizing that he could do nothing in defense or offense in the *Lawrence*, leapt into a gig and started for the *Niagara*, wrapping his banner and the blue motto about him as he went.

We on the *Lawrence*, watching him, saw a shot strike

BATTLE BETWEEN THE "UNITED STATES" AND THE "MACEDONIAN" (*From the painting by Chappell*)

the small boat; saw him strip off his coat and stuff it in the hole; saw him gain the side of the *Niagara* and clamber aboard. In a moment his banner flew from the masthead; and then we struck. We took no more part in the fight itself, though we took a glorious part in the end of it.

Perry had no sooner gained the *Niagara* than a wind sprang up, and he ordered a charge. At the moment of charging, the British line had become badly entangled through an attempt to tack ship and bring their unengaged batteries into bearing. At the height of their confusion, we were upon them. The blow, coming from an enemy whom they believed defeated, was more than they could stand. In a short time the entire British squadron was demoralized, and indicated a willingness to surrender.



ISAAC CHAUNCEY (*From the portrait by J. Wood*)

And now came the moment of triumph for the battered wreck that had been the flag-ship. Perry, learning that the British commanders were ready to surrender, informed them he would receive their surrender on board the *Lawrence*, now far down the line, with American colors flying, we having broken them out again, on the stump of a mast. Thither he rowed.

I cannot describe the scene that took place when he reached us, and mounted our deck, slippery with blood, strewn with fragments of mutilated human flesh, reeking with death. There was no cry, no shout; the moment was too intense. Nor shall I forget the faces of the British offi-

cers when they came aboard to surrender — their horror, their marveling admiration of men who would fight until they lay in pieces about a splintered deck.

I passed from that scene into a fever, a sort of lake fever from which many of the men had suffered, induced in me, I presume, by wounds and by my weakened condition, I not yet having fully gained my strength after the hurts in the *Macedonian* fight. When I say I passed from this

Sackett's Harbor, New York

scene into the fever I speak accurately. I was seized, even as I watched the surrender on the quarter-deck of the *Lawrence*. For a fortnight I lay delirious. When I was sane again, I was limp as a sail in a calm, and so remained for a month, during which time I tried again to obtain word from Ruth Gardner, but without result. I wrote to her a formal and dignified letter, asking the favor of an explanation of her long silence, telling her that I had long since assumed that she had come to a change of heart concerning me, for which I did not wish to chide her, and which I did not intend to question. I merely wanted to learn from her the truth, for in my present uncertainty my existence lay, as it were, on a thorn.

I was determined, after her continued silence, not to

make any further advances, but to consider her as gone out of life. Therefore it was without regret, although with considerable surprise, that I received an order to report on board the *Constitution*, then in Boston, but shortly to sail on a cruise. If my wonder was aroused by this repeated experience in being ordered from one remote duty to another, my preoccupation over Ruth's dereliction was enough to prevent my considering the strangeness of it, and to make me acquiesce in the orders without question.

CHAPTER III

THE END OF MY QUEST

THE *Constitution*, long blockaded in Boston, eluded the British ships on New Year's Day, 1814, and got to sea, under command of Captain Charles Stewart. We cruised southward, and eastward, returning in April without having had much adventure beyond the capture of small prizes. All that year, until December 17, we lay idle in Boston, unable to escape through the British lines. Our navy this year was well scattered and of little service. Besides our own ship blockaded at Boston, the *President* and the *United States* were tied up in New York; the *Congress* dismantled at Portsmouth; the *Adams* destroyed on the coast of Maine, where she was chased

CAPTAIN DAVID PORTER (*From the painting by Chappell*)

by a British squadron; the *Chesapeake* in the hands of the enemy; the *Macedonian* in Newport; and scarcely a port on the coast that did not contain some schooner or sloop-of-war held there by the presence of a British blockading squadron.

In this year two of our ships at sea were successful, although each came to a tragic end. The *Wasp*, one of a

THE OLD "CONSTELLATION" AT THE TRAINING STATION IN NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND

half-dozen new sloops authorized by Congress, sailing from Portsmouth on May 1, proceeded directly to the English Channel. Cruising thereabouts, she captured or destroyed fifteen vessels, including the war vessels *Reindeer*, *Avon*, and *Atlanta*. The *Atlanta*, coming to Savannah as a prize, brought the last direct word ever heard from the *Wasp*, although the log of a Swedish bark afterward spoke of having met her at sea.

It was in this year that Captain David Porter, in the

frigate *Essex*, brought fame and glory to himself, his flag, and his ship. Cruising down the Atlantic coast of South America, he doubled the Horn and invaded the Pacific, where he carried destruction and consternation into British shipping, sweeping the sea like Drake of old. At last he was cooped up in Valparaiso harbor by the British frigates *Phœbe* and *Cherub*. Learning that a still stronger force of

THE "ESSEX" AND HER PRIZES SAILING OUT OF THE BAY OF TUMBEZ (*From the drawing by Captain Hoff*)

the enemy was coming after him, he made an attempt to slip out of the harbor, which came to nothing through the loss of his maintopmast. Driven into a helpless position because of this loss to his rigging, Porter was attacked by the two British ships, which were able to keep a distance and take a raking position. In the end the *Essex* was obliged to strike, but not before she had made a fight that was a fitting end to a glorious career.

All this time Captain Stewart was eager for a chance to get away from the British frigates that blockaded Boston. The opportunity came at last on December 17, when we got to sea, eluding the enemy, and made sail for the Bermudas, where we took a ship-of-war, the name of which I have forgotten, and whence we sailed presently for Madeira.

News of our escape from Boston had spread over the seas with great swiftness, ships speaking one another and telling them of it, so that by the time we were off Madeira most of the vessels in the British navy knew we were at large, and they were looking for us.

We were standing on the quarter-deck, making a group of officers, on February 19, 1815, complaining that we had

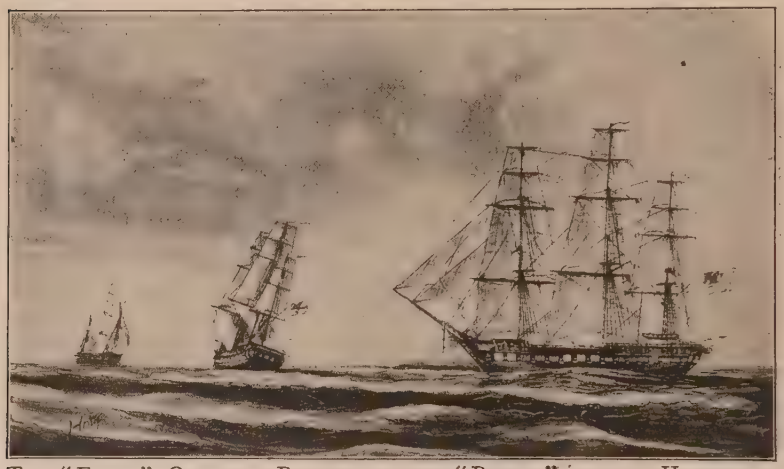
THE "ESSEX" AND HER PRIZES AT NOOKAHEEVAH, WASHINGTON ISLANDS
(*From the drawing by Captain Hoff*)

seen no enemy, and impatient for better luck. At that time we were making a course south from Spain, about 100 miles from Madeira. In the midst of our complaining Captain Stewart approached us. "Be of good cheer, gentlemen," he said, "for I assure you that before the sun rises again and sets, you will be engaged in a battle with the enemy, and it will not be with a single ship." We pressed him for his reasons, but he only replied that he had had a presentiment, in which he was a believer.

The following day came on thick and heavy, with a wet wind from the northeast, and a grey chop of a sea, a day altogether nasty, and the kind that breeds sea-lawyers aboard ship. We were bowling along under easy canvas, the crew snug below and the mess-boys busy with their

messes, when, about 1 o'clock, the lookout on the foretop-sail-yard sang out to the deck that there was a large sail two points off the port bow.

At this news the men came tumbling up from below and ran into the rigging to see the stranger, hoping it might be an enemy that would give them fight. Three-quarters of an



THE "ESSEX" OFFERING BATTLE TO THE "PHŒBE" IN THE HARBOR OF VALPARAISO (*From the drawing by Captain Hoff*)

hour later the lookout sang out another sail, as keeping company with the first. The weather was too thick to enable us to observe their strength, but each was clearly a war vessel.

Continuing to dog them, we drew closer and closer to the vessel first sighted, which, at about 4 o'clock, made signals to her companion and stood down toward her, joining her in line of battle.

In half an hour we were nearly within range of the hindermost, and were preparing to open, when our mainroyal-mast gave way in the chocks, and became wreckage. In half an hour we had sent up and rigged home another — a piece of work I never saw equaled on any ship. All snug again, we set out once more in chase, and came up with them about 6 o'clock.

By this time, it being in the month of February, the sun was well down; but we were saved from darkness by a moon which now shone through the broken clouds. Five minutes later we opened, concentrating our fire on the sternmost of the two. Both vessels promptly responded and for fifteen minutes there was a roar of cannon that shook my ears, used as I was to the din. At the end of that time

THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE "ESSEX" AND THE "PHŒBE" AND "CHERUB"
(*From the drawing by Captain Hoff*)

the smoke between us and our enemy was so dense that aiming was bad. Putting on sail at this, Captain Stewart drew ahead, unperceived by the enemy, and came abreast of the forward vessel, into which we poured such a broadside as shook her in the water.

Hereupon, the sternmost vessel luffed up, preparing to cross our wake and rake us. It was a critical moment; I confess that I drew a sharp breath when I saw the manœuver. But I might have spared myself the anxiety. As I watched the sternmost enemy creeping gradually toward a raking position, an order went along the decks. The main and mizzen were set aback in the space of a breath; all forward was shaken loose; the *Constitution* paused, poised for a moment, and then slid backward, gently,

silently, till she came abreast of the vessel that was endeavoring to rake us. Never have I beheld so brave a manœuver!

By the time we were abreast, our guns were double shotted, and we let them have the full force of our broadsides at short range. For some minutes we bore heavily on this vessel, when, our commander, perceiving that the foremost ship was wearing to cross our course, wore sharply, crossed his wake, and fired two deadly broadside into him.

Captain Charles Stewart

The other vessel had taken advantage of this to wear ship in a second effort to rake us; but Captain Stewart was again too quick for them, wearing short and getting the advantage of them at close range. By this time the vessel we had just raked was well off, looking after her injuries, so that we were left to handle the single opponent unmolested. We fell abreast, and continued the fight for ten minutes, when the enemy struck, being murderously mauled. It was the thirty-two-gun frigate *Cyane*, Captain Gordon Falcon.

Stopping only long enough to take and secure the prisoners and put a prize crew aboard, we set out for the other ship, which, having made repairs to her rigging, was bearing down upon us, unconscious of the fate of her consort Coming together, we exchanged broadsides, on the heels of which Captain Stewart wore short around and raked This was too much for the enemy, who tried to make away, but we overhauled her at last, and at 10 o'clock that night she surrendered. This vessel was the sloop-of-war *Levant* twenty-one guns, Captain George Douglas. And so it was, under the light of a winter moon, we took two frigates of the enemy, handling them both with ease and certainty, and losing only four men killed and ten wounded. By 1 o'clock

that night the *Constitution* was ready for another affair of the same proportions; and on the following day we set off with our prizes, reaching Port Praya on March 10. Here we found the *Susan*, which Captain Stewart determined to use as a cartel for the transfer of prisoners. While we were making the transfer to the *Susan*, a quartermaster gave the alarm of a strange sail.

Admiral Sir George Collier

Looking toward the harbor mouth, we saw first one, and then three large sails bearing down toward the port, now just visible through the fog and mist that lay low upon the sea. Captain Stewart, having no faith in the respect of British captains for the shelter of neutral ports, at once gave the order to get under way, signaling the prizes at the same time. In seven minutes sails were set, the cables cut, and we were making for the harbor entrance, in the hope of getting through and away before the enemy should come too close.

We were fairly through the harbor mouth when discovered, and the three ships, which proved to be heavy frigates, set out in chase. The *Constitution* held her own without difficulty, but the two prizes, out-footed and outpointed by the enemy, were fast falling astern, and in danger of being taken, when Captain Stewart signaled the *Cyane* to tack to the northwest, hoping to divide the force of the enemy, or to get the *Cyane* free of them.

To our surprise, the three ships held on their course after us, paying no attention to the *Cyane*, which ran the fleet out of sight and got safe to America. A short time afterward Captain Stewart, perceiving that the *Levant* was in great danger, signaled her to tack to the northwest also. To our surprise the entire British squadron followed her in the tack, and lay in pursuit, leaving us to get away.

How they came to blunder so, when the *Constitution* was the one ship of our navy that they desired above all others to take, is a matter that has never been satisfactorily explained. The fleet that followed us was the *Leander*, fifty guns, Captain Sir George Collier, in command of the squadron; the *Newcastle*, fifty; and the *Acasta*, forty. They ran the *Levant* down in the harbor of Port Praya, and, ignoring the laws of neutral ports, compelled her to surrender.

Now I was once more headed for America. I had of late fared well in the war, having been fortunate enough to attract the attention of Captain Stewart, who informed me, gratuitously, that he would nominate me for promotion as soon as we reached home.

Encouraged, I permitted myself to think once more of Ruth, hoping that, if she had forgotten me as a lad, she might be prevailed upon to consider me with favor as a man. With this hope new born in my heart, I determined to make the journey to Washington as soon as I reached land.

From this decision I was turned by a condition that I discovered on our arrival at New York, May 15, 1815. The war was over by this time; indeed, peace had been made and a treaty signed nearly two months before our encounter with the *Cyane* and *Levant;* but a new war had sprung up with the Barbary States. The Dey of Algiers, encouraged in insolence by the British, had once more loosed his corsairs against American shipping, declaring that the United States had been derelict in its tribute.

When I reached Boston I found Commodore Stephen Decatur ready to sail for the Mediterranean with a fleet of vessels, to chastise the Dey. At once the old quest, which had nearly died out of my life, smouldering only as a sad and ancient memory, sprang all alive. I would make this one more attempt to seek my father. Accordingly, I hastened to offer my services in the *Guerrière*, flag-ship of the squadron, and sailed away for the Mediterranean on May 20, just five days after I arrived in port.

DECATUR AND THE DEY OF ALGIERS, JUNE, 1815

Our squadron consisted of the *Guerrière*, forty-four guns; the *Macedonian*, thirty-eight, *Constellation*, thirty-six; the sloops *Epervier*, eighteen, and *Ontario*, eighteen; the brigs *Firefly*, twelve, *Flambeau*, twelve, *Spark*, twelve, and the schooners *Spitfire*, ten, and *Torch*, ten guns. The *Firefly* put back when we were a few days out, having sprung a leak in a storm into which we ran. Opposed to us was the Algerian navy of five frigates, six sloops, and one schooner. At their head was Rais Hammida, a redoubtable fighter.

Desirous of finding the Algerian squadron before they had word of our coming, Decatur approached Cadiz and sent in a boat to ask for information. It was learned that

a squadron had lately been cruising in the Atlantic, but that it had probably gone in through the Straits of Gibraltar. Proceeding thence to Tangiers, we learned that the *Mashouda* and two or three smaller vessels had passed through.

Observing dispatch boats setting out, while we stayed there, in the direction that the *Mashouda* had taken, as well as toward Algiers, Decatur made sail at once after the squadron. On June 16 the *Macedonian* and the brigs left us, in chase of some strange sail. On the following day, when some twenty miles off Cape Gata, the *Constellation*, which was ahead, reported a frigate carrying the flag of the grand admiral.

Signaling the *Constellation* to take a position abeam of the flag-ship, and warning the other vessels to take every precaution against arousing the suspicion of the stranger, we leisurely approached, hoping we might be mistaken for an English squadron, and so draw close to her without being discovered. Coming closer, we observed that the frigate, which was a large vessel, was lying to under topsail, with her maintopsail aback, apparently waiting word from shore.

In the moment of our elation at the prospect of getting up with her unsuspected, the *Constellation*, through some mistake of her quartermaster, showed American colors. Although every other vessel in the squadron promptly put out the British ensign, the Moor, for such it was, took alarm, and made sail with a swiftness that deserves commendation. We were not far behind her in making sail, however, and in an incredibly short time were all after her, under mountains of white canvas, with the waves whizzing astern of us.

The *Constellation*, having somewhat the weather of the chase, drew within long range and dropped some balls on her deck, which sent her about on the other tack, toward Carthagena. This gave the *Guerrière* her chance. It was not long before we were ranging alongside, and bearing in

Panorama of Algiers

to close. We kept on through the fire they opened on us, making no response, until our yardarms barely cleared, when we let go a broadside that made the Mussulman stagger through the water. The effect of our fire was stupendous. Before the smoke cleared the ports, we repeated it.

From the stricken decks of the Moor there was no answer except the wild cries of the hurt and dying. A few men in the tops who were continuing to fire with muskets were picked off by our marines, and the enemy lay silent. Not wishing to cause unnecessary death, Decatur drew off out of range on the starboard bow, waiting.

The Moor, taking advantage of our withdrawal, attempted to get away by tacking. This manœuver brought her directly toward the *Epervier*, commanded by Lieutenant John Downes. It seemed to us that there was imminent danger of collision; but Downes, by backing and filling with consummate seamanship, not only avoided being run down, but maintained a position on and off her bows whence he could rake, and poured in nine broadsides.

After struggling against this diminutive antagonist for twenty-five minutes, the frigate struck, and we went aboard. She proved to be the *Mashouda*, commanded by Rais Hammida himself, who had been killed by a cannon shot on the first broadside, the ball cutting him in two as he lay on a couch under the quarter-deck.

Sending the prize into Carthagena by the *Macedonian*, which had come up from her chase, the squadron proceeded to Algiers. I shall never forget the sensations that crept through me as I gazed at the Barbary capital. Somewhere within it, I felt, with a faith that would not die, was my father; and I felt, too, that the hour was come when we should be together again.

The city presented a formidable appearance. For a mile along the water-front was a wall, bristling with batteries.

In the Old Town of Algiers

Massive walls ran from the ends of this wall to meet in an apex at the citadel of the town, 400 feet above the water. More than 200 guns were mounted in various batteries, commanding the maritime approaches. So strong was the place that Lord Nelson had estimated that a fleet of twenty-five ships-of-the-line would be required to reduce it.

Anchoring before the city on June 28, Captain Decatur hoisted a white flag at the fore, and the Swedish colors at the main, as a signal for the Swedish minister to come aboard, which he presently did, accompanied by the Algerian captain of the port. The Algerian was inclined to be insolent at first, but on learning the fate that had befallen the *Mashouda*, and another smaller frigate we had encountered on the way, he asked, with trembling voice, what terms would be demanded.

He was handed a letter from the President addressed to the Dey, in which the only conditions of peace were the absolute relinquishment of all claims to tribute in the future, and a guarantee that American commerce would not be molested by Algerian corsairs. Moreover, Captain

Decatur obstinately insisted that negotiations be carried on aboard the *Guerrière*.

On the following day the captain of the port returned with authority to treat for the Dey. Decatur laid before him the absolute terms of a treaty, from which he would by no means deviate, that all Americans in possession of the Algerians be given up without ransom, all their effects being made good in money. Christians escaping to American vessels should not be given up, the sum of $10,000 should be returned to the owners of a brig that had been taken by the corsairs three years before, and from this time the relations between the two countries should be precisely the same as those between civilized nations.

The Algerian captain demurred, arguing that it was not the present Dey who had started the war and asking for a truce until he could place the terms before him for consideration. Decatur was obdurate. "I will not give you a minute's time, if your squadron appears before the treaty is signed by the Dey, and before the American prisoners are all sent aboard, I will capture it."

A Courtyard in Algiers

Trembling and pale, the Moor hastened ashore, assuring Decatur that he would not delay, and telling him that if his boat were seen returning from shore with a white flag in the bow, it would be understood that the treaty was signed, and that the prisoners were being brought off.

I was standing near the taffrail, with my whole soul watching the water-front for a glimpse of the returning boat when the cry went along the deck of approaching sails. It was an Algerian ship-of-war, approaching from the east. The squadron was preparing to get under way; I was about my duties, in a mechanical way, thinking of other things, when another cry went about, that the boat was returning from the shore.

I leapt to the rail. There, tossing across the waters of the harbor, was the captain's boat. At its head flew the white flag. Wearisome were the minutes that passed while it came nearer; impatience tore at my breast. I could have screamed; I could have laughed; I could have wept. I did none of these things. I only stood staring.

I looked, and saw one whom I thought might be he; one with the white beard, the high patient forehead, the dreaming eyes, that I had pictured when I thought of my father; one who might be of the age which he must have attained by this time. The liberated men reached the deck, and threw themselves into the arms of the sailors, weeping like children.

At last there toiled up a man, broad of shoulder, although years and cares had curved them and bent his back; white haired, long bearded, whose face and eyes were of the Saxon blood.

At sight of him I could scarce restrain a cry, for my heart told me that it was he whom I sought. He looked about with patient surprise, as though not wholly unused to being an object of curiosity.

"You are with friends at last, sir?" I asked, casually, taking my cue for a beginning from the expression that I caught first in his face.

He smiled. "Friends!" he repeated. "I have none."

"And your family." The word scarcely was audible.

A cloud passed over his face; for the first time since I had spoken he withdrew his gaze, to fix it on distance. "I have no family," he said.

"You had once," said I. "Have you not now?"

"What is the meaning of all this mummery?" he cried impatiently, with a strange change coming over him. "Do you think I killed my son, then?"

"Do you think that he is dead?" I returned.

The fire came again into the depths of his gaze. He made no answer by word.

"You never saw him dead," I went on, gently as I could speak. "When you left him, he was alive." He was leaning forward now, in turn, his lips parted, his eyes staring.

"The sea is a wide place," said I, taking his hand, "but there are many travelers upon it. It may be that a lad left alone on a deserted ship might be found by those who go up and down the ocean."

He clutched at my hands, at my breast. "Wait, wait," he whispered; and then, with half a shriek: "In the name of God, whose son are you?"

I fumbled in the cloths about my neck, laid finger on a golden chain, and drew forth a locket. "Whose son is this?" I said.

He gazed from it to me, and back to the locket again, in which was the face of a babe of two or three; puzzled, mystified. At last, with a shuddering sob that shook his whole frame, he threw his arms about my shoulders, kissed me, and laid his head upon my neck like a tired child, murmuring, between his sighs: "My son! My son!"

CHAPTER IV

AN OLD HATE, AND A NEW

MY father's moral fiber in the beginning must have been marvelous. After all these years of affliction, he withstood the shock of our meeting perfectly.

That he was indeed my father there was no remaining doubt. His name was John Stevens. He had been a soldier in the Revolution. At the close of the war he married my mother, an Englishwoman by birth but an American through sympathy, and they had lived near Boston, where I was born in 1783. My mother dying shortly afterward, he had undertaken the voyage to France, carrying me along.

A Street in Tunis, Africa

When I told him of the woman who had cared for me in Philadelphia

because of a resemblance I bore to my father, he was instantly aroused. "Her name?" he demanded. "Tell me her name, my son!"

"Sophronia Osborne," I replied.

At that he exhibited more emotion almost than he had in the moment of our meeting. I was at a loss to understand, until he told me her story. He had met her in the course of his adventures during the Revolution, and she had occupied a romantic place in his affairs; I judged that she had fallen desperately in love with him, and had played several tricks on him and on her rivals to obtain possession of him. In the end, finding that he loved only my mother, she had relinquished her efforts.

Now I have to tell of something more bitter than anything that has ever come into my life, or ever will, God grant. I cannot write of it without tears of grief and remorse; but let me tell it, without these pleas of my own troubled conscience. We had not been together long when the *Epervier* was prepared for a voyage home with the newly signed treaty, and the released captives were put aboard her. My father was reluctant to leave me, and begged permission of Captain Decatur to accompany me on the *Guerrière*, which was granted. But I, knowing that we had work still to do thereabouts, and unwilling to have my father undergo the dangers and excitements of an action at sea, urged him to go on the *Epervier*.

"My son," he said, wringing my hand, "we shall not meet again on this earth, but I am content, since we have been together through these days at the last. Farewell."

The *Epervier*, from the time she passed through the Straits of Gibraltar, was never seen of man!

Our work was not finished with the Algerian treaty. Both Tripoli and Tunis had offended by permitting British cruisers to take out of their ports some prizes that had been

brought there by the privateer *Abellino*. Being in the mood to chastise them, and having gained prestige by his handling of the Dey of Algiers, Captain Decatur sailed to Tunis, where we arrived July 26, and forced upon the unwilling Dey the payment of many thousands of dollars in compensation for the loss of the prizes.

The Bashaw of Tripoli was inclined to be more obstinate. When our squadron was drawn up in front of the town, he brought his 20,000 Turks out and paraded them up and down the batteries, hoping to intimidate Decatur. But he soon changed his front when he learned what had been accorded to his fellow barbarians, and not only paid $25,000 for the prizes seized in his harbor, but was cordial in his reception of Decatur and the officers of the fleet.

From Tripoli we sailed to Sicily, and thence to Gibraltar, where we met the squadron that had come out under Captain Bainbridge to assist in the reduction of Moslem arrogance. Although the work had already been done when they arrived, it was deemed necessary to keep a large force in the Mediterranean lest the Moors should change their minds about the treaties they had made. The wisdom of this became apparent during the following spring, when the Dey of Algiers was inclined to recede from his promises; but the appearance of the fleet before his harbor soon put him in a more amiable frame of mind.

It was while I was at Gibraltar, waiting to sail for America, that I received another order from the navy department that, to say the least, struck me as strange. The manner in which I had been sent from one duty to another without being given the opportunity to visit the capital had aroused some suspicion in my mind that I was the victim of an intrigue. This last instruction from the department was nothing less than that I should report to

THE AMERICAN SQUADRON IN 1824 *(From the drawing by Captain Hoff)*

the third assistant secretary of the navy at a certain hour of a certain day, "wind and tide permitting."

I arrived in Washington the day before the appointment, and should undoubtedly have gone at once to see Ruth, in which case there would perhaps have been a different story to tell, had I not been filled with foreboding and anxiety by the non-arrival in port of the *Epervier*, long overdue. This news filled my thoughts to the exclusion of everything else, so much so that I was preoccupied when I repaired at last to the office of the secretary at the hour appointed.

Making myself and my errand known to a clerk in the office, I was conducted by him to an inner door which he opened, and ushered me in. I glanced about, looking for any one who might have business with me. At a table, near the window, grinning and leering at me, was a thick, roundish man of middle age, and another, a young man of about my own years, with dark eyes and dark curling hair, for whom I felt a prepossession.

For a moment I gazed at the first, waiting for him to speak, he seeming to be the one in charge of the office. As I looked, a half-formed association in my mind sprang into definite recognition of the man, and I knew him to be Nicholas Snell.

It was he who broke silence. "I see you remember me, Morris," he said, with a malicious leer.

"Is it you who have ordered me here to-day?" I asked.

He smiled and nodded, "Yes."

"What do you want of me? What is your purpose?"

"Why, I wanted to see you, of course."

The man's complacency stirred me more and more to anger. "I cannot guess your purpose," I cried, "or what you thought to gain in sending me away to sea —"

"Indeed, Morris? I thought you might have guessed by this time," he interrupted.

"But whatever your plots, they will be thwarted."

"Oh, I think not. You return rather late for that," with a turn of his head toward the third party to the scene.

The truth began to break upon me. I stepped closer to the table; I leaned across it, fairly shouting in Snell's face, and shaking my fist under his nose. "It is you who have been ordering me from one ship to another all these years, keeping me away from Washington," I cried. I reached across the table, my fingers extended; he was shrinking from me, showing signs of fear for all his *sang froid*, when the other man placed a restraining hand on my shoulder. "Who is this man?" he cried, confronting Snell.

THE HOUSE IN WHICH DECATUR DIED IN WASHINGTON

"I beg your pardon. I forgot to do the honors," sneered Snell. "Major Michael Forbeson: Lieutenant Richard Morris of the United States Navy."

"I see your tricks," he cried; "but I shall cheat you. If you are men, there shall be only one of us left alive on my wedding-day. If you are wholly the cur that you seem, and will not fight, I shall make no task of slaying you like a dog."

"I do not know what cause of quarrel there may be between us," I said, "and shall not make too fine inquiries; but there will be a deep quarrel, if you come between me and my vengeance on this man."

"I have little enough choice which one of you I slay first," he returned, looking at me with blazing eyes, "but now that you come to threaten, I choose you." With the words, he struck me in the face.

I was too much of a sailor, and too angry, to let it go at that, and struck back, and would have followed it, in good sea fashion, if my second blow had not sent him to the ground.

I looked at Snell. He was pulling the bell cord to the outer office, satisfaction on his features.

The one who had ushered me in entered the room in response to Snell's ring, followed by two others. Snell arose; Forbeson struggled to his feet. We stood in sullen silence for a moment. Snell spoke first.

"Brown," he said, addressing the clerk, "please show these two quarrelsome gentlemen to the door."

With that I left, followed by Forbeson. In the entry he stopped me, to hand me his card, with much ceremony. I responded in kind, and left him.

THE HOUSE AT SECOND AND B STREETS, WASHINGTON, WHERE THE ONLY ARMED RESISTANCE WAS MADE TO BRITISH INVASION

CHAPTER V

AN OLD LOVE, AND A NEW

IN my inability to understand the situation I was not at a loss what to do. I called into my confidence a fellow-officer of the *Guerrière*, and sent him to both Snell and Captain Forbeson. I had grave fears lest Snell would not fight.

DOLLY MADISON

The reply I received from each was a surprise and a disappointment. Although I had lost no time, Captain Forbeson's expedition had exceeded mine; my second reached Nicholas Snell when Forbeson's second was concluding arrangements for a meeting on the following morning, at Bladensburg, between Snell and Forbeson. It was agreed among the three seconds that I might present myself at the field of honor, and engage the survivor.

At the appointed time I rode out to Bladensburg, accompanied by my second, bearing a pair of swords and a set of dueling pistols in case there should be a meeting with either, for Snell had chosen firearms and Forbeson steel. The two who were to fight before me were already there, confronting each other. Pistols were the weapons, Snell, is seemed, conceiving himself to have no little skill with that arm.

They stood at twenty paces, each with his weapon raised. At a middle distance between, but at one side, stood one whom they had selected to drop a handkerchief as a signal; the white cloth was hanging in the dead air from his fingers; the scene was as quiet as the great Beyond which one of them seemed likely soon to enter. I had no malice in my heart against the stranger, but I found myself wishing that it might be he, that I could have my satisfaction at first hand from Snell.

In the midst of this thought the handkerchief fell. My eyes were on Snell; I saw his pistol leap with the discharge; saw the smoke spurt out; heard the explosion. In the next instant, I saw him sink to the ground, his face distorted.

I turned swiftly to see how the other might have fared, and why he did not fire. He lay on the ground, his head supported by his second; above them hung a little wisp of smoke. They had fired simultaneously, and each had hit.

I stood in my tracks, watching one and then the other for a sign of the extent of their injuries. Glancing presently toward Forbeson, I saw his second beckoning me, and went thither. The wounded man held up a hand to me. "We shall not meet," he whispered, being, as I saw at once, desperately hard hit. "He has finished me."

"He is down, too," I returned.

"So they have told me," Forbeson replied. The cold-blooded way in which we conversed seems strange enough to me now, but at the time, and in the circumstances, there on the field where we had come to administer death to one another, it seemed natural enough.

"Ay, and he is dead," whispered his second, who had been watching the group about the other combatant.

"Then there is but one thing more for me to do," observed Forbeson, contentedly. He held up his hand to me again. "Lean over; listen," he whispered.

I knelt at his side on the ground. I did not make any attempt to staunch the wound, although prompted to by my surgical instinct. It was past all help.

"There is not much that I have to do," the wounded man went on: "for which I thank God, for I fear there is not much time left for me to do it in. You have been

An Interior View of Montpelier

tricked by this villain now happily dead; how much you have been tricked I can never tell you. What I have to say before I die is of something else — is of Ruth."

My heart shriveled with a fear that this was Ruth's beloved dying before me. I looked without thinking toward the wound, to see if anything, after all, might be done.

"I was to have been married to her within the week," he went on, huskily, struggling for breath. "Do not look so solemn over it. I am dying, you see."

"That is why I look solemn, man," I retorted, somewhat

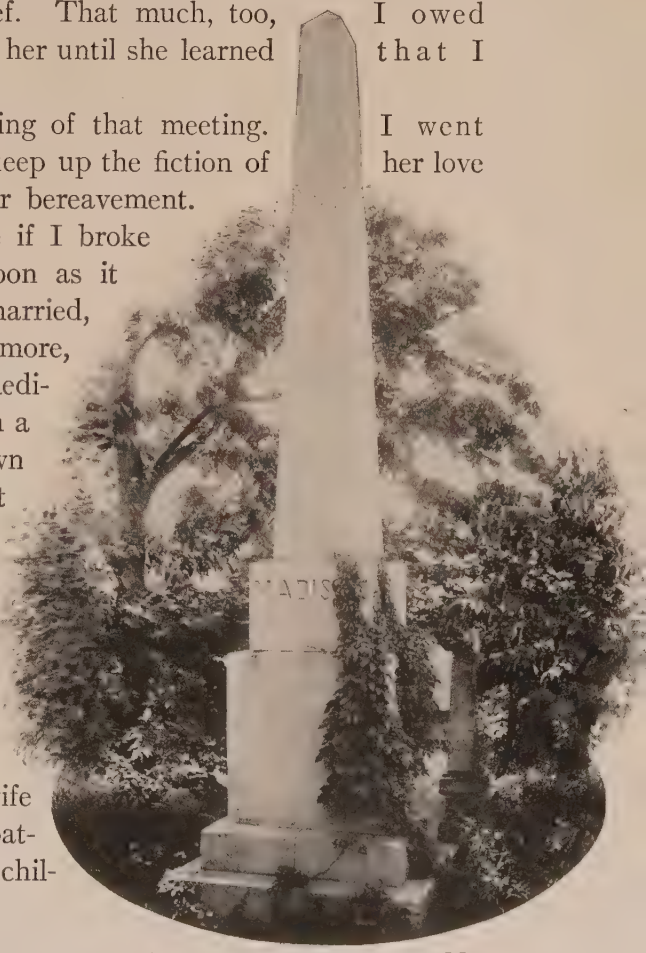
Montpelier, Virginia, the Home of Madison

angered by his insinuation, for all that he was a dying man. I was hardened to death, perhaps, by my profession.

"I meant nothing hard," said he, perceiving my displeasure with the quickened sense of a dying man, "and do not believe that her grief will be as great as you fear. She was to have been my wife, but only because she thought you dead and buried beneath the sea; for it is you she loves. Now 't is all ended, and may God give you luck in it!"

How shall I tell the rest? I was with him until he died, some hours later. That much I felt I owed her. I did not go to her in her grief. That much, too, I owed her. I did not go to her until she learned that I was in Washington.

Spare me the telling of that meeting. I went promising myself to keep up the fiction of her love for Forbeson, and her bereavement. May God forgive me if I broke that promise! As soon as it was seemly we were married, going to live in Baltimore, where I practiced medicine and surgery, with a run now and then down the bay on a small craft I had built. There is little more to be told. My grief over the loss of my father, and the shock it occasioned, was the only remaining unhappiness in our lives. My beloved wife has proved herself a pattern of devotion; our chil-



THE BURIAL PLACE OF JAMES MADISON

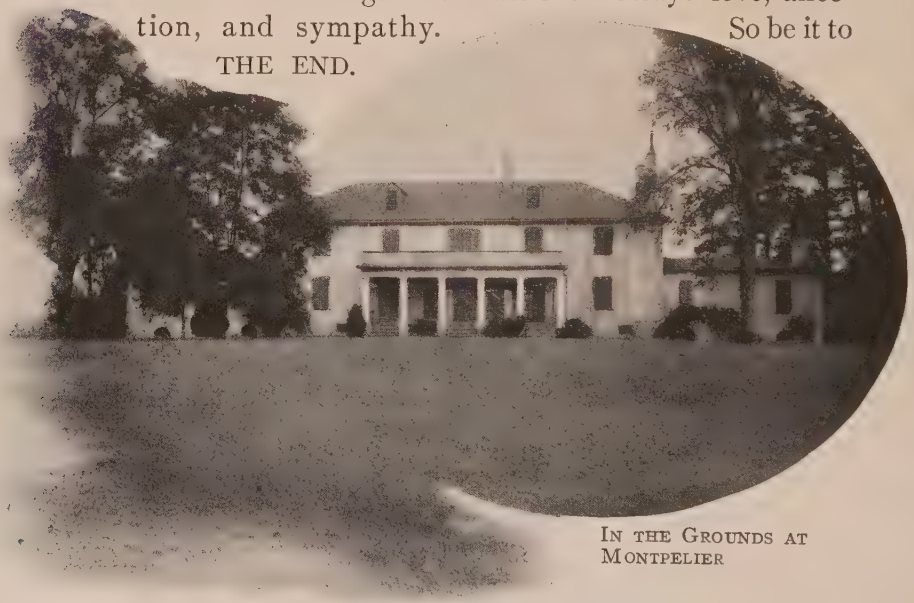
dren have grown up about us to call us blessed; our worldly affairs prosper sufficiently; I am a man of some repute among my fellow-citizens, and can feel that I have done some good.

I do not want to bring this narrative to a close without speaking of Sylvester Stevens. He is grown a great man in Kentucky now, and is happy in the conjugal companionship of her who was Margaret Rutgers.

President Madison, in office for two years after the close of the war, left with his sins of omission, of which he had been guilty during the conflict, forgotten, and enjoying the affectionate regard of his countrymen. Now, in the year 1823, our country thrives, and is happy and prosperous. We as a nation have turned our faces from the sea, and are spreading over the vast West, full of untold riches for a race such as ours.

As for me and mine, we are passing down the current of our lives smoothly, with great happiness, and bountiful measure of those things that make life worthy: love, affection, and sympathy. So be it to

THE END.



In the Grounds at Montpelier

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